



**Queen's University
Library**

KINGSTON, ONTARIO



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Queen's University Archives

<https://archive.org/details/queensquarterly39>

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

VOLUME XXXIX

1932

Published by the Publishing Committee
of Queen's Quarterly, Queen's
University, Kingston

KE 3. 41
V. 39
1932

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXIX

FEBRUARY, 1932

DAFOE'S SIFTON, O. D. Skelton.....	1
DISARMAMENT AND FINANCIAL RECOVERY, George Glasgow	12
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, W. H. Fyfe	29
EMPIRE TRADE AND BRITISH INDUSTRY, F. A. Knox.....	46
MEETINGS WITH SOME MEN OF LETTERS, Morley Roberts ..	62
A TALE NOT IN CHAUCER (Verse), Edmund Blunden	81
HOW THE BRITISH NATIONAL RADIO SERVICE FUNCTIONS, John S. M. Thomson	83
SNOW, Frederick Philip Grove	99
THE ST. LAWRENCE WATERWAY PROJECT, J. Alexander Aikin	111
DELICATE SANDALS (Verse), Louise Morey Bowman	130
RECENT BOOKS ON DISARMAMENT, R. A. MacKay.....	132
RUSKIN AND MODERN FICTION, J. A. Bentley	145
CURRENT EVENTS	157
BOOK REVIEWS	172

MAY, 1932

HENRY JAMES, THE ESSENTIAL NOVELIST, Pelham Edgar	181
SOVEREIGNTY IN CANADA, B. K. Sandwell	193
THE LOST CAUSE (Verse), E. J. Pratt	209
ROBERT BURNS: A REFOCUSING, James A. Roy	210
THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE RUSSIAN FIVE-YEAR PLAN, Donald Buchanan.....	230
THE SO-CALLED FRENCH CANADIAN PATOIS, Emile Chartier	240
COMMERCE AND THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION, Grant Dexter	250
ECONOMIC THEORY OF A STATE-SUPPORTED UNIVER- SITY, H. F. Angus	261
THE TUNE IN THE STREET, Humbert Wolfe	272
WHEN THE RAILWAY CAME TO CANADA, Robert Ayre....	274
THE DUCK, Eric Duthie	291
GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING HERITAGE, Reginald G. Trotter	297
THREE CENTURIES OF EMPIRE TRADE, A. R. M. Lower....	307
IN A CAFE (Verse), Rowland Thirlmere	325
IN DISPRAISE OF ADVERTISING, J. H. Simpson	326
THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS, T. W. L. MacDermot.....	341
CURRENT EVENTS	342
BOOK REVIEWS	360

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXIX—(*Continued*)

AUGUST, 1932

VIRGIL AS THE POET OF THE EMIGRANT, G. Oswald Smith	392
THE GRADUATE, Andrew Macphail	377
TREND OF CRIME IN CANADA, R. E. Watts	402
JUDGMENTS ON APPEAL—II. THE BRONTES, Pelham Edgar	414
ANOTHER ALTAR (Verse), Edmund Blunden	423
SAMUEL JOHNSON, CRITIC OF POETRY, Howe Martyn	425
INDIAN ELOQUENCE, Marius Barbeau	451
THE BEE-MASTER, Adrian Bell	465
MUSIC: SOME PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY, Leo Smith	476
ANTINOMY (Verse), Muriel Miller Humphrey	487
THE BACKGROUND OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE, J. W. Bowker, Jr., and J. A. Russell	489
IMPRESSIONS OF GOVERNMENT BY STATE CAPITALISM IN SOVIET RUSSIA, J. Mackintosh Bell	495
THE TRIAL OF THE TORONTO COMMUNISTS, F. R. Scott	512
KENSINGTON INTERIOR (Verse), Malcolm Easton	528
THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN IN THE U.S.A., J. A. Stevenson	529
CURRENT EVENTS	545
BOOK REVIEWS	558

NOVEMBER, 1932

IN HONOUR OF SIR WALTER SCOTT:

OUR DEBT TO SCOTT TO-DAY, W. Macneile Dixon	581
THE POETRY OF SCOTT, Edmund Blunden	593
SCOTT AND HIS MODERN RIVALS, M. O. Smith	603
THROUGH A SCOTTISH LAYMAN'S EYES, James Miller	621
THE WORLD IN CONFERENCE, George Glasgow	633
A ZANY SONG (Verse), John Drinkwater	649
THE 'HEADLESS BEAR' IN SHAKESPEARE AND BURTON, Percy Simpson	652
BENTHAM AND BENTHAMISM, Frank H. Underhill	658
VIA BRUSSELS (A Short Story), Marion Nelson	669
A FRENCHMAN'S TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE, W. G. Jordan	678
PRESENCES (Verse), Charles G. D. Roberts	687
SCHOOL READERS AS AN EDUCATIONAL FORCE, W. Sher- wood Fox	688
OF DISILLUSIONMENT IN FRESHMEN, G. G. Sedgewick	704
THREE MEN IN A BOAT, Malone K. Malone	710
CURRENT EVENTS	714
BOOK REVIEWS	722

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

FEBRUARY, 1932

DAFOE'S SIFTON

BY O. D. SKELTON

MR. Dafoe has made a notable contribution to Canadian political biography.* He had a challenging subject in the story of Clifford Sifton, one of the most vigorous and constructive figures in Canadian history, and he has risen admirably to the occasion. The master of an easy and flexible prose, without equal among writers in Canada to-day, and possessed of a lifelong and intimate knowledge alike of the man and of the events in which he played his part, Mr. Dafoe has given us a living portrait of Sir Clifford,—if not as his Maker, at least as his friend and editor saw him.

One or two qualifications will occur to the reader. Mr. Dafoe has not obeyed Cromwell's injunction, "Paint me warts and all". Sifton was a big enough man to have stood a more complete portrayal of his faults. Doubtless it is hard for a friend to attain complete objectivity; as Mr. Dafoe has himself somewhere remarked, the definitive biography of a great

**Clifford Sifton in Relation to his Times*—by John W. Dafoe. Toronto, The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1931. \$3.00.

man is not likely to be written by one who knew him in the flesh. Again, it is to be regretted that we are not shown the business man as well as the statesman. Clifford Sifton was a significant and representative figure of the generation in which Big Business developed in Canada, and not only the man but his times would have been revealed more fully had it been found possible to describe the financial and newspaper activities which absorbed so great a part of his energy. But it is not fitting for the banqueter at such a lavish feast to complain of the one or two dishes that are wanting. Whatever further light may be added, whatever corrections the perspective of time may bring, this study of one great Canadian by another will have enduring value.

There is scarcely a major issue in the political life of Canada from his election to the Manitoba legislature in 1888 as a youth of twenty-eight to his death in 1929 in which Clifford Sifton did not play an active and determining part. Racial and religious issues dominated the politics of the early years; and Sifton was the head and front of the movement for the abolition of separate schools in Manitoba which stirred all Canada and made and unmade governments. The opening of the West was the outstanding task of the beginning of the twentieth century, and Sifton's name is inseparably linked with that achievement. The growth of national consciousness in Canada and the recognition by outside countries of her claims to nationhood were the significant features of the later years, and here again at each critical stage Sifton played a distinctive part: in the Alaska Boundary dispute, of which the most unexpected and most enduring result was the growth of political nationalism, an emphatic determination that Canada's foreign relations must be settled at Ottawa, not at London; in the campaign against Reciprocity, in which the rising forces of economic nationalism found explosive vent; and in the participation of Canada in the World War, with the do-

mestic conflicts it involved, in which Canada was learning painfully to play a minor part on the world stage. It was no accident that Clifford Sifton was concerned and active in each new problem of growth. His instinct for the central situation, his robust and flexible mind, his dominating ambition, and perhaps above all his passionate Canadianism, made every Canadian problem his problem.

Each of these issues and many lesser ones are fully described in Mr. Dafoe's pages. The earlier years are recorded in special detail. The Manitoba School Question was not created by Sifton, but it was a congenial issue to one of his fighting Irish Protestant ancestry. Mr. Dafoe gives a clear account of the origin and ramifications of the dispute, but the chief interest of his narrative is found rather in the picture of the rapid mastery this 'young Napoleon of the West' acquired of the political game, his skill in strategy, his audacity in attack, his unrelenting care in organization, his ceaseless driving force.

With the shift to Ottawa in 1896, the settlement of the West becomes the dominant task. What Sifton did, and what his critics claimed he did, are Mr. Dafoe's theme in half a dozen absorbing chapters. Sifton was praised as the builder of Canadian prosperity, the most vigorous and businesslike administrator the Dominion had ever possessed, and damned as the builder of an unscrupulous political machine, a public servant who believed that the ox that treadeth out the corn should not be muzzled. His biographer reviews in detail the administrative reforms, the Yukon plans, the land and immigration policies which he initiated, and, more briefly, the fierce attacks which were soon directed against him alike from the Opposition and from disgruntled members of his own party. It cannot be said that the critics were satisfied with the defence that was made: at worst they held out for a verdict of 'not proven'. One gathers the impression of a reputation for ar-

rogance and ruthlessness, the outcome of the supreme self-confidence of youth, unchecked by defeat and undisciplined by toiling in the night-shift of opposition. "His attitude of reserve", Mr. Dafoe declares, "helped to build up the conception of a man cold and ruthless by nature, insensible to emotions of pity or fear, which was current in his lifetime". The reality, he continues, was wholly contrary: "Clifford Sifton had an Irish temperament; warm, genial, high-tempered, loyal and generous, adventurous and combative". He adds further: "But back of this temperament was an inflexible and imperious will, servant to an intelligence that, to an exceptional degree, could detach itself from the qualifying or controlling influences of surrounding circumstances. He was born with the ambition and the capacity for leadership; his intelligence marked out the objective to be reached, and his will found the road to it over all obstacles and retarding influences". Clifford Sifton was a minister at thirty-one and out of office permanently at forty-four. As a rule, Canadians enter public life, or at least come to responsible positions, too late in life, but perhaps Clifford Sifton would have stirred less animosity and given his country more unquestioned service if he had had a longer apprenticeship before attaining such heady power. It is very notable what mellowing came in his later years.

From this point, Sifton's career is linked to Laurier's in a strange and dramatic antagonism. On the Autonomy Bills in 1905, on Reciprocity in 1911, on Union Government in 1917, Sifton clashed with Laurier, and in each crisis the younger man won. This was the stranger because, as Mr. Dafoe notes, temperamentally and in points of view they were not far apart, both decidedly Whigs, and bonds of friendship existed between them which survived three major disagreements. Some of the disagreements, he notes, were initially misunderstandings, and he develops convincingly the view that

it was Sifton's increasing deafness which prevented easy and constant contact. Perhaps there was involved also some desire of the young stag to challenge or test the old stag's leadership of the herd, some chagrined surprise on the part of the young Napoleon in finding that the old chieftain for all his apparently easy-going ways was as keen on power as he was himself, and as skilful in holding control. After all, Tarte and Blair openly challenged Laurier and both disappeared; and Fielding nearly followed Sifton out in 1905. There can only be one Prime Minister at a time. Whatever the source of the conflict, it was unfortunate for both; Sifton could have strengthened Laurier where he was weakest, in economic issues, and Sifton might have learned Laurier's lesson of tolerance and understanding.

The first hint of cleavage was Sifton's disappointment in not being chosen Minister of Justice in 1902, to succeed David Mills. The same year, Mr. Dafoe records a curious episode, a dispute over "Laurier's surrender of the Canadian contention as to the composition of the Alaskan boundary tribunal". The story is that when attending the Colonial Conference in London Laurier yielded, in spite of Sifton's warnings, to the pressure of the British government, and upon his return in October told his colleagues that he had given his word that "Canada would accept a reference of the boundary dispute to an even-numbered commission, appointed by the parties to the dispute"; that he would give no reasons, preferring, as often, to confront his colleagues with the accomplished fact; and that Sifton and one or two other ministers were in the mood for precipitating a first-class row, but refrained. Mr. Dafoe adds that he is aware that this account is outside the record as usually given, but that it is based on specific statements made to him at the time by Mr. Sifton. The episode is difficult to understand; Sifton's statements are emphatic, and yet it is plain that the account is not only outside the re-

cord but contrary to the record. It may be recalled that in the beginning the Canadian government had steadfastly objected to referring the dispute to an even-numbered commission, because "an even number of arbitrators drawn from either side does not afford security, in the event of differences of opinion, for a binding decision" — in other words they wanted a neutral umpire, as in the Venizuelan arbitration; and further, that the treaty eventually signed on January 24, 1903, provided for a tribunal of six members. This change is declared to be due to Laurier's surrender. It is true that the dispute was discussed with the Foreign Office, in the summer of 1902, but not by Laurier alone: some at least of his colleagues, Fielding, Mulock, Paterson, were present. No abandonment of the Canadian contention for an odd-numbered tribunal was made in that discussion: the 'surrender' had already been made. In a published despatch of the 6th November, 1901, Lord Minto sets forth the views of his advisers, the whole cabinet: and states that while disinclined to accept an even-numbered tribunal, being "animated by a strong desire to secure a reference to arbitration", they were "prepared to acquiesce in the proposed number of six", provided that two should be neutral arbitrators. In the fall of 1902 the Canadian government stated their willingness to accept an even-numbered tribunal of jurists appointed merely to record a reasoned opinion. Later a revised draft, providing for a binding decision was prepared by John Hay and Sir Michael Herbert. When it was examined the Canadian government, while pleased with the change in the terms of reference, replied in January, 1903, that "they still have the same objections to the composition of the proposed tribunal, and before assenting to it, they would hope that another effort should be made to have the questions to be adjudicated upon submitted either to a board of arbitrators composed in part of independent jurists, not subjects of either state, as

proposed in my (the Governor-General's) despatch to Mr. Chamberlain of November, 1901, or to the Hague Tribunal". In other words, the Canadian government, on this point of the composition of the tribunal, stood in January, 1903, precisely where they had stood in November, 1901; no "surrender" had been made in 1902 by Laurier or any one else. Some difference of opinion on the subject may have existed, but it is clear that the chief value of Sifton's statements is subjective, an indication of a sprouting willingness to challenge his leader on questions of general policy.

It may be noted that a further effort was made, fruitlessly; the government reluctantly accepted the clause on Herbert's intimation "that the American members would be gentlemen occupying judicial positions, as for instance judges of the Supreme Court." How John Hay scrupulously sought to carry out this undertaking and how Theodore Roosevelt unscrupulously overrode him, is fully recorded, and also how vigorously Sifton handled the Canadian case as agent before the tribunal.

Then came the short-lived but bitter controversy over the Autonomy Bills in 1905, and particularly the misunderstanding as to whether the school clauses guaranteed the Roman Catholic minority in the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan the full measure of separate school control established in 1875, or the watered-down version actually existing in 1905. Mr. Dafoe criticises the explanation of the episode given by Walter Scott and cited in the present reviewer's biography of Laurier, that the zeal of the draftsman, Charles Fitzpatrick, was responsible; he prefers to attribute it to the prime minister's deliberate intention. He cannot be said to prove his case, but it is clear that there was negligence in not making certain whether the draft embodied the sense of the western members' view that it was the 1905 situation which was to be maintained. In the hurry and press of government business

and party conferences there is often a lack of definite understanding as to exactly what has been agreed upon; in this case, as Mr. Dafoe points out, had Sifton not been absent in the South and had his deafness not prevented fuller conference before he left, the difficulty would probably have been averted. Sifton's redrafting was accepted, but on this and other grounds he withdrew from the government.

It was unfortunate that Sifton had not shown his independence a little earlier, on an issue of immensely more importance than the school squabble — the railway policy of 1903-4. Sifton and Laurier alike believed that the best means of securing the new transcontinental facilities the country required was by the expansion of the Grand Trunk in the east and of the Canadian Northern in the west, with consolidation or provision for interchange of traffic. Unfortunately other counsels prevailed. Sifton, it is true, was absent in England on the Alaska case during the critical months, but had he even so thrown his weight strongly and successfully into the scale, he would have won the blessing of the generation that is paying the penalty of the triplication that followed.

Sifton was prepared later to re-enter the Laurier cabinet, and Laurier was willing, more willing than many of his followers, to rejoin forces, but they could not come to terms. Then came the clash over reciprocity in 1911. Mr. Dafoe criticises Sir Wilfrid's statement, quoted in the *Life and Letters*, of his surprise at Sifton's opposition, and his inability to fathom the reason for the change. That Sir Wilfrid should not have been wholly surprised is clear from the evidence Mr. Dafoe marshals of Sifton's definite and repeated renunciation of his earlier belief in reciprocity. There can be no doubt, I think, of the genuineness and strength of Sifton's convictions on this point. He was the most thorough-going economic nationalist of his day, and his nationalism at that time—though not later—required a bogey across the border to arouse

it to full activity. Yet the fact remains that Sir Wilfrid was surprised. Sifton's reputation for shrewdness and secrecy was such that he was generally credited with having some end in view beyond the object avowed. The official Conservative opposition and press, it will be recalled, hesitated to oppose the pact. And perhaps Sir Wilfrid failed to realize the difference that age and environment made. He and Fielding had both wandered a good distance from the low tariff views of their early days, but when the opportunity opened to secure the very policy all parties had urged for a generation after Confederation, they ceased to cry sour grapes and returned—with more enthusiasm on Fielding's than on Laurier's part—to the faith of their youth. Sifton, twenty years younger, had never been so indoctrinated, and his residence and associations in Ontario had confirmed his protectionist tendencies.

The war brought the final clash and the first bitterness. Not in the earlier years: Laurier's attitude and Sifton's on the rightness of the Allied cause and the part Canada was to play were much the same. It was toward the end of 1916 and the beginning of 1917 that divergence began, over the question of a second extension of the term of parliament. Sifton favoured an extension: to avoid the weakening of Canada's war effort which an electoral conflict would involve, in his biographer's view, but in Laurier's view, because of other undisclosed motives, possibly including certain railway projects. Laurier was inclined to oppose extension; partly because of a belief that the Government had not lived up to its undertakings during the extension already granted, and doubtless also because of a belief that an election would bring his party back to power. But he did not close the door, and in the spring of 1917 he was discussing with his friends the possibility of an extension, provided assurances were given as to conscription and railway legislation, and possibly with provision for a tem-

porary union government. The sudden announcement by Sir Robert Borden in May, 1917, of the adoption of the policy of conscription changed the whole situation. Sifton's attitude in the months that followed, and the stages in the transition from the support he gave Sir Wilfrid at the beginning of this period to the support he gave Sir Robert at the close, are not easy to follow. Particularly is it difficult to reconcile his opposition to conscription at the outset, and his strong support of it later. Mr. Dafoe pictures that early opposition as much more tentative and conditional than it really was. Sifton's advice to Laurier to reject conscription was repeated and emphatic. An interesting light on this point is given in a communication from a well-known business man, not in parliament but close behind the political scenes:

Returning home by way of Ottawa on the Saturday morning, I went to Sir Wilfrid's house at one o'clock for lunch. Sir Wilfrid was in his library upstairs and when told I was there, I heard him give instructions that I should be shown up. When I went into the library I found Sifton with him. After shaking hands with Sifton, Sir Wilfrid asked him to say to me what he had already said to Sir Wilfrid and turning to me, Sir Clifford used the following expression, "I have just been telling Sir Wilfrid that the proposed conscription measure of the Government is the most iniquitous piece of legislation ever proposed in a free parliament; we must fight the Government on it and we will lick them." I told him I had not received much comfort on that line in Toronto. His reply was that the friends in Toronto could be brought into line. He did not remain very long after I was shown in but, while there, he urged Sir Wilfrid should agree to a further extension of the life of parliament if conscription were dropped, in fact he went so far as to urge that the life of parliament should be extended for the duration of the war. To this proposal Sir Wilfrid was very non-committal.

The curve from this position to the vigorous denunciation of all who opposed conscription as war slackers, was a sharp one, and Mr. Dafoe has not explained it adequately. He does record with intimate knowledge and graphic detail the story of the negotiations which led to the formation of union government: incidentally he demonstrates the baselessness of the belief which Laurier and others held that Sifton was responsible for the War Time Election Act. The value of the review of the conscription issue would have been still further increased had Mr. Dafoe gone into the question how far the peculiar difficulty which the issue presented in Canada was due to her anomalous international position—a position which the war and the Peace Conference at Paris did much to make clearer—and examined also what light the actual working of conscription when enforced threw upon the controversy between those who claimed and those who denied it to be essential to Canada's part in the winning of the war.

The later chapters of the book record Sir Clifford's services as Chairman of the Commission of Conservation, and as an advocate of state assistance to industrial research; his strong and influential advocacy of full-fledged Canadian nationalism; his attitude upon railway and power development; the position he held as consultant-at-large in the years of the breakup and realignment of parties which followed the war, with his definite and marked leftward drift; and the growing recognition of his Elder Statesman position in the country. Perhaps not the least interesting phase of an interesting study is the picture of the evolution in his attitude on social questions; reversing the usual tendency, Clifford Sifton was immensely more radical, open minded, socially conscious, in his old age than in his youth.

DISARMAMENT AND FINANCIAL RECOVERY

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

AS the time approaches for the meeting of the Disarmament Conference the evidence accumulates that the chances of success are greater than could have been foreseen six months ago. That is not to say that at this moment many people in Europe expect that success will be easy, or even likely: but whereas six months ago most honest people felt hopeless, a change has now taken place which creates a real possibility of success, difficult as it may be. One single factor in world diplomacy has made the chief difference: the emergence, namely, of a strong British Government, competent to engage itself in enterprising decisions without fear of being undermined at Westminster. To those who are watching developments at close quarters in Europe the change brought about by the British election of October, 1931, is substantial. For it happens that the constitution of the new government coincides with a change in the motive of British foreign policy. The two things are indeed in origin the same. Before the precise factors now working for the rescue of the world from armaments and financial collapse can be intelligibly analysed, it is necessary to be clear about what is happening in Great Britain.

Neither French nor German opinion is yet clear about it, although, as these lines are written, signs are visible that enlightenment is beginning.

In a word, Great Britain is now working as an original force in diplomacy, untrammelled by the great commitment that has bound her for a generation. The Entente Cordiale has ceased to be the mainspring of British foreign policy. If anyone be tempted to regard that statement as light-hearted dogma, let him read carefully the recent speeches of Mr.

MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Runciman. The deduction is inescapable. The main relevant facts can be summarized thus: The Entente began in 1903. It persisted through the Great War, in which British troops fought under a French command. It persisted for thirteen years after the war, in the teeth of sundry arguments against it. It made Great Britain yield to France in the successive series of reparations settlements (the Versailles, the Dawes, the Young) the bulk of German payments in cash and in kind, the while Great Britain advanced to Germany much of the cash wherewith those payments were made. It made Great Britain remit the bulk of the French debt owed to Great Britain. It had the cumulative effect of draining the financial resources of Great Britain and of establishing France on an eminence of national wealth so great as to make of her the dominant diplomatic force in Europe. It persisted for a decade in spite of the fact, continuously demonstrated, that French power, thus derived, was curiously insensitive to British interests. *Perfide Albion*? It came to pass, as many foresaw, that the pound was driven from gold. That event, in the tacit but immediate judgment of the country at large (as illustrated by the election) was the signal for some drastic new thinking. Among its other results it ended a diplomatic epoch that had lasted twenty-eight years.

Continental opinion normally finds it hard to understand the British mentality. That difficulty is the real origin of the Continental idea of "*perfide Albion*". The average German cannot understand Great Britain any more than the average Frenchman. In Berlin and in Paris alike it was tacitly assumed that the result of the British election in the international field would be *nil*; that London would continue, as before, to look on while the world toppled. The deep, silent gloom of German opinion, waiting, as it were, till French policy, the undisputed, undisturbed master, witnessed and helped to

produce the final crash in Germany and thus cleared the path for an epoch of German bolshevism or of German Hitlerism: that gloom was unaffected by the news from London. News from London had no interest for German opinion. For a generation British foreign policy, through every kind of emergency, even those where British interests seemed clearly to demand a different policy, had ultimately acquiesced with a better or a worse grace in what French policy advocated. The pictorial notion of Great Britain standing for a generation with her hat off to France was crude, but essentially fair. A large element in German gloom was the belief in the non-existence of British influence as an original force. By a like error French opinion, after as before the British election, pursued its course of world dominance, content to watch from the security of its hoard of gold and its abundance of armaments the *coup de grâce* that would soon descend upon Germany, and thus remove for at least a generation the haunting fear of German power that had been the motive of France. To criticize France would be as intelligent as to criticize a terrified stag escaped from the maw of a leopard: but the terrified stag itself is a dangerous animal. The philosophic puzzle is hard in the international as in every other sphere, human or animal. Maybe it is the suffering that is good. In the jungle they all suffer at each other's claws or teeth. In the international affairs the like truth seems to apply. Germany a generation ago isolated herself and prepared her own undoing. France now isolates herself. Fear does the damage both in diplomacy and in the jungle; and no agency seems able to prevent it. It looks as if some fatal predisposition makes of all life a combat; as if creation and destruction were corollary to each other. A generation hence France may be the hunted and Germany the hunter.

What then is the practical effect of the change in British policy? It means that the long stultification of British work

at Geneva, where French diplomacy has sterilized every attempt at disarmament, is over, and that the strong British delegation, led by Mr. MacDonald himself, at the new conference will demand a business-like measure of disarmament, and will not acquiesce in a quibble about trained reserves. It means that the pound will not again be tethered to gold until the international use of gold has been guaranteed against a repetition of its use as a weapon against the pound. London, the victim of diplomatic blackmail for twelve years, is now itself, as an outspoken diplomatist privately expressed it, "in a strong blackmailing position". The two gold hoards, one on this, one on the other side of the Atlantic, are now as valuable as a collection of Indian gods.

This matter of gold deserves to be looked at first. It was gold, or the result of a long misuse of gold against Great Britain, that woke up the people of Great Britain last October. It is the prospective valuelessness of gold that may encourage French realism to overcome French timidity.

At the beginning of December it was revealed indirectly in the French Chamber what had been the precise effect upon the Bank of France of the pound's fall from gold. The Bank's holding of sterling was given at £62,000,000. Since September 21st, therefore, when sterling went off gold, the paper loss amounted to some Frs. 2,500,000,000. Now the total subscribed capital and reserves of the Bank of France amount only to Frs. 481,000,000. If, therefore, its sterling balances were transferred to Paris, that is if the loss were realized, the Bank of France would be bankrupt. The French Government decided to help the Bank to dress its window, and promptly, in the second week of December, introduced a Bill whereby it would give to the Bank a bond equal to the amount of the losses, the bond to be later exchanged for negotiable bonds of the sinking fund administration. Now in bad times, as in Shakespearian tragedy, humour has its uses. The sterling

balances of the Bank of France have been the regular weapon used to damage sterling in the supposed interests of French diplomacy. The weapon has succeeded to such an extent that sterling has been driven from gold, but the weapon is thereby revealed as a boomerang, likely to do more damage in the return than in the outward flight. But the real humour of the situation is to be found in the preamble of the 15 per cent. anti-British tariff of November 14th. The specific purpose of that impost is there represented as compensation for losses resulting from depreciated currency. On the pure ground of logic, sterling is not a depreciated currency so far as France is concerned. The franc being depreciated in terms of gold by 80 per cent. and the pound on the same criterion by some 30 per cent., a net depreciation is established of 50 per cent., not on the British but on the French side of the Channel. Pure logic may not be amusing from any point of view; but a certain innocent recreation may in present circumstances be derived from a re-reading of the "Correspondence respecting the Position of British Holders of French Rentes issued in the United Kingdom in 1915-1918" (British White Paper, France No. 1, 1931, Cmd. 3779).

One does not know, because history does not tell, what precisely Mr. Chamberlain said to M. Flandin in the Hotel Metropole, London, on November 29th; but, if he had been in a jolly mood, he could have quoted, *mutatis quibusdam mutandis*, the letter of the French Government of January 17th, 1931, to the British Government: "... Now the determination both of the financial policy of a State, so long as that policy is not disputed on grounds of law, and of any measure of equity which it may be considered proper to take in connection with that policy, is entirely a matter for the State in question. . . . The Government of the Republic need not repeat that they regret the losses suffered by those of the British bondholders who were original subscribers to the French loans and had no

idea of speculation. They feel themselves, however, in no way responsible for these losses. The state of affairs, from which the French bondholders suffer as well as the British bondholders, is due to general causes, before which the whole French nation, much against its will, has had finally to bow."

The interest attaching to the extent to which Great Britain has "remitted" war debt is academic, perhaps morbid; for the effects will remain with us for ever, and nothing will diminish them. Yet the public concern about such things (which in 1925, when it might have frightened Mr. Churchill from his acquiescence in the Caillaux and Volpi pretensions, could not be excited) cannot now be allayed, when it is powerless to do any good. On November 19th a question in the House of Commons extorted from Mr. Chamberlain the melancholy epitaph to the Balfour principle. He stated that the total amount of the payments to the United States Government on account of the British war debt to date was £326,200,000, and the total amount received by this country on account of Allied war debts to date £71,275,000.

Less striking, because stated in a severely technical way, was the further reflection drawn from Mr. Chamberlain by a question in the House on December 3rd. "The agreements", he said, "for the funding of the Italian and French war debts were signed on January 27th, 1926, and July 16th, 1926, respectively. The net amounts of the Italian and French war debts as at the date of funding were £560,000,000 and £600,000,000 respectively. The detailed terms of the settlements are given in Command Papers 2380 and 2692 of 1926. The sums advanced to France and Italy were, of course, borrowed by the British Government and constitute part of our War debt. The average cost of borrowing during the War was over 5 per cent. and on this basis the funding agreements represent a remission of 62 per cent. of the French war debt and 66 per cent. of the Italian war debt, and the British tax-

payer has been left to bear an equivalent proportion of the charge involved by these War borrowings."

In terms of income tax the service of that block of War loan raised in this country to lend to France will cost the British taxpayer 7d. in the £ in income tax for ever (for the capital liability remains with the British Government, and although a conversion operation on a substantial scale might pass some of it on to unborn generations thousands of years hence, redemption would only shift the present burden to another part of present shoulders). By the French funding agreement the French taxpayer undertook to pay between 2d. and 2½d. in the £ of that burden. Moreover, on the one hand it is reasonably certain that the British Government will never default in the payment of the interest on "War Fives". It is perhaps not so certain that the French Government will continue for two generations to transmit to London the one-third part of the burden accepted by France. Even at this moment the nations are being driven to a general cancellation of all political debts. If that should happen it would have many good effects, but it would not relieve the British taxpayer from any part of his present burden.

What is more exciting is the continuing story of the French sterling balances in London. Popular opinion, even the opinion of the House of Commons, is so ignorant in these matters that on December 10th Mr. Chamberlain quite solemnly made this statement: "There no doubt have been withdrawals from this country of balances held by foreign holders. I should like to say in this connection that, although I have seen rumours or statements to the contrary, those withdrawals have not been made either by the French Government or by the Bank of France. They have, on the contrary, left their balances here undisturbed. . ."

Of course. It could not be otherwise. The fact that it could not be otherwise is one of the pleasant freaks of the fatal

dispensation. Over a number of years the diplomatic use of the French sterling balances had taken the technical form of selling them in exchange for francs, with the resultant depression of the pound below gold export point to France, and the steady drain of gold from London to Paris. It was a short-sighted exercise of power on the part of France. The bottomless long suffering of the City of London was taken too much for granted. On September 21st, without any preliminary squeal, without warning, London slid off gold. In the resultant universal surprise, discomfort and apprehension, the precise effect on the French sterling balances was overlooked. Those balances were left undisturbed in London for the simple reason that the alternative was their realization at a capital loss of at least 25 per cent. And what then? Assuming that the Bank of France were to be saved from formal bankruptcy by the French Government, the proceeds of the sterling realization could not any longer be used to drain gold from London. They could be used only for investment. The London bank rate went up to 6 per cent. on the very day of the divorce from gold (September 21st). The obvious alternative field for investment was the New York short market, but the conditions there were measured by the fact that the Federal Reserve bank rate was only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In other words, the only alternative the Bank of France had to leaving its sterling balances in London was to realize them at a loss of at least 25 per cent. (which would essentially cripple the Bank of France, even though its Government might artificially save it from bankruptcy) and to reinvest the proceeds at less than 1 per cent. on the diminished capital instead of at more than 4 per cent. on the undiminished nominal capital. Naturally, therefore, the French balances were not removed from London.

It has been observed in more than one field of diplomatic controversy since the war that when French diplomacy has recognized its cause to be hopeless it has performed a lightning

volte-face and taken the lead in an opposite cause. Although, therefore, up to the time when these lines were written French diplomacy showed no sign of weakening in its insistence upon all the hopeless causes, item, the destruction of Germany, item (inconsistently) the exaction of political reparation from Germany, item, the progressive increase in French armaments and the sabotage of the disarmament conference, yet the possibility was alive in the minds of experienced students that the almost accomplished fact of French isolation in the world might induce another *volte-face*, with the result that at the eleventh hour MM. Laval and Flandin might emerge in the rôle of saviours of Germany and pioneers of world disarmament.

It is the view of the British Government that the financial problem and the problem of armaments are aspects of one single problem. The general lines on which that government approaches the problem are these: (1) the reparation settlement must be final and permanent; (2) the service of the commercial debt cannot be jeopardized by any absurd paper arrangement for the priority of the political debt; (3) there must be a satisfactory international currency agreement such as will enable the pound to return to gold without a repetition of the danger that drove it off gold in September (point No. 3 involves a specific, formulated undertaking on the part of the Central Banks that gold reserves will be limited to an amount which will not interfere with the exchange function of gold); (4) there must be an honest, categoric and businesslike international agreement for the drastic and immediate reduction of all armaments, on land, on the sea and in the air, not as a result of any further compacts for "security", but as an end in itself and as an incidental means to such security.

The documentation for that statement is as follows: (1) Mr. MacDonald, November 9th: "No time has to be lost. A series of piecemeal and ephemeral compromises will not do; comprehensive and permanent settlement is now required."

(2) Mr. Baldwin, November 13th: "London has been largely instrumental in financing Germany during the past ten years, thereby enabling her to carry on her international trade and to pay her reparations. These financial advances were not speculative, but represented the best type of security known to the market, and it is clear that the security for these obligations must not be endangered by political debts." (3) Mr. MacDonald, November 9th: "... our currency problem was created by the conditions of the world outside ...". Mr. Baldwin, November 13th, spoke of the Government's determination "to go on in the path on which they have started, and not to rest until they have restored the balance of trade, secured the balanced budget, and brought the country into a position where its currency can be safely and securely stabilized." He then expressly laboured his three postulates as being the "necessary conditions" to be fulfilled before the pound could be stabilized. The fourth point in the statement of policy given above needs no specific documentary justification. It has been the commonplace of British official and non-official dogma of all parties for the past ten years.

Little attention was paid in Great Britain to M. Laval's statement of November 26th in which he appeared to join issue on two of the British points. "We will not accept", he said, "any new arrangement for reparation except for the period of general economic depression. . . . We will accept no reduction of what is due to us except in such measure as equivalent reductions (i.e. of the Inter-Allied Debt) are granted to us. . . . We will not consent to any priority of private debts over reparation." The claim that political reparation should take precedence over the commercial debt was regarded as neither strictly logical nor businesslike, the more immediate question being how Germany could be enabled to pay either. As a point, not of argument or of precedence in obligation, but of simple finance, there would be no sense in conceding to political

reparation a precedence over commercial debt. Reparation debt cannot be paid unless Germany's credit is maintained. Her credit cannot be maintained unless the service of the commercial debt is discharged. Moreover, the Stillhalte arrangement for the commercial debts comes to an end in February next, and the moratorium for the reparation debt not till July; if any question of precedence should arise it could be settled *ex cathedra* on February 29th. If on that date the commercial creditors were to refuse an extension of the Stillhalte, the full capacity of Germany would automatically be hypothecated and there would be nothing left for France; but there would be no more sense in that proceeding than in the French.

Those, however, who best understand the methods of French diplomacy attached less importance to M. Laval's statement of November 26th than to the visit paid by M. Flandin to London two days later. His arrival was part of a deliberate political plan. It was the second step in that plan. The first had been the establishment by the French Government (November 14th) of a prophylactic special tariff of 15 per cent. against British goods, a bargaining pawn posed in anticipation of other events. M. Flandin came to London to do the bargaining, that is to offer a remission of the 15 per cent. in return for a Franco-British commercial treaty giving special concessions to France. His further object was to urge the British Government quickly to stabilize the pound and to return to the gold standard, that object being suggested by the heavy loss sustained by the Bank of France in its holdings of sterling. He duly dined with Sir John Simon, Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Runciman at the Métropole Hotel in London on Sunday, November 29th, having taken absurd precautions to keep secret the very name of the restaurant at which the talk was talked. In spite of the attempt at secrecy the precise nature of what happened at the Métropole dinner became quickly known. M. Flandin announced the French

intention of sending a commercial delegation to London on the following Monday (December 7th) under the possible command of the Minister of Commerce, M. Rollin himself. That was the third step in the French plan above referred to. In answer to his plea that sterling forthwith be stabilized and restored to gold, he was informed by those British Ministers that sterling would not be stabilized or restored to gold until the following three conditions had been fulfilled, namely: (1) until the British trade balance had been restored; (2) until the reparation problem had been settled on a permanent basis; (3) until a guarantee had been given by the Bank of France that in future gold would not be misused as an instrument against the stability of the pound, if and when restored to a gold basis.

To intelligent British students of affairs there was nothing new or surprising in such a statement of conditions. To M. Flandin it was apparently both new and surprising, for the reason that, on the one hand, he had not paid attention to what had been said in London since November 9th, and, on the other hand, had not yet shed the habit of assuming that British Governments would react in accordance with the French expectation.

In the kindred matter of tariffs the British policy, as specifically announced in the House of Commons (by Mr. Runciman, on December 1st and 4th, and by Major Colville, on December 2nd), is that no arrangements shall be made with any foreign country until the British Imperial Conference has taken place at Ottawa next July. The plain announcement of that policy made a profound impression in Europe. The first practical effect was that the French trade delegation did not come to London on December 7th. Instead M. Rollin (December 5th) made a statement in which these sentences appeared: "It has been stated that the British Government does not propose to alter its tariffs before the Imperial Confer-

ence in July. It would be to the general interest, however, to change the present state of affairs as soon as possible. If it continues, it will do irreparable damage to our agriculture and industry." During the following week M. Hymans came to London to discuss the effect on Belgium, Mr. Zaleski to discuss the effect on Poland. The German Government invited friendly negotiations about the effect on Germany. London was unmoved. Mr. Runciman's words had said all that was necessary. Referring to the "increasing circle of tariffs" which shut out British goods, he declared that "the Government has found every appeal made to them [*i.e.* to the countries which shut out British goods and which had signed, but not honoured, the Geneva resolutions about tariffs] to be in vain. We have found our protests met with exactly the same reply that I make this afternoon, namely, that the internal interests of the particular country must be the first consideration. We are finding that the method of persuasion is useless, and we are making no progress" A new British Imperial policy is afoot.

So far as disarmament is concerned it is clear that Great Britain, the United States, Germany, Italy and (in spite of the Manchurian muddle) Japan are in earnest. In announcing the acceptance of his moratorium proposal last July, Mr. Hoover (Washington, July 6th) said: ". . . the world has need of solemn thought on the causes which contributed to the depression. I need not repeat that one of these causes is the burden imposed and the fears aroused by competitive armaments."

Mr. Hoover thus confirmed what had been freely surmised, that his twin object was to effect a temporary respite from the burden of debt and a permanent relief from the moral, financial and economic burden of armaments.

It would, indeed, have been absurd if the politicians of the world had removed the smaller evil while retaining the bigger. According to figures given by Mr. Shaw, then Minister for

War, in the British House of Commons on April 6th last, only Great Britain and Japan, between 1924 and 1930, reduced their expenditure on armaments. Great Britain in those years reduced it by 10 per cent., Japan by 1.6 per cent. On the other hand the United States increased her expenditure by 28 per cent., Italy by 36 per cent., France by 110 per cent., Russia by 184 per cent. The world is spending more on armaments than it spent in 1913. Mr. Hoover has never tried to palliate the record of the United States in that respect. On the eve of the London naval limitation conference of 1930 he frankly drew the attention of United States opinion to certain unpleasant figures. The occasion was his message to the Seventy-First Congress (December 3rd, 1929) in which he recalled that in 1914 the United States spent the equivalent of £53,400,000 on her army and her navy. In 1929 she was spending the equivalent of £140,000,000, and still heavier programmes of building had been organized for the future. Even Great Britain, the only country in the world which has made any substantial reduction in armaments expenditure in the post-war years, is still spending on armaments nearly as much as she spent before the war. The actual figures are £80 1/3 millions in 1914, £110 1/2 millions in 1931, but the purchasing value of £80 1/3 millions in 1914 was equal to that of £116 millions in 1931. The people of Great Britain still spend £4 a second on armaments, more than £300,000 a day. The payment of the British debt to the United States, by contrast, takes £100,000 a day (which figure however will be automatically increased after the moratorium by the extent of sterling depreciation against the dollar). The five chief naval Powers are to-day spending an aggregate of nearly £500 a minute on their navies. The wastage of the world's wealth on armaments is one of the oddest of human perversities. Everybody except cranks and nationalists agrees with Mr. Hoover in his postulate that the suspension of international war debt pay-

ment, if it is to lead to lasting good, must lead to disarmament; that is, it must be regarded as a respite in which the nations of the world will be enabled to solve the general problem, in which armament is the chief element.

It is a difficult, but a necessary, thing to understand the precise extent to which armaments are strangling international activity and poisoning international diplomatic relations. The statistics are difficult because of different currencies, differing relative values in the various countries and differing ethical standards of truth in such matters. It would probably be impossible to compile a comprehensive survey of the world's armaments such as would be endorsed by all the countries concerned. One of the best attempts yet made is recorded in a speech made by Mr. MacDonald in the House of Commons on June 29th, 1931. He was speaking of the prospect of the Disarmament Conference, and took the occasion to review the record of the chief countries in the matter of sea, land and air armaments. He quoted masses of figures, which deserve to be studied by thinking people of all countries.

His full speech should be looked up and filed as a guide to the impending conference. He has promised a supplementary statement before the conference meets. In naval expenditure he revealed that the British figure has decreased by £23,600,000 since 1914 and by £3,600,000 since 1924, the corresponding record in the case of the other powers being: the United States +£36,000,000 and +8,000,000; France —£4,900,000 and +£10,500,00; Italy —£1,350,000 and +£7,100,000; Japan +£11,200,000 and +£3,600,000. In naval personnel the British figure has decreased by 57,370 since 1914 and by 5,823 since 1924. Mr. MacDonald commented: "An examination of the figures of the personnel of other countries will show that they have increased in much the same proportion as ours have decreased." He stated that the number of British fighting ships has decreased 394 since 1914, but in this category he did not

give the comparative figures of other countries. In submarines the increase or decrease since 1914 he gave thus: British Empire —40, France +35, United States +35, Italy +38, Japan +49. He revealed that Great Britain has decreased her expenditure on her army by £5,000,000 since 1924, France has increased hers by £20,800,000 since 1925, Italy has increased hers by £15,400,000 since 1925, and the United States has increased hers by £15,680,000 since 1925. The figures of air force expenditure he summarized thus: Great Britain, +£2,000,000 since 1921 (although the figure showed a decrease of an unstated amount compared with 1926); France +£4,000,000 since 1929 (when the Air Budget was first separated); the United States +£20,000,000 since 1922; Italy +£6,000,000 since 1922.

The figures clearly show that, with the single exception of Great Britain, the world is moving steadily in the wrong direction. Mr. MacDonald did not give the full figures about Japan; if he had, it would have emerged that in the aggregate the Japanese expenditure on all armaments has been reduced since the war.

Since history was first recorded the attempt to eliminate war from a war-tempered world has always failed. The habit of war is so chronic that it seems to burst out in every kind of perversity. From 1914 to 1918 otherwise sane and normal men in Great Britain talked about "a war to end war". The notion that men should prepare for war as a means, not of producing war, but of averting it, is a perversity that has commanded human approval through the centuries. Ever since Horace made his nonsensical remark "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" it has become more famous than anything else he wrote, and there are people to-day who believe that a man who is blown to bits in a stinking trench in a war that ruins his own and every country indiscriminately is liable to quote such rubbish to himself for his comfort at such a moment. The

greatest war in history, so far from ending war, produced a greater expenditure on armaments throughout the world than had been known before in human history, and the lesson of that fact went for the most part unheeded and almost unnoticed. The people who with Milton believe the self-evident truth: "For what can war still breed but endless war?" are regarded as dangerous. These things are trite, but they are important. General Chiang Kai-shek (to take a case) was not unusual, he was devastatingly ordinary when he talked, as he talked on October 12th, 1931, about bankrupting his country for half a century and about "going to war to safeguard peace." This matter of war is one of the most unreasonable of perversities. If Chiang Kai-shek had announced with dramatic fervour to his audience that he was going to drown himself to save himself from drowning he would have been regarded (rightly) as a lunatic. When he announced that he was going to plunge himself and his country into war to save them from war (or as he put it "to safeguard peace") he was regarded (wrongly) as a great patriot and a fine fellow. One can imagine the idiotic cheers which re-echoed in the hall in which he spoke. But what man in the West can throw stones?

It looks, however, as if the very stars in their courses were now conspiring with the gold standard to force the nations to do what idealism and commonsense have failed to achieve. Financial collapse, economic chaos, universal adversity may prove to have an even sweeter use than Shakespeare dreamt of.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

BY W. H. FYFE

IN the year 399 B.C. Socrates of Athens was poisoned by his fellow-countrymen for asking inconvenient questions. He was in his 71st year. George Bernard Shaw will be 76 next July and seems as yet in no danger of sharing the same fate. Indeed he has emerged from the mists of unpopularity into the sunshine of popular favour, is more widely appreciated throughout the world than any other living writer and better known by sight than any Briton except the Prince of Wales. And yet the Socratic parallel is close. Indeed it may well be that he is really George Bernard Socrates and has learnt in the intervening 2333 years to cut his beard in a more becoming style and to avoid the danger of popular indictment.

Socrates found early in his life that things are not what they seem, that men of high reputation for knowledge and dialectical ability were ignorant of their subject and unable to meet him in argument; that current morality was inconsistent for lack of any unifying principle; that even grave and reverend persons professed belief in a religion which in no way affected their conduct, and that both morality and religion, so far as their sway was effective, restricted the play of human personality instead of releasing its power. These phenomena interested Socrates so deeply that he devoted his whole life to asking and answering questions, and whenever he met any man of established reputation, a Professor it might be or a Bishop or a Politician, anyone who in the Greek phrase "seemed to be something", he engaged him in argument until the victim, involved in continual contradiction, hastily remembered an engagement and retreated in the remnants of his reputation, pursued by the laughter of the youthful bystanders. And that is exactly what Shaw has done, not in the sunshine of a Greek

market place but in the limelight of innumerable theatres. His aim too is to rend the comforting veils of appearance from the reality beneath, to force men to face their assumptions and premisses and postulates, to irritate them into some degree of moral consistency. Like Socrates he is an indefatigable gadfly. After an all night banquet at which the leading wits of Athenian society had drunk themselves under the table, Socrates was left arguing about drama with the only two who remained conscious. Having successfully proved to them that Tragedy was identical with Comedy, he discovered that they were both asleep, so he stumped off to the market place as the sun was rising, washed his head at the pump and looked round for someone to talk to for the next twelve hours. And that is just like Shaw, who having kicked one conventional opinion into splinters in a long comedy, a still longer preface and a spate of stage directions, hurries off before we have regained consciousness to repeat the process *ad infinitum*.

Nor does the parallel cease there. Both are more critical than constructive, but the ideas they do express are closely similar.

One of the watch-words of Socrates was the great precept of the Delphic oracle, "Know Yourself". And that is Shaw's watchword too, the moral of all his plays. Find out what you really think and what you really want. Have the courage of your own convictions and your own ambitions. Be yourself. That is why Dick Dudgeon, the Devil's Disciple, is the hero of that play, and despite his faults shows up as a hero against the romantic sentimentality, the false religion and the conventional morality of the other characters, amongst whom two others win our respect—Anderson, the minister, who behaves like a soldier because that was his real nature, and General Burgoyne who consistently says what he thinks instead of what he thinks he ought to think. They, like Dick Dudgeon, know themselves and live up to the knowledge.

Having won that knowledge by hard discipline of thought and conduct, how is a man to select the means towards the aim which the knowledge of himself suggests? Shaw and Socrates give the same answer. Use your reason. Virtue, says Socrates, is Knowledge. The man who does wrong doesn't understand what he is doing. He is the victim of ignorance. Convince him of the real nature of the act and he will never do it again. Of course there is a catch in that. Socrates allowed too little weight to the emotions; and so does Shaw. Both profess the Stoic ideal of self-sufficiency and reasoned action. But it is rarely realized. "This cocktail", says the voluptuary, "is harmful to my health and happiness; what is harmful to my health and happiness cannot be willed by me; therefore"--but before he can state the conclusion, the cocktail is down his throat and his hand extended for another. And similarly do the patriot and the lover fly in the frowning face of reason. But Shaw will not admit it. His lovers *must* have reason on their side. Marchbanks gives up Candida because his reason tells him that marriage means mothering and that the need of the seemingly self-sufficient Morrell is really greater than his; Major Barbara's love for the poor and outcast fails with the failure of her reasons; Tanner falls into Ann Whitefield's arms protesting that the Life Force has got the better of his reason, but really because his reason has given a satisfactory account of the Life Force.

Socrates offered his devoted friends this syllogism, "Being poisoned can't hurt me as much as acting against my principles; therefore you must wish me to be poisoned". And when Crito is adamant and Adeimantus bursts into weeping, he thinks them foolish. In Shaw's plays, too, folly is attributed to all who act from any motive other than reason. That is why so many of his heroes and heroines move in an air of arid unreality—or perhaps I should say heroes and not heroines too, or at least not all of them, for he does allow Lady Cicely,

for instance, to triumph over Captain Brassbound and her brother and everyone else in the play by virtue of a quality which, disguised as logic, is really the charm of human love. But that is an exception due perhaps to the fact that with Ellen Terry as his model even Shaw fell unreasonably for her charm.

This distrust of the human heart unites Socrates and Shaw in a similar attitude towards Art. Both were first and foremost Social Reformers. Both condemned the senseless confusion of the existing order; both attributed its glaring deficiencies to the defeat of reason by the emotions aroused through prejudice, romantic illusion or human hungers uncontrolled; both looked forward to a better social system based on reason. And this bred in both of them the Puritan's suspicion of Art. Not that either was insensitive to the magic of poetry and music. Shaw certainly is not, and Socrates cannot have been, unless Plato misrepresents him. Indeed, they were so sensitive that they feared the influence of art might deflect them from the stony path of reason. So they both represent the Artist as the unreasoning slave of his emotions, one whose very nature as an artist demands free play for all his instincts, and therefore inevitably a deplorable citizen. There is no room in their ideal state for the man who beats his wife and robs his friends and plays the promiscuous lover because thus only can he freely create his poem or his picture or sonata; and therefore Shaw like Socrates, while acknowledging the supreme delight and fascination of the artist's work, conducts him with all due honour to the frontier, crowns him with laurels and kicks him firmly out of the socialist community. Dubedat in the Doctor's Dilemma is Shaw's portrait of an artist as conceived by Socrates. For my part I accept that as a faithful portrait and yet am weak enough to smuggle a handful of Dubedats into my own Utopia.

This pre-occupation with social reform accounts for yet another point of resemblance between Socrates and Shaw.

Both are agreed that no well-informed and reasonable man can contemplate the existing state of society without desiring a change. Reform is delayed and indeed prevented by the fact that the average man will not face facts and follow reason or, to put the same thing in another way, he does not desire the change strongly enough to will the means. In short, he will not take the trouble. So he must be controlled by men whose reason is master of their emotions. In Plato's Republic philosophers must be kings, and these philosophers must be trained for kingship by an arduous and elaborate system of education. Shaw is at one with Socrates, Lenin and Mussolini in the belief that Demos must be dragooned in its own interest, but despairing of education, which he condemns as positively harmful to people under the age of forty, he pins his faith in the breeding of the Superman, and, realizing with unusual misgiving that to set sexual attraction under the police-control of reason may be a task of superhuman difficulty, he prudently leaves it to the Life Force. And there, I think, he fails to equal Socrates in faith and courage.

One last point of resemblance. I suppose it has struck every reader of the Socratic dialogues what an advantage Plato had in being able to provide for the interlocutors all their questions and the answers too. What fun it would be to "gag" and how embarrassing to the master! Clearly the dialectic mill would grind less smoothly, were the victim to answer "Yes" instead of "No" or vice versa. And Shaw makes full use of the same advantage. There is no fear that *his* characters will go off in search of an author. They are his and he made them; they speak always by his book. Indeed he is less of a dramatic author than a ventriloquist of extraordinary skill.

Any view of Shaw must be set against a background of the Victorian era, for Victoria had not been twenty years a Queen when Shaw was born. Perhaps no one could say of that

era, "Joy was it in that age to be alive, And to be young was Heaven." In the middle-class society of Dublin the young George Bernard found it more like Hell. I confess to a sneaking sympathy with his reaction whenever I find myself in a gallery of Victorian portraits. Great qualities those hairy heroes must have had but their "make-up" inevitably breeds suspicion. There are whiskers which no virtue can live up to. One longs to "find them out" and "give the show away". And that is just what Shaw did, irritated beyond endurance by the pretences and the snobbery of that artificial Dublin society where a great gulf was set between profession and practice, where morality and religion were the twin slaves of respectability, and family affection a fraud that must never be given away. In short he started facing facts and holding up to human society a mirror that threw the high light on the seamy side.

For the work of a social dramatist he was well fitted both by nature and by training. As an Irishman he had imaginative indignation and that genuine love of fighting which is free from envy and resentment; his data he borrowed with skill from his Fabian friends; his power of speech he cultivated by eager perseverance in stump oratory. As an Irishman living in England he escaped many prejudices and sympathies which might have deflected his vision, and was able to develop the more freely his natural gifts of effrontery and exaggeration. He was moreover clear-headed, humane and infinitely industrious. There are no secrets in the springs of his success. His work as a newspaper critic of music, art and drama put finishing touches on this happy product of luck and cunning, and thus about 1880 G.B.S. sprang fully armed from the brain of Mr. G. B. Shaw, and commenced his attack on what Carlyle calls "that corporate knave, Society", never losing sight of his determination to mould it into something better. That hope could never be fulfilled, as he well knew, until he could convert millions to his own desire. This could best be done by forcing

people to face facts, and since human nature is constitutionally averse from facing facts and will have recourse to almost any shift to avoid thinking, he wrapped his powder in the jam of a stage story. At first the bitter taste was too strong for the public stomach and the jam was not of the best quality. But experience improved his skill and in the end the powders were swallowed with enthusiastic glee. That they have had some effect upon the ideas and outlook of Shaw's contemporaries it is impossible now to deny. In proof of that assertion consider some of the attitudes which his plays attack by tearing from the cold facts the rosy disguises of sentiment, tradition and romance.

Marriage and the Family are perhaps his favourite theme. Romantic novels and romantic plays represent man as the masterful hunter and woman as his shrinking prey. We all know that is untrue; and it is thanks to Shaw that the present generation has faced the truth that Man is a cowering rabbit vainly seeking to avoid the entanglement of matrimony, while Woman, the mediatrix of the Life Force, hunts him to his inevitable doom. Shaw is certainly no systematic philosopher, but the mention of the Life Force perhaps necessitates a digression, since, as Tanner explains in *Man and Superman*, most people confuse it with the Regiment of Life Guards who provide sentries for Buckingham Palace.

Just as Shaw, the Social Reformer, ingeniously picked the brains of Sidney Webb, now gone to glory as Lord Passfield, and of other learned Fabian economists, so too he borrows with light-fingered skill a few leading ideas to form a pseudo-philosophic background for his social comedy. These come from Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Lamarck, Bergsen and others, mainly derived through the writings and conversations of that admirable ironist, Samuel Butler, to whom Shaw handsomely acknowledges his debt. It is indeed a considerable obligation, but Shaw has declared a bumper series of dividends. Roughly

the idea is this. Behind the shifting flux of phenomena there is a Divine Energy or Life Force which works its will towards perfection by the method of trial and error. It evolved miracles of strength in the Mammoth and the Brontosaurus, which failed in the struggle for existence not from bad luck and blind chance but because they lacked the energy to identify their wills with that of the Life Force. Giraffes grew long necks because they wanted to; but finding in the bananas of the tree-top the end of their desire, they failed to go further and develop a capacity for metaphysics, art and science. So the Life Force despaired, in turn, of the Giraffe, and, in the continuous process of creative evolution, tried its eager hand on Consciousness and Brain. The process still continues. Man may identify his will with that of God and rise to higher forms of life, or he may fail in energy of will power and see the ideal embodied in some other order of animal. From such ideas as these it follows that human virtue consists in a courageous, independent endeavour to act as the vehicle of the energy which presses us experimentally forward; that woman in this high endeavour chooses and secures her mate, unconsciously serving the divine purpose for the future; and that to cramp the development of the young with precept, precedent and prohibition is the sin against the Holy Spirit, an obstinate endeavour to resist the process of creative evolution.

In *Back to Methuselah* we have Shaw's most serious attempt to develop this religion of creative evolution; and his handling is indeed religious—tinged with emotion and serious purpose. The theme is this:—that within the limits of three score years and ten man becomes “grown up” only on the verge of dissolution. Nearly all the years of his age are under the distracting influence of love and art and other such emotional concerns. The aim of the Life Force is to produce an activity of pure reason, unadulterated by association with the desires and pains and pleasures of the body. Here again Shaw and

Socrates share the same ideal. But whereas Socrates hoped to achieve it himself after death, Shaw looks to its realization by posterity in some distant age. For the purpose of that realization, human life must be lengthened, so that man may have time to develop his reason after his body has ceased to cause distraction and thus after a century or so of ratiocination may hand on to posterity a bigger and a better apparatus. This theme he develops in the five plays which form the volume *Back to Methuselah*. The first has its scene in the Garden of Eden and is the only commentary on the book of Genesis which calls in poetry and humour as aids to Old Testament Exegesis. It certainly helps one to appreciate Genesis. The second play presents the present day; and owing to Shaw's ineradicable passion for jeering at his contemporaries, the tone and interest decline, inconsistencies creep into the theme. The last three dramas show the evolution of longevity and the contrast between the "short lived" and "the ancients". The series closes in the year 31,920 A.D. with Lilith, the mother of Adam and Eve, gazing into a still more distant infinity of future.

It is hard to believe that anything is gained by presenting this series in a theatre before an audience cramped for hours in uncomfortable seats. Those who have endured the experience naturally say so. That is only human. But in the whole series there is no dramatic moment, and indeed no action. It is suited for the study, not the stage. But as "reading-matter" I commend it. It contains in one volume wit, imagination, social diagnosis, poetry, ingenuity and a high seriousness of purpose.

His views on marriage and the upbringing of children Shaw develops in *Man and Superman*, *Getting Married*, *Misalliance*, *Fanny's First Play*, *You Never Can Tell*, and incidentally in other plays. His two main pleas are that men and women should face the scientifically ascertained facts of sex, heredity and evolution, and that they should allow to each other

and to their children freedom to develop their own individuality and thus to co-operate with the Life Force in its cosmic process of trial and error. In the development of his theme he reveals the imperfection of the existing state of society and shows us how people bully each other and their children from sheer stupidity and lack of understanding, like Crampton in *You Never Can Tell*, who snorts at the idea of being polite to his daughter, and the Greengrocer's wife in *Getting Married*, who was such a good mother that all her children ran away from home. Shaw's X-ray portraiture of family life makes us laugh and makes us think, but it has never, I believe, made anybody cry. If I am right, that marks the limit of Shaw's power as a dramatist.

In all his plays and all his themes of human reformation, the method is much the same—to face the imperfection of existing facts and suggest to us a more reasonable way. His earliest plays, *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, show how slum-landlordism and prostitution are woven into the grimy fabric of society; how the existence of such evils and the refusal to face the facts inevitably taint the moral sense; and what a horror of harm is done by concealing the slum-landlord under a cloak of philanthropy and trying to whiten the sepulchre of prostitution by the ghastly pretence that the lives of its victims are associated with luxury, refinement and romance. They are bitter plays, in which his irrepressible wit seems almost like giggling at a funeral. There is no answer to their social criticism. But they lose their full effect because they fail to arouse the emotion of tragedy and to grant it release in tears.

In all his later plays the wit is friendly to the theme and invariably welome. In *Arms and the Man* he borrows unconsciously from Euripides' *Rhesus* and at the same time anticipates the lesson of the late war, setting the prosaic nastiness of war in contrast with the romantic illusion which so long

succeeded in concealing the facts. Dmitri, like Euripides' Hector, is the stupid and incurable romantic, boastful, theatrical and ignorant of all reality; Bluntschli, like Odysseus, is the plain, professional soldier who succeeds in warfare because he has no illusions about it. Bluntschli carries chocolate creams in his cartridge case because they are more useful than ammunition, and Odysseus, with similar good sense, crawls on his stomach in the mud instead of standing like Hector silhouetted in full armour on the skyline. Both authors heighten the irony by giving their realism a romantic setting. Euripides uses, since he had no alternative, the traditional conventions of Greek Tragedy, while Shaw deliberately selects a form which has been easily adapted into a successful musical comedy.

In the same spirit of ironic realism, *John Bull's Other Island* sets the plain facts of what used to be called the Irish Question in contrast with the romantic misconceptions of a typical English politician. The result is much vigorous rhetoric and argument with inextinguishable laughter at the politician's expense; and, what is rare in Shaw's plays, the scintillation is set against a background of beauty, the ingredients of which are the melancholy of the clear-sighted but ineffective Irishman; the romance—if Shaw can forgive the word—of the dark-eyed Irish heroine, perhaps the only one of Shaw's heroines who gets the real effect of feminine beauty; and the genuine poetry of the Irish priest.

In the *Doctor's Dilemma* Shaw invites his audience to face the facts, or shall I say his fancies, about modern medicine. Respect for the medical faculties of Canadian universities inclines me to call them fancies, but if there are no quacks in Canada there are rumoured to be some in Harley Street, and, whether the rumour is true or not, Shaw gets the maximum of fun out of Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington, the booming general practitioner, and Sir Cutler Walpole, the diagnostician and excisor of "the nuciform sac"; displays a shrewd knowledge

of the evolution of modern medicine; restates once more his views of the relations of men and women; draws his portrait of a typical artist and raises the fundamental problem whether the artist's life is worthier to be preserved than that of a good, plain, unsuccessful doctor. No mean programme for a single evening's entertainment.

In the realm of Political Economy the Shavian process of revealing reality is less successful, for in Economics as in Metaphysics reality is strangely elusive. Therefore in *Major Barbara*, which handles the ethics of poverty and wealth, Shaw's message is less dogmatic and decisive. In the admirable second act, which presents a Salvation Army shelter, he states clearly enough his view of poverty as the worst of crimes, the supreme state of evil in which the efforts of the human will are fatally restricted, and he attacks the "defeatism" which has crept into certain presentations of the Christian creed, at the same time doing homage to the Christian charity which inspires the heroism of Major Barbara herself. But his portrait of her father, the millionaire maker of explosives, is confused and unconvincing. Andrew Undershaft succeeds in demonstrating that money is the currency of life and that brotherly love must operate in that currency or fail to move mountains. Mammon is the instrument of human progress. But his gospel of Force is nebulous and ineffective, the play tails off into rhetoric relieved by sparks of wit, and for my part I sympathize with Lady Britomart when she orders her husband not to make speeches. It is, he replies, his only means of expressing himself. But a dramatist cannot properly make that excuse.

History again provides Shaw with the opportunity of bringing ridicule upon conventional ideas and false romance. As "Cholly" in *Major Barbara* might say, "There is a good deal of Tosh about History." At any rate we all tend to regard those who figure largely in its pages not as real men and women

but as "great figures of the past." Historians easily acquire the courtier's habit of walking backwards. A similar tendency has served to spoil the production of Shakespeare's plays. The actors swathe themselves in voluminous robes and strange, unearthly beards, they move unnaturally, strutting with protruded stomach or tottering weakly on a stick, and deliver their speeches in a shrill and stilted style. The result is an inevitable sense of unreality. To correct this Sir Barry Jackson has staged several of Shakespeare's plays in modern clothes—Hamlet at the play in evening dress; Macbeth in red tabs and a Sam Browne belt. The effect is piquant, incongruous and anachronistic, but this is offset by some gain in the illusion of reality. Shaw in his historical plays aims exactly at the same effect. He represents the characters of history as men and women of to-day. None of his Kings have clothes on. Napoleon in *The Man of Destiny* is neither more nor less than a portrait of the author; Cleopatra is displayed to us not as a veiled figure of romance, but as an artful and designing "flapper"; Joan of Arc is a simple peasant girl, with a genius for mysticism, effrontery and common sense, and Caesar shows the strength and weakness of an efficient modern executive. Cleopatra's first words to him, "Don't be frightened, old gentleman," shatter the effect of the eloquent address which he has just delivered to the Sphinx and create an atmosphere which would have asphyxiated Walter Scott. It is also Shaw's habit to intensify this effect by introducing criticism of modern English society. Britannus, Caesar's secretary, explains that the Britons dye themselves blue because it is such a respectable colour, and when he displays a truly Victorian capacity for being shocked, Caesar excuses him on the ground that he mistakes the customs of his island for the laws of nature. In the same way Napoleon describes "the nation of shopkeepers" in terms that are applicable to the late nineteenth century. It is a facile trick which gives good fun and is not out of place in

Caesar and Cleopatra or in *The Man of Destiny*, but strikes a false note, as it seems to me, in *Saint Joan*. And there we reach Shaw's best play and the opportunity for a brief attempt at dramatic criticism.

There are two ways of constructing a good play. You may start with a story in your mind and construct the characters to suit the exigencies of your plot. The logic of this method is that such actions must have been caused by such characters. That is the method of melodrama. The other method, which most critics and most dramatists prefer, is to assume a group of persons in a certain situation and to see what comes of the interaction of circumstance and character. In that case instead of fitting your characters to your plot, you construct your plot to fit the characters, and your dramatic logic is that such characters in such circumstances will inevitably, or at least probably, produce such an outcome. In either case there is interaction between the two, and in either case the successful dramatist is not so much the architect of the action as the reporter of inevitable events. But Bernard Shaw knows no such logic of construction. The dramatic *artist* is a man heavy with a burden which he must discharge. Like the composer, the poet and the painter, he is forced by his own nature to project his experience of life into some audible or visible form. He cannot help it. That is indeed his only valid excuse. And until his agony of creation is ended he does not know what he is going to produce. He creates not what he wants but what he must. Shaw is not a bit like that. He finds the act of creation very good fun and the instrument moreover of a practical purpose. Shaw is not an artist. He would indignantly repudiate the charge. He is a social reformer. He wishes to achieve the practical purpose of changing people's ideas, of directing their wills and remoulding the structure of human society. It is a high aim, but incompatible with high art. The result is that the outcome of all his plays is fixed

before he begins to make the plot. The end is the lesson that the audience must learn. To that end he constructs his plot and inserts in it the characters like half-embodied arguments. In order to serve his practical aim they must reveal their motives in dialogue so frank as to be incredible, and give utterance to thoughts which in real life would be carefully concealed. The effect is as though a man were to wear his "unconscious" outside and display his deepest complex on a show-board. And thus it is that Shaw's characters so seldom fully come to life, and are never allowed to eat their labels.

There are exceptions, of course; certainly Walter Boon, the immortal waiter in *You Never Can Tell*, and I should add the heroine of *Pygmalion* who seems to have wrested from her author an independent existence. There may be others; but the great exception is the whole play of *Saint Joan*. Shaw's other plays, although they satisfy two-thirds of Horace's Criterion and are enjoyed by everyone everywhere, are not likely to be enjoyed for ever, just because they lack the independent vitality which characterizes all great art, and express the views rather than the personality of their author; and also because their interest centres not in the fate and character of the *dramatis personæ* but in social problems which will lose their interest. But when he came at the age of 70 to write *Saint Joan*, Shaw fell in love at last—fell in love with Joan and all her story and the people in it. And so *Saint Joan* alone of all his plays escapes from its author and lives a triumphant life of its own. It has beauty, it has absorbing interest, it has the dramatic power which keeps us wondering what next, it contains one of the best long speeches in all drama and that astonishing scene where Warwick, Cauchon and the Chaplain sit for half an hour round a table and absorb the attention of the audience by the dramatic interest of their talk. It has plenty, too, of Shaw's best wit—and a little also of his worst. But nothing can ever cure an Irishman of cocking snooks at

England. The Epilogue is certainly an error. It is good fun to read, but I cannot conceive how anyone with a sense of drama can bring himself to stage such an anti-climax. It is an old Shavian failing. The epilogue of *The Doctor's Dilemma* is equally an anti-climax. In both plays the point of the play is clear enough without it, expressed in the one play by Jennifer's refusal to shake hands with Ridgeon and in the other by the moving scene of the Chaplain's remorse; and in both it is all the more effective for being implicit. But Shaw is always explicit. He *must* make his point clear. He cannot easily stop talking. And so to establish his contention as a critic he ruins his reputation as an artist.

But I have owed during all my reading life so much enjoyment to Shaw's plays that it would be ungenerous to close on a note of discontent. If he is not in the strict eye of criticism a great dramatist, he is certainly a great critic and a very great writer. His prefaces have an astonishing effect of celerity and force. They are veritable torrents of argument. On me they produce rather soon a sense of satiety. At whatever point I begin to read I am always taken with admiration and delight, but the pleasure wanes in three pages. I cannot live the pace and wish the deluge would give me peace to think. But there is no denying the vigour of his style. His weekly articles on plays, books, music, pictures have lost no vitality in thirty years. And the writing of his dialogue is perfect. He is a master of the spoken word, as all his actors, professional or amateur, can testify, and he is equally a master of wit and rhetoric and also of a sort of apocalyptic solemnity. When in *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* he assumes himself the part of Shakespeare and gives expression to his greedy love of language, we see the source of his literary skill. He enjoys words as much as he enjoys music. In the use of words he *is* an artist and is himself a master of their use, exercising his craft for the mere exhilaration of success.

When an author produces in his eighth decade his best dramatic work and follows it with a political satire like *The Apple Cart*, which makes no pretence at drama but is trenchant, high-spirited and amusing, it is rash to estimate our debt to him as though the account were closed already. With such a septuagenarian anything might happen at any moment. But certain items on his credit side are clear and certain. Whether we admire him or not, Shaw makes us think. He has cleared our minds with thoughtful laughter. He has done yeoman service in the cause of social reform. He has proved that it is possible to have in England a theatre that is both serious and entertaining, and although the evolution of the moving picture has removed that theatre to the sphere of memory and hope, yet the record of his achievement may yet bear future fruit. In stage sermons like *Androcles* and *Blanco Posnet* he has preached the essential ethic of Christianity all the more effectively for the riotous fun of the play and the forced flippancy of the preface. Despite his rationalism and his dominant interest in practical social reform, Shaw is a warm-hearted idealist who never doubts that the permanent values of life are spiritual; in the conduct of a long life he has set a fine example of courage, industry, benevolence and self-control; and, like Socrates, he has lived up to his conviction that no harm can befall the righteous man.

For all these services we cannot but declare ourselves his debtors, and, in spite of his impish desire to pose as Mephistopheles, I claim him as an ally of the Angels, whatever mincemeat he may make of all the Churches.

EMPIRE TRADE AND BRITISH INDUSTRY

BY F. A. KNOX

THE present strength of sentiment in favour of Empire trade is not merely a reflection of a desire to promote business revival by any device that holds out the least hope of success. It will not disappear with returning prosperity. It is grounded in a much more permanent condition that now confronts all countries whose economic welfare is dependent on international trade. Countries whose exports are foods and raw materials are faced with a relative decline in the world's demand for their products which is reflected in a greater spread between food and raw material prices and the prices of manufactured goods than was characteristic of the nineteenth century. While the disadvantage of the newer countries contributes to ease somewhat the situation of the older countries as a group, it does not mitigate the fierceness of the struggle for markets between the manufacturing countries themselves. The British Empire, moreover, feels both these difficulties keenly. Not only do the Dominions, India and most of the crown colonies depend on exports of unmanufactured commodities, but the United Kingdom itself is most affected by the growing keenness of competition between manufacturing countries.

The United States has been, perhaps, the most serious competitor Great Britain has had to face in recent years. The inroads she is making (as shown in Table I) on markets which were formerly important outlets for British goods have aroused concern both in Great Britain and in the Dominions. It is the fashion to attribute this changing relationship to the growth of tariff protection in all countries and to assume, therefore, that nothing can be done about it until the world returns to sanity, and that meanwhile Imperial preferences are the only means

by which the disadvantages of the trading situation can be somewhat offset.

TABLE I

Percentage of Total Imports of Countries Named Obtained from the United States of America and the United Kingdom

	From U.S.A.		From United Kingdom	
	1913 %	1927 %	1913 %	1927 %
Canada	64.0	64.9	21.3	16.8
Australia	13.7	25.1	51.8	41.2
New Zealand	9.5	17.5	59.7	50.6
South Africa	8.9	15.4	56.8	44.8
India	2.6	9.1	64.2	47.2
Argentina	14.7	24.7	31.0	19.3
Brazil	15.7	28.7	24.5	21.2
Chile	16.7	32.6	30.0	17.2
France	10.6	13.3	13.2	12.2
Germany	5.9	14.7	8.1	6.6
Italy	14.3	19.4	16.2	8.9
Japan	16.8	30.9	16.8	7.0
China	6.0	16.1	16.5	7.3

That the world is endangering not only its prosperity but its very existence by the excesses of economic nationalism that have been rampant since the war is not to be denied. It is less certain, however, that British trade would be restored to its former estate even if world-wide free trade were to be achieved. It is questionable whether such a lowering of tariff barriers as seems probable will much benefit her commerce; it is easy to exaggerate the advantages that would follow on the adoption of Empire free trade, and the degree of Imperial preference likely to be achieved soon. His Majesty's Trade Commissioners in the Dominions have been insisting in their annual reports that the conditions of international trade have radically changed; that the British manufacturer has been slow to recognize this; and that his belief in tariffs as the primary cause of his difficulties and in preferences as their solution is a dangerous delusion. When a long view is taken, as in Table II, the decline in the relative importance of British trade will be seen to be no new thing. It is the accentuation of this trend,

TABLE II

United States and British Overseas Trade (Exports Plus Imports) as a Percentage of World Trade		
	United Kingdom %	United States %
1875	20.8	8.3
1885	18.0	9.2
1895	17.4	9.4
1905	15.5	10.3
1913	15.25	11.17
1927	13.97	14.21

indicated in Table III, that is chiefly responsible for the present industrial difficulties of Great Britain.

TABLE III

Exports of the United States and the United Kingdom*		
	United States	United Kingdom
1913	100	100
1923	115	75
1924	129	76
1925	137	76
1926	145	68
1927	157	79
1928	164	81

*Corrected for price changes. 1913=100.

Despite the fact that this trend was evident as early as 1880, the volume of British trade grew very rapidly and a steady increase in the wealth of the nation continued to 1913. Prosperity was maintained despite growing competition because a steeply rising trend in world trade made the necessary readjustments relatively easy and because the process was uninterrupted by any serious dislocations of world trade. It is also true that the decline in the British percentage of world trade exaggerates somewhat the inroads on British trade made by other countries. The exports of Great Britain and the United States, for instance, are not competitive throughout their whole range. So considerable are American exports of foods and raw materials that, whereas British exports of cotton

yarns and manufactures were 20 per cent. of the total exports in 1927, exports under this classification from the United States were only 2.75 per cent. of United States exports. Similarly iron and steel manufactures made up 9.25 per cent. of British exports, but only 3.5 per cent. of United States exports. Nevertheless the carrying on of an export trade with other countries on favourable terms is more important to the United Kingdom than to any other manufacturing country and the competition of countries whose economic welfare depends less upon export trade is a most serious matter. Some enquiry into the reasons for this growing competition, for its accentuation since the war, and the probability of its continuance, may indicate whether the Dominions—and in particular Canada—have any advantages they might extend to the British manufacturer of sufficient weight to be considered the adequate *quid pro quo* which Mr. Thomas says the British government will demand for the advantages it proposes to give Empire goods in the British market.

The late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries found Great Britain the leading manufacturing nation of the world. That position was not seriously challenged till the latter half of the nineteenth century when the relative decline reflected in Table I began. Britain's dominance in the trade of the nineteenth century is due to the fact that the inventions on which modern methods of production are based were exploited in England much earlier than in any other country. Indeed it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the "industrial revolution" began in England and "spread" outward from that centre. For the present purpose the economic history of the last one hundred years must be interpreted in terms of that "spread" and of the changes which it involved in international trade.

Early nineteenth century trade was an excellent example of geographical specialization. England's exports were made

by methods of mass-production which greatly reduced costs. They were sold both on the continent and in the newer countries where subsistence-agriculture was being rapidly transformed into production for the world market by means of the improvements in transportation made possible by the railway and the steamship. Prior to the coming of the railway and the steamship, international trade had been confined to traffic in goods of high value in small bulk. The new methods of transportation so lessened the costs of carriage that bulky products from newly-opened-up continental interiors began to appear on the high seas. Mutual benefits were thus gained from a trade that continually reduced the costs of production by a mutual exchange of products which were complementary rather than competitive. Both the industrial worker and the pioneer found its benefits reflected in rising standards of living.

This type of international trading and the "prosperity" it brought with it culminated in the eighteen-fifties and -sixties. Britain was then, if ever, the "workshop of the world". Her iron and steel trade provided much of the building material and machinery with which the new world was being equipped. The peoples of the world dressed in English textiles. All branches of industry experienced enormous increase in the demand for their products because of the ever-widening areas that were being brought within the scope of international trade and because of the rapid growth of the population of western countries. The demand was for more and more standard goods. Under such a stimulus attention was concentrated on production; salesmanship was almost unnecessary. London merchants were organized into groups such as the "India trade", the "China trade", the "Australian trade". Manufacturers sold to the merchants for "London delivery" often with little wish to know where their goods were going or what would happen to them. Quantity production was the aim and the economies to be attained through large volume were exploited to the limit.

Never before had any nation been in possession of so enormous and so rapidly-expanding a market. The union of the economies of the new mechanical methods of manufacture with those gained from a whole-hearted acceptance of geographical specialization made possible a wave of prosperity that raised the standards of living of all classes to levels hitherto deemed unattainable.

It is not surprising that the leaders in this advance assumed that its rate would be maintained and believed that this remarkable demonstration of the benefits of the geographical division of labour, in which all countries were sharing, would assure the continuance of the very real measure of free trade on which it was based. It was inevitable that the fortuitous and temporary character of the basic conditions of British prosperity should be hidden from contemporaries who were wont to attribute it to the abiding features of Britain's natural situation or to the peculiar character of her people. Providence and Prosperity joined in a conspiracy to postpone the day of disillusionment. Though the Corn Laws had been abolished, little food was imported during these years. A remarkable run of good harvests in England put an end to the distress of the "hungry forties". Food was cheap but the farmer was prosperous and a very important home market for the manufacturer was added to markets overseas. Meanwhile, in those fortunate years, a thrifty population increased its savings so rapidly that overseas investment grew into a settled habit. The purchasing power thus put into the hands of foreigners was used either to buy goods in England or to undertake projects abroad which employed the stream of emigrants flowing to the newer countries. Directly or indirectly the world demand for British products was increased by these investments and the day of reckoning postponed.

Eventually it came and in the latter part of the nineteenth century a "malaise" of industry became evident, which has

never since been wholly absent from the British scene. Strangely enough, the first signs that all was not well appeared in the home market. The farmer's purchasing power was being sharply curtailed by the recurrence of poor harvests and by the first waves of that flood of foreign foodstuffs which was eventually to overwhelm him. The railway expansion on which "Victorian prosperity" had been erected was producing inevitable fruits, astonishing though they were at the time. The opening of the prairies and woodlands of the Mississippi valley brought to the markets of Europe foods and raw materials of a cheapness not to be matched even by the excellent farmers of England, still less by the peasants of the continent. As years went by Argentina, Australia and Canada added each its stream; the flood became a torrent. Continental tariffs were slowly raised to protect the domestic market for agricultural products. There thus appeared the first ominous breach in that courageous structure of free international trade at the melancholy task of whose ultimate demolition the present British government presides. The effect on British industry of this shrinkage in the home and European markets was reinforced by the "spread" of the new machine industry to other countries. The decline of the home market forced British manufacturers to cut prices mercilessly in order that the volume of production might be maintained. The "dumping" policy thus inaugurated was met both on the continent and in the new world by higher tariffs on manufactured goods in the interests of stripling industries.

How far this new "national policy" of protection was responsible for the industrialization of the countries that adopted it is a moot question. That the direction of development was altered to the direct disadvantage of British industry is clear. And yet it must not be concluded that Britain's case would have been greatly eased if freedom of trade could have been maintained. Free-traders are prone to exaggerate the

effects of the abolition of the Corn Laws on the prosperity of the Victorian period as well as the handicap imposed on the export trade by the tariff walls of other countries. Forces were at work which would have produced, in any case, a similar situation. No consideration of Empire trade problems and particularly of the prospects of British trade in Dominion markets, is complete which does not take serious account of the reasoning and experience on which such a generalization is based.

It has been argued that Britain's manufacturing dominance was based on an early exploitation of the economies of large-scale production of medium or low-grade products of standard design. Despite wage-rates higher than those of other countries, the new methods of production kept the cost of labour for each unit of output down to low levels. The handicap that Britain faced lay rather in the costs of transporting raw materials and finished products. Unfortunately she possessed no off-setting superiority in power-resources over North America or Australia. Furthermore, the domestic market in the newer countries did not need to become large before many of the economies of large-scale production could be obtained by local manufacturers. A great part of these results came from the use of plants of the most efficient size. Demand for more goods than one such plant can produce is usually met by the erection of additional plants. When the demand of the local market is large enough to absorb the product of one plant, the economies that arise from the large size of the single factory are obtainable there. Such a situation first arose in the United States and in the textile industry—the most important market of the most important British industry. The richness of the resources of the United States in power and raw materials suitable for all sorts of manufacture and the rapid growth of a large home market duplicated within the boundaries of the United States, as time went on, the very

conditions of expanding demand for a standardized product on which the efficiency of British industry was based. Nor was the American economy cheated of the advantages of geographical specialization. Vast extent of territory gave a variety of climate, topography, and mineral wealth hardly to be matched elsewhere; within that area ruthless competition saw to it that every industry was located where it could produce goods most cheaply and that every crop was raised where the return was largest. What Britain obtained only through the heavy costs of a widespread international trade came to the United States from the size and richness of her own area and the freedom of exchange that prevailed over it. If historical examples are to be allowed any weight, here is one which must tell on the side of freedom of trade. It was inevitable then that Britain should lose hold on much of the United States market, tariff or no tariff. Trade with the Dominions provided only temporary relief; here again, as local markets grew, industries were set up, determined by the local supply of raw materials or the local sources of power. That tariffs hastened their establishment is undeniable; that their present position enables them to compete with Great Britain on a footing of equality is probable.

Continued growth of domestic industry is an important reason for the decline in the British trade percentage for the Canadian and Australian markets shown in Table I. The rising percentage of United States trade is due to the export of newer products such as motors, agricultural implements and other forms of machinery, in which the size of the United States demand as well as the variety of conditions in the United States itself has stimulated the production of machinery especially adapted to conditions in Dominion markets. United States encroachment on South American markets may be similarly explained. In the staple textile and iron and steel products, however, it is domestic rather than United States competition

that has been responsible for the relative decrease in British trade. Unfortunately, the British manufacturer has not offset this by an invasion of the market for the newer products. In part this failure is due to a slowness to recognize the fundamental change that has come over the international market as well as the very real handicap which the cheapness of the United States product imposes. In short, Britain must change the character of her products to a considerable degree and in the newer industries must meet United States competition in world markets, while establishing her efficiency in these industries on the basis of a much smaller home demand. It is a situation the very reverse of that under which industry arose in the newer countries in the face of competition from the well-established British manufacturer a century ago. Now that the fundamentals of manufacture are to be found in all western countries, international trade between them must take place as the result of relative superiorities different from those characteristic of the nineteenth century.

From the point of view of her present economic welfare, it is unfortunate that circumstances have conspired to delay this readjustment in the United Kingdom and to give the older types of industry a renewed hold on life. The most important reason for this continued prosperity of the old industry is the slowness with which the new industrial technique "spread" to other countries. The smallness of the national territory and therefore of the local market; the lack in some countries of adequate coal or raw materials for industry; the very cheapness of imported British goods even after sizeable tariff walls had been scaled; the greater rigidity of the political and economic order of the older continental countries and the much slower attainment of internal freedom of trade; all these influences tended to delay the development of industry in other countries and so to prolong the existence of the older industrial order in Great Britain. Even after local manufacture sprang up in

other countries, the British manufacturer continued to get a large share of business in the newest markets. In the Orient the older industry now makes its last stand. In face of the growing inadequacy of foreign markets for the old type of products changes were being made before the war. But the war demand for munitions again delayed the process and gave its most recent flip to the old-type industry. It is true that post-war industrial misfortunes have been accentuated by the legacies of war. But if the diagnosis of Britain's industrial ills penetrates no deeper than war's effects, the prescription will be ineffective. Below the surface there lies the fundamental trouble—a lack of adjustment to the changed conditions under which the international trade of Great Britain must be conducted if she is to continue to support her present population.

If this diagnosis be correct, it is clear that the prospect of reviving the "depressed" industries of Great Britain by any scheme of Imperial preference is slight. It is doubtful whether free trade would bring more than temporary relief to them. Industrial development in newer countries has been solidly based for the most part on abundance of cheap power and raw materials and on ready access to the domestic market. This is particularly true of Canada where raw materials are abundant and power either available locally or easily obtainable from the United States.

However, the pessimistic conclusion as to the future of British industry which such an analysis might seem to imply is not valid. Pushed to its conclusion the pessimistic view implies the virtual cessation of all international trade in manufactured articles, so soon as each country has attained industrial maturity. All that is implied in the view here advanced is that the day of international trade in the type of commodity in which Great Britain established her ascendancy will soon be over. In such commodities the cost of raw materials and of transportation to markets forms a high percentage of the value

of the finished product, and, as they are made most cheaply near raw materials and markets, every country which has the basis for any sort of manufacturing development at all will make them for itself. International trade in manufactured goods will shift to products of whose value the cost of raw materials and of carriage makes up a smaller part. Countries making such goods for export will put into them much more skill and labour than is now the case. The basis for this new type of international trade will be found therefore much less than formerly in physical resources and much more in the capacities of the population. Freedom of exchange will still promote specialization as it has always done. If fostered, the new geographical division of labour which will result can make as great a contribution to the raising of the standards of living in the trading countries as the past hundred years has seen. And in a trade that will be based predominantly on the skill and enterprise of the population, the British people should be at no disadvantage.

The differences between what has been called the new and the old international trade arise on the one hand from the growth of western nations as manufacturing powers and on the other hand from a radical change which has come over the demand for commodities due to rising standards of living and to a slowing up of the rate of increase in population. Nineteenth century industrial expansion was made in response to an ever greater demand for goods of the old familiar sort which arose because of the increase of population in the older countries and the colonization of the new. It was a demand for more food, more clothing, more house room, more railways, steamships, factories and machinery. Rapid expansion of the fundamental industries might therefore take place, as it did, with no more than brief periods of over-production in any of the staple lines. To-day the demand arising from increase of population is failing the old-line manufacturer, who finds new industries arising

to supply the new wants whose appearance is the usual consequence of rising standards of living in any class or community. Once a certain minimum of well-being is achieved, the demand is not for more but for a greater variety of goods. And to this demand for variety in the products which manufacture can supply there is added, at least in North America, a demand for personal services in the travel and amusement industries, the satisfaction of which has absorbed much of the population released from the farm and the factory by increasing productive efficiency. Here then is to be found one of the fundamental reasons for the industrial difficulties of the food-producing countries, the textile trades and, to a lesser extent, the iron and steel industry. Adjustment to this new demand has yet to be made. It involves for other countries some such shifting of the working force of the community as has already begun in the United States. The evidences of the beginning of this transformation are all about us, and are strikingly illustrated in Great Britain by the prosperity of the so-called "new industries".

There is distinguishable already a tendency to encourage this adjustment as far as possible along national lines; to stimulate the establishment of local factories in the newer industries by protecting their control of the domestic market. When completed, such a method of readjustment to the altered character of international demand would seriously reduce the volume of international specialization and trade, and make each nation's prosperity depend on the size and richness of the country within which freedom of trade, and the specialization which follows it, is to be maintained. Many countries have neither the size nor the resources to support their present population if the economies of international specialization are to be denied them. This is plainly the case in Great Britain. Indeed little but disaster awaits a world that travels toward "national self-sufficiency" at the rate at which the post-war world seems

intent on making the journey. The economic welfare of the largest as well as the smallest of western nations depends on the economies which the older type of international trading brought. They cannot contemplate with equanimity the splitting of the world into a number of small self-contained economic systems.

There is however a way of escaping the very serious check which the policy of national self-sufficiency would impose on the progress of western civilization. It lies in the encouragement of international trade instead of its abandonment. It involves the erection of a new structure of international trade to replace the old. Such a structure must be solidly based on a frank recognition of the need for further specialization and of the validity of promoting it even if there appears to be no physical basis for it in any of the countries concerned. Were all countries large and possessed of a complete range of natural resources and industrial equipment; were it possible for each country to supply all its own needs without undue disadvantage as compared with other countries, it would still be to the advantage of every nation to allow each nation to specialize in some lines of manufacture. If that is true under the extreme equality of conditions just assumed, how much more true is it of the actual situation where most countries can find a basis for specialization either in their natural resources, or in their acquired aptitudes or, when necessity drives them to it, in a relatively low standard of living. To build such a structure of international economic co-operation on the ruins of the old is only possible where there exists a willingness to open domestic markets to the products of other countries in return for similar concessions, and to "sacrifice" some local industries now operating in protected markets in the interests of an improvement both at home and abroad not otherwise obtainable.

At present, the prospects for such an agreement appear slight indeed. Periods of depression may lead to sober thinking

in many respects, but they also tend to strengthen the determination to hold to every local advantage at the expense of the foreigner. That such conduct may be indirectly disadvantageous is not often realized by the mass of the people with sufficient clearness to stimulate democratic leadership to action. However, if world agreement proves impossible of attainment, all is not lost. To trust the foreigner to play the new game according to the rules may be difficult; to trust our Imperial brethren ought to be easier. If recognition of the benefits of combination and willingness to make the economic readjustments involved is not to be aroused within the circle of partners in the British Commonwealth of Nations, then the prospects of the wider agreement which the world so sorely needs are poor indeed. From this point of view the critical character of the coming Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa cannot be easily over-emphasized. If the problems of Imperial economic co-operation are approached in a "give-and-take" spirit, means can be found to increase the trade between the different parts of the Empire and in particular to aid the mother country to make the changes required under altered conditions of trade. The growth of population in the Dominions is likely to be more rapid in the future than in most other areas. There is within their boundaries much country as yet undeveloped, its possibilities almost unknown. It is not unreasonable to expect a widening demand for the structural iron and steel, building materials, machinery and equipment with which these areas are to be opened up, and a demand also for the products of the newer industries as the wealth of these areas is developed. Such a demand, if shared with the United Kingdom, would give some business in the near future to the British iron and steel trade, would encourage the growth of the newer industries and so aid in the transformation of British industry through sharing with the United Kingdom the market in the Dominions for the products of the "new industries". However, if Canada,

as the chief manufacturer of the Dominions, sets as the keynote of the Conference the view of one prominent Canadian enthusiast for Empire trade, the outcome will be easy to predict.

“ . . . Canada cannot buy British manufactures to the detriment of our own factories. But Canada can buy and has to buy enormous quantities of tobacco, coffee, rubber, oil, fruits, a multitude of purchasing power given at present without *quid pro quo*. If we can make with and through English co-operation, inter-Empire arrangements of a three-cornered, or even multiple, character, then the sale of Canadian wheat in England balances, for example, the purchase of raw cotton, tobacco and various fruits from markets open in turn to English manufactures. . . .”

If the importation of manufactured goods from the United Kingdom is never to be considered when it is “to the detriment of our own factories”, despite the ill effects of such a policy on the general welfare of each of the trading countries, the Conference is doomed to sterility from the beginning. To seek compensation for the United Kingdom in other parts of the Empire whose industries, present and prospective, are to be sacrificed as ours must not be, is both politically impossible so far as the other Dominions are concerned and undesirable for the rest of the Empire. Such an attempted re-establishment of the old colonial system is not likely to succeed.

The present situation demands neither such an attempt nor such an opening of Dominion markets to British manufactured goods as “free-trade-all-round” would involve. The changes to be made must be neither drastic nor hastily conceived. The situation demands such a study as will reveal every possibility of inter-Imperial specialization. And governments must be willing to facilitate the economic co-operation desired. The utmost that the Ottawa Conference can do will be but a poor substitute for the wider international action so necessary in the present crisis, but such an agreement is the only sort of alleviation that lies wholly within our own power of achievement.

MEETINGS WITH SOME MEN OF LETTERS

BY MORLEY ROBERTS

IT was through Gissing that I first met George Meredith. From his home at Worple Road, Epsom, Gissing took me one day for a long walk which led us not far from Flint Cottage, where Meredith lived. When near Leatherhead we met his carriage. Gissing called to the coachman and introduced me, much to my pleasure, for interesting as Meredith was then to any writer merely from his books, his appearance so harmonized with his reputation that when I saw him I almost forgot the author in the man.

If ever there was an author who looked an almost romantic type of what an author should be, it was surely George Meredith. This was not due to his pose, though he certainly did pose at times. It came from his notable and mobile features, his air of eager and engaged interest, an interest so perfectly natural as to make one feel that any stranger, any human being, must, at least for a moment, be an object of his intense social and intellectual curiosity. I say this because I was sufficiently modest not to imagine that any particular in myself could inspire the spirit of his greeting. He talked very easily and fluently and, just before we parted, asked me to come and see him whenever I liked to visit Box Hill. Let me add here that what he said so convincingly I never discovered later to have been said as any matter of course or out of hollow courtesy. A good actor he was, perhaps, and yet I do not think he acted consciously. It was entirely natural for him to put the best side forward, although, as I learned afterwards, he had a rare and almost unequalled bitterness of speech at command when he chose to exercise it, not always with justice.

Long after this meeting Edward Clodd gave me some curious instances of the way Meredith could lash folks with

his tongue when he thought there was occasion. But whenever I saw him—and I went to Box Hill several times—I never heard him speak slightly of any fellow-writer. If Clodd was to be credited, he was in this very different from Thomas Hardy, who had little appreciation of other men's work and a strong disinclination to mention it if he had. This I cannot corroborate, as on one occasion I had a tolerably kind note from Hardy about something of my own. It was, I must own, very guardedly expressed, and had in it nothing like the geniality which Meredith showed in one letter of his from which I will presently quote.

The first time I called on Meredith I fear that I was not utterly single-minded. I had just then read *The Shaving of Shagpat* with a good deal of amusement and admiration. Part of the amusement, however, was due to the queer pinchbeck Orientalism of the book, which could deceive no one who was not wholly ignorant of the East. But I asked Meredith all the same how he attained such knowledge. His reply, given I am sure in all innocence, was that he had just read all he could get hold of. This was wickedly wrong of me, but I wanted to learn whether he had ever come to see that the book, for all its brilliance, was but paste. In spite of that it still remains an amazing piece of 'stunt literature', and I think it gives some clue to later works, much of which depended on a forced fantastic style rather than on truth in any sense. Often Meredith seemed to have thought more of the way anything might be said than of what it meant. Brilliant as his books were, it may be doubted if they will last as well as work which relies more on simple, straightforward English. It was his choice of the vernacular which secured Shakespeare his place and authority. Now we are threatened with a mangled and distorted form of 'literature' which, while proposing to secure appreciation for the infinite delicacies of human thought, betrays nothing but a radical incapacity to use English at all. It is true that

Meredith ran to dangerous extremes, but his humorous opinions of some new candidates for seclusion in a literary Bedlam would have been worth hearing.

It is a pity to be unable to report, not our conversation, for with his deafness true conversation was almost impossible, but Meredith's talk. He loved talking and did it better than any other man I have known. It was not that he strove for brilliance always, but even at his most natural level he loved the right phrase. So one day when I asked him what he thought of an interview with him as reported by Nevinson, he replied sadly and with a prodigious sigh:

"Oh, he got what I said, but none of my beautiful words, none of my beautiful words!"

Certainly his 'words' were often beautiful and beautifully chosen. If at times he degenerated a little into obvious phrasemongering, it was impossible not to feel the artist at work in his talk. His speech was always clear and he never fell into the habit some deaf people have of not controlling the pitch of their voices. But his deafness was not absolute. He told me that the two men he could hear most easily were Forbes Robertson and myself. Perhaps that was why he made me welcome, for straining to catch what is being said is very painful, as I myself begin at times to know.

I do not think it would have been possible for any, even the least sensitive, to sit for a while with Meredith and depart without the vividest picture of him. His features were good, even beautiful, but it was his quick and intense life, his commanding eager head, which spoke, and, speaking, bade the listener, enchanted and amazed, 'bear the live head homeward' with him. The greying hair, worn long, with life enough in it to make it seem as alert as the head that wore it, was in him no mark of age, but a proof and sign of wisdom, of much experience. His mouth was fine and firm, though very mobile, as mobile as his mind. His eyes (who shall say what their

colour was?) were bright but not shallow, capable of expressing sorrow, indignation, or the intensest humour, one after the other, as swiftly as a landscape lights up and sinks into shadow on an April day. Thus in this greying age of his lay something wonderfully youthful and also something of the very spirit of Puck, a possibility of rare and exquisite mischief and joy. That he enjoyed most wonderfully his own gifts cannot, I am sure, be denied. If he played with them, what of it? His later life denied him muscular activity, but nothing lamed that indomitable spirit. The lamp that flamed in him might flicker, but death only could extinguish it and it is easy to imagine that it was with a jest, perhaps a gibe, that he met his end.

If an hour with Meredith meant a myriad sensations, as it assuredly did, I found nothing equivalent in Henry James when chance brought me into his company. While staying at the old Mermaid Inn at Rye I used occasionally to have tea with him in his beautiful old house, or in his high-walled garden. I would not say that I failed utterly to get on with him, but certainly there was in his ponderous personality nothing of Meredith's lively and changing response. If Meredith looked the type and ideal of a man of letters, Henry James certainly in no way answered to such a description. Perhaps he resembled more a successful retired banker who had relapsed on seclusion and found a resource for his leisure in literature, art, and furniture. His aspect was somewhat solemn and reserved. He waited with powerful serenity for a lead and, when Meredith would have overflowed like a river in spate, he sat in sedate quiescence. Some, I find, had the key to him. Certainly I never found it. Sincere appreciation of his best work could not unlock him. When I intimated, with careful avoidance of the enthusiasm which I felt would make him close like a clam, that I had followed it with great pleasure, he sat and nodded, not unlike the Chinese mandarin he certainly somewhat resembled. Therefore, perhaps to my shame, and not a little to my

despair, I rarely found him interesting. He remained, as he perhaps desired, something of an enigma. Whether I was an enigma to him or not, I fear that he got almost as little out of me as I got out of him. At times, as I was at Rye for golf (a game since abandoned in despair and indignation), I have thought he looked on me as a golfer and such a notion may be imagined not to have predisposed me in his favour, for though when away from the links golfers often display signs of intelligence, they do appear, when near them, to have no other interest in life. But James had learnt somehow that I had been well acquainted with Gissing, and about him he did display a somewhat heavy continuous interest. Fearing, perhaps, that I might want to talk golf, he put me several times through a severe and logical cross-examination about him. Then I forgot to think of him as the General Manager of a Bank and saw that he had qualities which might have made him a successful King's Counsel. For he pursued his subject with ruthless perseverance and never allowed me to answer doubtfully or with equivocation. Sometimes he said, 'Ah', as if satisfied and at others fixed his eye on me as if in warning. I could rarely get away from Gissing. Any tentative suggestion on my part of a change to general literature was apt to be sternly rejected. Hudson he admired, but knew little of, and for life and literature in general it almost looked as if he had no great taste. If such a rough personal sketch seems unintelligent on my part I cannot help it. I tried my hardest and tried in vain. Impossible to believe that he was ever a great or even a good talker. No man who could handle speech with lightness or freedom could possibly have been so heavy in hand. I have heard that he was witty. The utmost I can believe is that he could be sardonic. The nearest thing to wit I ever heard come from him was when I said lightly that while at Buxton I had achieved the reading of eleven books of his in succession. He did then chuckle, not too heavily, and said: "How lucky you were

at a health resort." I tried him with Meredith and he was cautious. No, he would not commit himself. I tried others and at last introduced Thomas Hardy. Most distinctly he refused to rise to that solemnly dressed and sombre fly. His opinion of Hardy was clearly less favourable than it might have been. I would not say he resented my own high opinion of *The Dynasts*, which was backed up by a lady I met one afternoon at his house, but he certainly showed some incredulity as to its merits. Not having read it he could not in reason damn it, but I felt that he shook his head as he reflected on the author.

It may be that James, whose writing was that of a completely finished literary artist, looked on Hardy as something of an amateur. This is less surprising than it may seem. There are passages and phrases even in Hardy's best work, such as *The Return of the Native*, which are on a par with the work of an amateur journalist. I will cite no more than the phrase 'the above mentioned highway', with which the last paragraph of the first section in *The Return of the Native* begins. I quoted this to James and he certainly apprehended the point. I fancy the whole beginning of this book, which is truly an essay on Egdon Heath, must have been distasteful to him as not properly integral, and as amateurish all through.

I found one very great difference between him and the author of *The Egoist*. As I have said, Meredith was infinitely curious. His intellectual curiosity about the world at large was unbounded. He groaned in his curiously typical humour at never having had any such rude experiences as my own in the wide outside world. It is true he was once a war correspondent, but he saw little or nothing of his subject. James appeared to take no interest whatever in such barbarism as my own. He made me feel, not that I might have some capacity to bring him news of other worlds than his own, but that he believed me one whom it would be rash to encourage in narrative or comment.

It became humorously clear that he regarded me as primarily a savage, and in savages he took no passionate interest. Let Meredith do that if he would: James would stick to civilization and its finer products, among which, we may be certain, he classed his own work. Meredith, whatever heights his own personal appreciation reached, certainly did not look on pure literature as the supreme end of human life. He would rather have lived than written. James would not merely have preferred to write than to live, but actually, as I see him, achieved his ambition. He was practically a hermit in his own mind and a hermit who did not look out of doors. A voyage, or a series of voyages, about his own chamber was real adventure. He walked a little stiffly out of doors or at least outside a garden.

Curiously enough, the last time I saw him was at Meredith's house, for while I was having tea there a car drove up and James came in accompanied by Mrs. Edith Wharton, to whom Meredith made his most courtly speeches. To see James with a lady was to imagine a feminine client on good terms with a very solid family friend, perhaps a solicitor. But of any attractive woman Meredith, as I see him, was, to his dying day, a potential admirer. He spoke to them all as if he loved them at first sight and would willingly kneel at their feet. I had seen this first when I had occasion to take down to Box Hill a lady whom he had desired to meet. In his most charming way—and he could be inexpressibly charming—he made delightful love to her with words so appropriate to an old man adoring beauty for the last time, that I was filled with admiration for his delicate intimation of a sudden sorrowful and hopeless passion. Now this, I take it, was in no way really false; it might be acting, but all the same it represented his real nature. He loved beauty profoundly and found it most in the approach to love. When I saw him later I asked him if he had been able to recognize the beauty of this particular

lady's voice. If Meredith could act, so could she, and she had used her voice like an artist. "Her voice, her voice?" said Meredith. "Ah, no, I could not really hear her. But oh, her eyes, her eyes!" I am prepared to swear that James would have anatomized her and reduced her to tenuous fragments for his microscope. He was a literary biologist, or rather histologist, and put the soul under a cover slip. No doubt James in his day made ponderous love, though I find it hard to believe, even to imagine. It is much harder to imagine Meredith not making love with practised and perfect skill. Impossible to believe that Meredith would think the best way to court a woman was to express his admiration for anything she could do before showing by his attitude, his expression, the very tones of his voice, his sincere appreciation of all that she was. Not impossible, I think, to believe that James might have taken the opposite course in the sincere belief that a woman would prefer a flattering appreciation of her performances to the instant recognition of her personal attractions. We need not attribute great social skill to the profoundest observer of minute mental distinctions, however fascinating the game may be to those who can enjoy it as a game with little or no relevance to life. This I maintain I can do myself, or I should never have achieved my feat in Buxton.

I prefer to read James rather than Meredith. The apparent obscurity of Henry James's style in his later, more elaborate work lies in its 'pattern', the infinite fineness of the verbal web he spun into the psychological tenuity he loved. He could live and breathe in a literary Torricellian vacuum and it is scarcely a wonder that some who would follow him die for want of breath. But those who survive in his atmosphere follow his complex intricacies, distinctions and convolutions with admiration and surprise. For after all, the highly patterned fabric is in itself simple English. He does not ask for instant and immediate admiration. He remains consistently

a true artist, content to wait for an ultimate verdict. So much can scarcely be said for Meredith, as his obscurity was often purely verbal and his desire to surprise at times irritating. Perhaps, after all, his poems were his best work. If James insistently demanded continuous attention—and that was his main demand—he did not need translation into intelligible language, as Meredith came in the end absolutely to require. But James was certainly more interested in letters than in anything resembling the common life of mankind, and he was far more self-centred than his great contemporary. For all his histrionic distortions of the English language, which can be traced directly to the malign influence of Carlyle's worst style and of a German education, Meredith was infinitely more interested in life than in literature. This comes out in some of his letters, especially those in which he forgot his high Teutonics and spoke in plain, direct, nervous Anglo-Saxon. It is true that in some, in many of them, he still poses and seeks for rare and striking phrases. I have now but two of his almost illegible letters, and both are a little touched with his desire to phrase. In one he abused me in the friendliest manner for not hanging a character in a book of mine. "There was hope, amounting to expectation at one time, that Mrs. B— would be denounced, exposed, judged and hanged, having the semblance of her God, strongly in her features, overhead. This did not happen!" In another he spoke of the 'rich rough life' into which I had taken him; this overseas wild life he regretted having never experienced. This is a pity; it is as great a pity that he ever read a line of Carlyle or saw Germany. There was the essence of a great adventurer in Meredith.

If I found James almost as dull as he probably found me, there was never a more charming host than Meredith. His deafness condemned him largely to monologue, but his perpetual cheerful stream of talk was utterly charming, unforgetful in its general effect, impossible to recall in its varied

detail. I dined with him on the eve of my sailing for South Africa the year before the Boer War, and I do not think I ever enjoyed a dinner more, being, when occasion calls, a good listener. His story of the two poor boys who could not do their lessons on account of anaemia of the brain due to want of nutrition has been occasion for chuckling ever since. It seems that one brother when playing stood on his head and found in that position a consequent rush of blood to his starved brain which discovered to him his native ability. Full of joy, he imparted this to his younger brother and henceforth they stood on their heads in order to study and achieved such rich results that they surpassed all their fellows and became notable men. A trifle, perhaps, but it was no trifle in the mouth of Meredith. A pity that we do not possess a book of his table talk, such as perhaps Edward Clodd might have compiled if his interests in men of letters had not been as varied as Meredith's 'beautiful words'.

It is not uncommon for a certain social type to go in for 'collecting' artists, and men of letters. In some cases this passion appears to become so wild as to lose all sense of values. For such collectors notoriety is fame and any 'best-seller' a desirable acquisition. Clodd was certainly a passionate collector of authors, though a writer of considerable merit himself. Perhaps this was why those chosen as his guests at Aldborough were not selected without some discrimination. I am inclined to think that they were either scrutinized personally and their books read, or that he acted on the sought advice of some one for whose opinion he had real respect. I learned to know Meredith through Gissing; it was through Meredith that Clodd became acquainted with my oldest friend, and I have some vague reasons for believing that it was owing to what Gissing said of me that Clodd invited me to Aldborough and his celebrated ten-ton yacht the *Lotus*, in which all his visitors were tested and tried. Clodd attached great importance to the

behaviour of his guests when the *Lotus* went ashore on a mud flat, as she constantly did, the Ald at its best being a high test of local knowledge, and those who came out well were in high favour. One gross failure, clearly a man who could not be happy a hundred yards from Piccadilly and Pall Mall, never returned. He was, said Clodd, a very able man, a satirist with a bitter tongue. During two whole days he looked it. On the third day he had an urgent telegram and departed hastily. Some of us suspected that telegram to be the result of one sent secretly on Saturday. Clodd was himself sturdy, and had more contempt than pity for mere weaklings, unless they were obviously ill.

If it had not been for a peculiar disinclination to allow his guests, those with a pathological caffeine complex, to help themselves to coffee without waiting for a servant, Clodd would have been a perfect host. He talked well, and listened well to talk he inspired. He was not, perhaps, at once a striking personality. His very love of being on friendly terms with men he could never hope to rival showed as much. It is rare for men of really commanding character and qualities to desire close and intimate contact with those whom others, perhaps, regard as on their level. Clodd had not, and could not have, any such lofty if concealed pretensions to uncommon eminence. He looked exactly what he was, a solid Englishman, hearty in manner, capable in letters as in business, and interested in everything, with the possible exception of art, of which he knew little. He adored books; his general knowledge was large and always enlarging. He was learned, even original, in some minor branches of anthropology. In biology he never got beyond a rigid orthodox Weismannism. He was an ardent rationalist, as his Conway Memorial Lecture on *Gibbon and Christianity* testifies. One of his most delightful friends was Professor J. B. Bury, who stayed for some time at Aldborough in lodgings. When Bury was ill in bed Clodd used to read to him.

He was, without exception, the worst reader I have ever heard. But not even being read to by him could make him less than lovable. He will not easily be forgotten by his friends, since he had 'a genius for friendships'.

The recollection of a particular talk aboard the *Lotus* brings back to me the memory of a writer as different as any could possibly be from those of whom I have spoken. Robert Louis Stevenson died in Samoa, a group of islands in the Pacific that some of the romantics deem a land of lotus-eaters. It is, and was, far from being that, and R. L. S. neither found nor made it such a paradise, seeing that it was once touch-and-go whether he would be deported by the Colonial authorities as a firebrand. It was in the spring of the year he died that I was in Apia, Upolu. I have described him elsewhere as a long, thin, charming ghost of a man, of a fearful and searing fragility, and with a memorable smile. That all his books are good only an over-patriotic Scotchman can maintain, but his best are notable, to say the very least of them, though nothing he did ever came within calling distance of that gigantic fragment *Weir of Hermiston*. Is not the fact that he never lived to polish all the 'guts' out of it, the reason of its rude strength and power? His other books, however capable, rarely suggest real power, and was there ever such a literary calamity as the end of *The Master of Ballantrae*? But who would not be glad to have met him? The hours I spent with him remain with me as vividly as the picture of Apia's harbour with its deep blue outer seas, its shining glaucous green lagoons with their red rock islands, crowned by palms. Happy as I was to have those hours with him, they led afterwards, when I returned to England, to a disagreeable incident, with a man of disagreeable character. Let me speak plainly, for so far I have seen little suggesting that the late Frank Harris was one it was best not to know. He asked me to write for the *Saturday Review* something about Stevenson and,

when it was done and printed, refused to pay the agreed fee. After much correspondence he suggested that Mr. George Moore should arbitrate between us. To this I consented, though I marvelled greatly why Moore, though he had not then achieved the reputation of being at once the most over-rated and the most underrated writer of English living, should undertake so unpleasant a task. He came to see me and after hearing what I had to say, remarked pensively, "Well, it looks as if I had to decide which of you is the liar." To this I replied, I believe with much cheerfulness, "If you say that Harris is one, I do not think anyone will mind."

If in the sad gallery which holds the portraits of departed friends I am to choose one most capable by contrast of throwing into even darker gloom such a character as I have slightly indicated, I must choose Arthur Conan Doyle. Soon after Doyle's death I wrote something of him and can but repeat it here.

It is not so easy now to write about him as it might have been years ago, if those who knew and loved him had lost him earlier. Not all of us can sympathize fully with some of his later ways of thinking, though these developed in his character very beautiful traits and showed even more plainly his deeply affectionate and unforgetful nature. Fortunately there is no need for an old literary colleague to go into these matters. It is sufficient, I believe, for all his friends of the older days to remember him as he was, for however he changed he for ever remained the same simple and noble character. I would not assess or attempt to assess his literary value. That must vary from varying viewpoints, even if we may say that one story of his at least was an inspiration of genius, the story of which Henry Irving gave a living picture so many years ago. The great marks of Doyle's nature were his utter honesty, and his hatred of injustice. What he did for those who became, through accident or judicial incapacity, the victims of legal

error is known too well for it to be spoken of here. But to this hatred of injustice he added a great and general desire to help all those that he could help. What the world, or even those very close to him, know of the aid he often gave to some of his fellow-writers is little indeed. I know that it has been said by one of these, who in later years could help others, that in any difficulty of any kind he knew no one to whom he would rather appeal than to Conan Doyle.

Doyle stands up in my mind as in many ways an ideal man. When I knew him best he was, or so it seemed, developed equally all round. Nothing human was atrophied in him, nor did he exceed in anything beyond the legitimate hope or expectation of so fine a type. An Irishman he may have been, but he might have stood for a typical and ideal Englishman. His open and friendly aspect, his kindly steady eyes, his deep rotund voice, at once excited the friendliest attention of all who met him. If he lacked subtlety his sincerity was beyond all denial. If he had remained in medicine his presence would have brought him all confidence and respect. That he was in any way a real and natural man of science is far from certain. He dropped his profession too easily for him to have been a born physician. His interest in science and the scientific side of medicine soon left him. His general interests overcame his special training. If his work rarely touched high-water mark, he really loved literature and its magic casements. And he loved equally the outside life of man, the open air, the mountains and their snow and ice. His physique was splendid and fitted him for the games and sports that he practised with the ardour of youth, even when he was no longer young. Whether he worked or played he was always simply earnest. I have seen his character come out plainly even in a game of billiards. The game was something to be done and he meant to do it. He stood up to it with concentration, with deliberation, and forgot the world. I have seen him on horseback at a meet of fox-

hounds, but I do not believe that in later life he cared much for 'blood-sports'. Though I never discussed the matter with him it is hard to believe that he approved of stag-hunting or of digging out a fox which had found an unstopped earth. Anything that lacked fairness was abhorrent to him. He always 'played the game', whatever the game was. There glowed in his very aspect a sense of innate goodness and kindness. No evidence would make me believe that he was ever consciously unkind to any, though I can imagine him full of deep indignation. He carried conviction with him: his word was more than most men's signed and sealed bond. In his very quietude and reserve there was strength.

It is a lamentable fact that the work of some men of letters is of more value than their character. Such men have a great but limited endowment. They are unequally developed and are like some poor matrix that does but carry a thin vein of ore. We may admire their work, even as we pity their failure to lead lives that justify their endowment. To be at all fair to them we must turn to what they have done and ignore what they were. But others come with lesser gifts who, through their books, remain with us as personal friends and companions to the last. There are still others whose nature is so abundant, so beautiful and at the same time so manly and human that we scarcely think of what they wrote in our heartfelt admiration and love of the men themselves. The greater writer may secure a greater share of what we call immortality, but he will not secure what Conan Doyle has secured so long as any live who knew him.

Should it seem to some that I underrate the literary value of the bulk of Doyle's work, it may be said that in his essential modesty he himself never overrated it. If in his heart, like all of us, he thought highly of his own, there never came from his lips anything which suggested the peculiar megalomania apt to become a marked characteristic of those whose sales surpass

the real level of their intellectual endowments. Of these Hall Caine was a striking example, so striking indeed that his self-belief became really humorous, not to be resented but rather to be enjoyed. I am far from thinking his work without merit, but more modesty would have mitigated much criticism. Of some of his earlier work George Gissing said, "This fellow has great promise!" But not all can withstand the dangers of popular success. Caine became, as he himself put it, "an expert in literary statesmanship." His 'works' were ushered in with pomp and circumstance. He stood, a feeble little feudal chief, on the steps of Greeba Castle and about him his heralds blew loud trumpets, preluding triumph. Journalists were invited across the sea to hear his grave pronouncements. They listened, and smiled. On one occasion a well-known journalist while hearing him declaim fell into a brown study as Caine walked to and fro delivering an explanatory panegyric of his forthcoming great novel. "What fine crayfish you have in the Isle of Man," said the supposed worshipper suddenly. "Yes, yes, to be sure we have," said Caine, stopping dead in his stride, "but what has that to do with what I was saying?" "What were you saying?" asked the journalist waking from his dream. On one occasion Caine pinned me into a corner and took nearly two hours to explain with elaborate detail how he conceived a book and carried it to parturition without affording me as much as a bare five minutes to tell him how I wrote my own. But then he had no more humour than Calvin or St. Thomas Aquinas. John Knox was a jester compared with him and Savonarola a king's clown. He had a sincere belief that he resembled Shakespeare in mind and body. But the childlike public took him at his own high valuation and after the death of Marie Corelli he had no real rival, not even Charles Garvice.

It is leaving a vast literary lacuna, which some may amuse themselves in filling, to go from such writers to Conrad. I never met Conrad, but, having had occasion to write to him,

I possess some of his letters, the most pleasing of which I have mislaid. In it Conrad displayed a very uncommon degree of generosity. I have found much generosity among my fellow-writers, far more than I ever looked for. But as a rule the appreciation received personally has been given to books my kindly critics could not themselves have written, books dealing with themes outside their aims and ambits. But Conrad and I both wrote, though from immensely different points of view, about the sea. It was therefore all the more gratifying to get from him a hearty testimony of appreciation of the pictures, mostly humorous, which I had drawn of sea-life, mainly of the foc'sle, which I knew, perhaps, better than he did. Of his shorter sea-stories, such as *Typhoon*, no praise can be too high. This story is magnificent, a great achievement, to my mind surpassed only by *Heart of Darkness*. That Conrad became successful only when he lost the power shown in such stories as these and wasted his strength in books like *The Arrow of Gold*, is what might have been expected. The widest generalization which can perhaps be made of an English audience is that it dreads and dislikes all exhibitions of power. The British public yearns to be comforted and milk-fed and amused. And Conrad had no humour.

There is, as I have written elsewhere, one very curious point about his sea-work. Some of it I found hard to appreciate and for a long time could not discover the reason. It was only when I learned that much of it was rejected by many seamen without any reason being given that the answer to the puzzle came to me. The sea was a mystery to Conrad to the last. He never ceased to be a Central European. He did not, in fact, like the sea, and never took it as a natural means of making a living, such as it is to the sea-born and sea-bred English. But in *Typhoon* he stuck to a pure objectivity rare in most of his work. The obstinate and ignorant old skipper who went into the ring with a cyclone and fought it out to a

battered victory is a portrait that could have been drawn by none but a man of genius. I grieve now that I never met Conrad.

Another writer who lacked humour but achieved a deserved popularity in spite of it was Rider Haggard. Exciting adventure can, it seems, do without it. It is true that Haggard would never have admitted this lack. But constructed mechanical jests are not humour, and Haggard was serious to the backbone. Life was to him no joke. I can scarcely imagine him reading Rabelais. I can, however, almost imagine him feeling sympathy with a dear old lady I knew who objected to Anstey's *Vice Versa* on the solid ground that it was not true. For a big and apparently healthy man he was peculiarly nervous. A public speech, though he made many, must always have been an ordeal to him. But his sense of duty was great. No man desired more to do public service. In doing it he probably worked himself to death. I shall not attempt any criticism of his books, but not a few of them will bear re-reading. I purpose instead to relate how it was I came into temporary conflict with him and into some disfavour which happily passed away. This very trivial tale will show that humour was not his strong suit. It is many years ago since Gissing came to me, fresh from the British Museum Library, and with joyful chuckles told me that while he was having lunch at a little neighbouring restaurant he heard a man, whom he knew by sight as a Museum worker, talking at a near table. The subject seemed to be general literature and suddenly Rider Haggard's name came up, a name which for some occult reason was as a red rag to a bull for the talker. He sputtered and banged on the table and said loudly—"Rider Haggard! Rider Haggard! Sir, Rider Haggard is an impious fellow! He trifles with knowledge in the abstract!" What this meant neither Gissing nor I could determine but some time afterwards I wrote a short screed about it which was printed in *The*

Author. As a result my friend Thring, the secretary of *The Author's Society*, got a letter from which a passage may be quoted.

“Impious is a strong word to publish about a person on the strength of a dictum of a ‘Scotch whiskey drinking Orientalist’, real or imaginary. And with what knowledge do I ‘trifle in the abstract’? That of Agriculture?” Of course I hastened to write to him and he replied quite cordially—“It was the ‘impious’ that stuck in my throat, also the injustice of the worthy Orientalist’s criticism. Let him try a course of agricultural investigation and publish the results, and after it I shall be quite happy to talk to him about ‘trifling with knowledge in the abstract’ or the concrete either!” Some time later when I was in the neighbourhood of Kessingland I called upon Haggard and all was well. My obvious interest in agriculture soothed his perturbation. But I take it that ‘trifling with knowledge in the abstract’—if it meant anything at all, which I doubt—referred not to agriculture but to astronomy, which was assuredly not Haggard’s strong point, as he made an eclipse last for three days in the first edition of *King Solomon’s Mines*.

A TALE NOT IN CHAUCER

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

In *France*, no matter what the Town, there stood
A Convent, justly fam'd for doing good,
Where ev'ry Day just twenty Paupers ate
A Dinner giv'n 'em freely at the Gate.
A Dog there was, who notic'd this Regale,
And join'd the Crew each Day with wagging Tail.
But they were hungry Gents; the luckless Beast
Got nothing but th' Aroma of the Feast.
Now mark, each Portion was deliver'd thus:
A Serving-Man remain'd within the House
And plac'd the Food within a round Machine,
And turn'd it outward; 'twas receiv'd unseen.
All this upon the ringing of a Bell.
The Dog discover'd he could toll it well,
And one Day when th' unshaven Sort had din'd
He seiz'd the Rope, which work'd as he design'd;
The turn'd Machine display'd the wish'd-for Roast,
The grinning Rogue approv'd and no Time lost.
And the next Day and ev'ry Day he came,
The same Bell pull'd and gain'd his Meal the same.
But what in this vain World is permanent?
The Cook within with Grief observ'd, there went
Twenty-one Portions from his Grill each Day,
And Twenty was laid down. "O let me lay,
Almighty God, the Villain by the Heels
Who thus extends this Privilege of Meals."
He lurks, and looks.—The twenty Hoboes pass'd
And grabb'd their Grub. The twentieth was the last.
Only a Dog remain'd, and what of that?

And yet the Animal seem'd strangely fat.
Monsieur reflected, and Suspicion grew:
The Dog before his Eyes rose, rang and drew
A mighty Plateful of the Convent's Beef.
Away went Cook, to state the Case and Thief.
But the Community with Pleasure heard,
And deem'd th' ingenious Dog should have Reward,
And order'd that each Day his heap'd-up Plate
Should be supply'd him when he call'd for that;
The Pensioner well pleas'd maintain'd his Place,
And dy'd the Father of a num'rous Race.

HOW THE BRITISH NATIONAL RADIO SERVICE FUNCTIONS

BY JOHN S. M. THOMSON

"When one of the London thoroughfares was undergoing its periodic repaving, a man was walking one evening past a dump of tools and wood blocks, and noticed a night watchman sitting in his shelter over the usual bucket of red coke. He observed to his surprise that the watchman was wearing head-phones, and stopped to speak to him. The listener put up his hand to enjoin silence, and said firmly, 'Ssh! I'm listening to Desmond MacCarthy.'"—*New Ventures in Broadcasting.*

IT seems likely that before long Canada may have a national radio organization, "behind which," as the Aird Report puts it, "is the national power and prestige of the Dominion"; and that this authority will set itself to develop opportunities for wider cultural service than are possible under present conditions. Such a national service is likely to prove of special value to Canada, because a comparatively large proportion of our population lives at a distance from the big cities. It is not merely that radio can bring to the farm and to the village some of the privileges of the city dweller, but "in a country of the vast geographical dimensions of Canada, broadcasting will undoubtedly become a great force in fostering a national spirit and interpreting national citizenship." (Aird Report). The United Kingdom and the United States have adopted very different ways of handling this new factor in community life, and it is reasonable to hope that Canada will succeed in combining the best in both systems. In particular, the experience of the British Broadcasting Corporation should prove helpful in finding the solution of the problems involved should a unified national system be set up for the Dominion.

If a national authority ever comes into existence and begins to build up a national policy which looks several years ahead it will at the outset be confronted with two great difficulties which the B.B.C. has never had to face. In the United

Kingdom an important announcement or exposition can be made to the whole nation, if it is sufficiently interested, *at the same time*, preferably in the "peak period" between 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. If the Prime Minister makes an important statement at 9 p.m. in Ottawa, it will be too early in the evening in the three western provinces to catch the general listener. To meet this difficulty a combination of methods will doubtless be evolved to retain as much as possible of simultaneous listening, which is an important factor in the creation of a national consciousness.

The second difficulty is psychological. The three million listening homes in Great Britain have grown up with a transmitting authority which has always been committed to a far-reaching educational policy. The ordinary listener accepts as a matter of course a balanced programme which may take up an hour some evening with Professor Eddington's national lecture on *Matter in Interstellar Space*, or a recital of ultra modern music. An analysis of the B.B.C. national programme last year showed 21 per cent. serious music, 9 per cent. talks and readings, 2 per cent. adult education, 2 per cent. drama. The ordinary listener in Canada is not more averse to culture than his opposite number in England. On the contrary, the higher standard of living and the greater proportionate high school attendance point in the opposite direction. But he has not the habit of regarding his loud speaker as the mouth-piece of a balanced programme in which culture occupies an important place. The difficulty is increased by the part played on this continent by radio advertising. No one who is used to a service from which advertising is rigidly excluded can fail to prefer it, though he may accept indirect advertising as a necessity under present conditions. But he will detect a note of salesmanship in the announcement of the most uncommercial items, and he cannot fail to suspect that it breeds a corresponding response in the listener. The persistence of habitual unfav-

ourable reaction to "sponsored entertainment" associated with broadcast reception will prove a serious obstacle to the development of a really effective national service.

This psychological difficulty may be met in three ways: by careful analysis of the constituency, by the development of the habit of selective listening, and by improvement in technique.

A successful speaker or writer is one who consciously or unconsciously sizes up those whom he addresses, and knows both where they are and how to get them from there to somewhere else. The same applies in the case of the larger radio audience; and it becomes of even greater importance when one national service takes the place of local stations. If a small commercial station does not please its patrons, they stop listening to it and no great harm is done; but if a national service fails to satisfy its listeners, not only are a far larger number disappointed, but a purpose of much greater importance to the community is thwarted.

It is a simple matter to segregate certain sectional constituencies to which special times can be allotted. The children's hour and the school broadcasts (public and high school), can be fitted into the afternoon. The real crux of the problem is the evening. It is fairly easy to infer the B.B.C. theory from its practice. First in consideration comes the general listener who has a prior claim to the time from 8 p.m. onward, though not a monopoly of it. Then there comes a large number of interest-groups who are mostly served between 6.15 and 7.45. A very large part of the service of the B.B.C. to the culture of the community lies in its skill in locating such interests and turning general listeners into members of one group or more.

English experience shows the importance of the creation of the maximum number of such groups and of satisfying them without undue interference with the rights of the general listener. But if this process is to operate without friction, two conditions must be met. If provision is being made for an

interest-group, those listeners who are not interested and have no desire to become interested, must be willing to switch to another station, or cease listening, or at least to acquire a habit of friendly acquiescence, instead of nursing a grievance. It sounds simple enough, but it conflicts with another habit, which is found in England, but seems more common in Canada: that of turning on the radio and letting it function as a kind of background to whatever else the family is doing for the evening, rather like the orchestra at a big restaurant. On the positive side it is necessary that as soon as a listener becomes conscious of the beginnings of an interest in any part of the programme, he must set himself seriously to follow it up, looking out for future opportunities in that line and making a point of being ready to listen at the appropriate time. This may mean listening regularly to a weekly talk like Sir Walford Davies' series on *Music and the Ordinary Listener*, or to talks on, say, industrial history; or it may mean keeping a lookout for items about the League of Nations, or examples of the work of a particular composer. This also sounds simple and reasonable, but the persistence with which the B.B.C. keeps on hammering at it shows that it cannot be taken for granted.

Broadcasting is so new and has been developing so rapidly that it has hardly had time to do more than give provisional answers to the questions of technique that have presented themselves. Inevitably the small competitive commercial station confines its efforts to meeting a superficial demand by an equally superficial supply. A national body operates on a much larger scale and not only can, but must, look ahead. It is, therefore, in a position to extend the area of effective supply by keeping records, by research and by experimentation.

Take, for example, the problem of a good microphone voice. Most "radio fans" know a really good or bad voice when they hear one. But what constitutes goodness or badness? Does it vary with the purpose of the speech or talk?

What about women's voices? Can a microphone voice be improved easily by observing certain rules? Can we separate the voice from the personality of the speaker in our attempt to improve it? Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Lloyd George are apparently less successful at the microphone than Mr. Baldwin and the Prince of Wales. Sir Oliver Lodge speaks in a very slow, deep voice, Vernon Bartlett is very quick and snappy, Sir Walford Davies is mellow and urbane; all three are conspicuously successful. But which are we to recommend as a model for a bashful professor about to make his microphone debut? We need a new technique.

How should a talk begin and end, how long should it be and on what general principles should it be constructed? Can we lay down any general rules, with full permission for the genius and the old hand to ignore them? The talk that has an uninteresting first paragraph will lose many listeners; yet many good speakers take more than one paragraph to get into their stride. For the close we want to avoid both the "peter out" and the "purple patch," yet the last sentence should clinch the impression the talk has been designed to give. The standard length for a B.B.C. talk is 20 minutes. Many people think even that is too long. It is the besetting sin of talkers, especially novices, to try to get twenty minutes material or even more into twenty minutes, when they would be well advised to use less than half the time on the theme and more than half on variations and in driving it home. These are all problems on which authoritative guidance is required. Even then when the best methods have been discovered, it is not always easy to insist on famous people obeying the rules. Occasionally speakers break the rules and succeed, but not often.

It may be safely said that in the last eight years the B.B.C. not only has given an immense amount of pleasure to people of all degrees of musical taste by its musical transmissions, but also has definitely made the nation more musical. It is this

latter aspect of the service which deserves study. The "serious" musical fare at present made available by Canadian stations is mainly of two types. There is the high-grade national concert (*e.g.* the C.N.R. Symphony Concerts); but there is not a great deal to equal this, and listeners whose tastes are in that direction will turn to the United States programmes. The other type is the recital either of local talent or of records; sometimes the recitals are built on a plan, or have a connecting idea running through them, but more often they are just an assortment, ringing the changes on a comparatively small number of "favourites." Both types appear in the B.B.C. programme. There are many more first-grade concerts and fewer of the "assorted favourites" type; and the list of favourites is longer. But the B.B.C.'s achievement in raising the national level of musical appreciation is really based on other parts of its musical programme. Four examples may be cited, two attempting to interest the general listener, and two aimed at the group of music lovers.

Every Tuesday at 9.20 there is a general talk about music. For several years this was given by Sir Walford Davies. Then for a year Dr. George Dyson took his place; now Sir Walford is back again. These talks are not easy to describe, because they are not like anything else. They are very far from a systematic exposition of the science of music. They are delightfully friendly and informal, plentifully sprinkled with charming illustrations. Sir Walford has the gift of projecting his personality into the microphone and his talks are among the most popular features of the programme. For tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of listeners they have created an interest in music as a world of enjoyment, so that they are no longer general listeners, but have become music lovers.

A second practice is to give a certain amount of explanation of the music to be played. This may be done during the concert, before each item, or by a short talk the day before an

important concert, or in a fortnightly outline of music to be broadcast. This goes a long way beyond the concert-goers' annotated programme for the simple reason that it is addressed not to the concert-goer, but to the general listener; and this fact in its turn influences the selection of music to be performed.

When the general listener graduates as a music-lover, he wants to explore his new kingdom systematically. To help him in this there are various specialized recitals, in addition to the big concerts. The most outstanding of these is the series known as the *Foundations of Music*, which are given every week-day from 6.40 p.m. to 7 p.m. A week, or occasionally a fortnight, is devoted to a definite subject: Chopin's Etudes, Haydn's String Quartets, Handel's Arias. Thus the listener who knows and likes one or two of Beethoven's Sonatas gets to know others and can compare them with Mozart's or Schubert's. An even more ambitious project has been the performance of the complete set of Bach's Church Cantatas, about half of which have not previously been performed in England.

Once a fortnight the B.B.C. musical critic, Mr. Ernest Newman, gives a talk on some subject of musical interest other than the music which is to be broadcast. By listening to this regularly the music lover becomes acquainted with a wider world of music. London listeners are perhaps specially fortunate, as naturally a large part of the criticism deals with performances in London. The provincial stations provide a supplementary service dealing with the music in their areas.

The benefit from these separate services is greatly increased by their being bound together as parts of a policy the purpose of which is higher than that of mere pleasure-giving. The folk-songs which the children learn in the Children's Hour, and the Melody Making and other achievements of Sir Walford Davies all contribute to the same end. We must

also remember the indirect effect of the selection of hymns and anthems in the B.B.C. services and the way they are sung.

Radio drama, though not a very important factor in the programme, is a very interesting one. At first there were great hopes that people all over the country would be able to overhear all the London dramatic successes. It was only gradually realized that the eye is as important as the ear in play-going, if not more important. The ear can with difficulty follow a play with a cast of more than three; interest can hardly be sustained for more than an hour; and home reception misses the stimulus of the crowded theatre. The result is that while a few one-act plays and poetical dramas are still performed the first hope has been practically abandoned until television dawns. The second stage came with the arrival of the play specially written for radio, which minimizes the limitations and exploits the special advantages of this medium. Interesting experiments have been made with this type of play which is ensured a small but increasingly important place. A third vehicle which seems to have more promise than either of the others is the Dramatic Adaptation. This may take various forms. I have heard an episode celebrating Burns' writing of *Auld Lang Syne* and an interpretation of Germany, a sort of pageant addressed to the ear instead of the eye. But more often it is the reconstruction of a novel or a play. This is often drastic, but is done with more literary conscience than is shown by certain cinema adaptations. The combination of narrative, sound effects, and dialogue can be most effective. Conrad's *Lord Jim* has been one outstanding success in this line.

This brings us to radio's contribution to the appreciation of literature. Said the county librarian of Warwickshire to the Hadow Committee, which laid down in its report, *New Ventures in Broadcasting*, the main lines of the present B.B.C. policy: "It is a curious fact that when addressing village audiences the speaking of poetry is greatly appreciated, though

volumes of poetry in the rural libraries are not popular. This suggests that many borrowers do not read sufficiently fluently to appreciate rhythm for themselves. By familiarizing rhythm wireless could do much to encourage the reading of poetry." The B.B.C. accepted the suggestion and readings occupy an increasingly prominent place. Much thought has been devoted to choosing the right kind of voice and to laying down standards of good reading, which shall be expressive, while avoiding both the flatness of conversationalism and the exaggeration of elocution. Nor have the readings been confined to poetry. They have included selected letters, certain types of prose writing, and scenes from novels.

Naturally literature has its share also in the programme of talks. Three sessions in the year are devoted to it; and a period on Mondays to Fridays is reserved for talks generally in series of six. Every session will have two or more literary sets. This spring Mr. J. C. Squire gave a set on *The Enjoyment of Literature*. Paralleling the music critic, there is a weekly chat on new books by Desmond MacCarthy, who is referred to in the quotation at the beginning of this article, and a fortnightly criticism of new novels. I have an impression that, broadly speaking, the literary talks have been less successful than some of the others in reaching the general listener and holding his interest. The communication of enthusiasm for masterpieces over the barrier of the microphone to so vast an audience seems a formidable undertaking. The attempt is worth making, and the parallel of music is encouraging. But it may be suggested that complete success depends largely on a far wider distribution of reading facilities throughout the whole community than now obtains. Until the time comes when it is far easier than it is now in Canada or the United Kingdom, both to buy books and to borrow them from a library, the promotion of reading is bound to be up-hill work.

The most valuable contribution of radio to the building

up of citizenship is not embodied in any series of talks, important as they may be. It is something much more elusive. Under the conditions of our modern life it becomes increasingly difficult for individuals in a community to feel really and intelligently that they are "members one of another." Anything that will counteract this tendency in Canada, as in other countries, will be of great service in binding the community together. This is precisely what the National Radio Service does in the United Kingdom in all sorts of ways, some of which may appear trivial when viewed out of perspective.

At any moment the evening's programme may be interrupted by the insertion of an S.O.S. about someone dangerously ill or missing, by a storm warning or a police notice. The programme itself may be suspended out of sympathy for a calamity, as was done on the occasion of the Paisley cinema fire. The national participation in the boat race and the cup-tie final is a real asset and so is the national appreciation of Harry Lauder or the comedians, Clapham and Dwyer. From Sir Walford Davies and others, the nation is acquiring a heritage of music like the Londonderry air and Parry's setting of Blake's Jerusalem. Listeners all over the country and of all denominations listen together to the services at St. Martin's-in-the-fields or the Sunday evening epilogue, or may respond to an appeal by Mr. Winston Churchill on behalf of the "Wireless for the Blind Fund". When a national leader dies, the nation can share in an obituary. I remember vividly what Harold Nicolson said about Lord Balfour. Millions of people have actually heard the King and Prince of Wales speak who could never have done so but for radio. More and more it becomes possible for the whole country to celebrate together its festivals and anniversaries, Christmas Day and Armistice Day. The "Grand Good-Night" on New Year's Eve is a famous example of such a corporate celebration.

These are examples of the fostering of a national con-

sciousness. The same factors are at work in the creation of local and provincial patriotism and the interpretation of one part of the country to the rest. In Scotland, we have national broadcasts, such as the General Assemblies, St. Andrew's Day, Burns' Night, Gaelic folk-songs and Border celebrations. We get the Welsh Eisteddfod and from the Isle of Man the Tynwald Ceremony.

It is open to doubt whether the B.B.C. has as yet succeeded in making the fullest use possible of the opportunity afforded by the News Bulletin as an instrument of civic education. It has probably had to walk circumspectly for fear of offending the Press. The second Bulletin comes in the middle of each evening's programme and is heard by an enormous number of listeners. The present somewhat bald synopsis gives the bare news facts and that is far better than nothing. But if we could have something more, a handling of the news in a creative way, neither biased nor sensational, but accurate, up to date, and in perspective, with vividness and individuality and vision, it would be a great achievement.

It was probably a wise decision that has prevented the broadcasting of actual sessions of Parliament. It is not mere cynicism to hold that if electors overheard the Mother of Parliaments functioning, their respect for her might diminish rather than increase. Able summaries of what happens week by week at Westminster are given to women as part of the morning talks series by three M.P.'s in rotation, one from each party. Topical talks are also given on outstanding political events, generally by one of the chief actors, *e.g.*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer expounds the Budget.

The programme of talks each session naturally contains several series dealing with various aspects of social science. Those dealing directly with economics, industrial history, and politics have, on the whole, been less successful than those whose approach has been indirect, *e.g.* general history and geography.

Two reasons may be suggested. The speakers on economic subjects have largely been recruited from the leaders of the Adult Education Movement, *e.g.* Mr. G. D. H. Cole, or the Master of Balliol. They have inevitably tended to transfer the methods of the university tutorial class to a medium and a constituency for which they were not suitable. The other reason has been the attitude of the B.B.C. to the thorny question of controversy. Everyone will admit the need of proceeding cautiously in this field. Few will deny that the civic education of adults, which is forbidden to handle controversial topics, can hardly fail to become dull and unprofitable. The real problem is one of method.

The motto of the B.B.C. is "Nation shall speak peace unto Nation," and it has well deserved it. Radio transcends national boundaries. Any listener who succeeds in locating a foreign station inevitably acquires an international outlook. The B.B.C. has many other ways of making people world-minded in addition to talks. The process begins with the folk-songs and stories from other lands in the Children's Hour. The school broadcasts contain series with titles like *Peoples of the World and Their Homes*. We have visits from foreign orchestras and relays of such productions as Bach's Passion music from the Thomas-Kirche at Leipzig, where Bach was organist. It is rare for a distinguished visitor not to appear before the microphone, Einstein, Schweitzer, Grenfell or Ghandi. Radio is an obviously suitable medium for teaching foreign languages and for the encouragement of foreign travel of the profitable kind. The League Assembly is broadcast together with commentaries on it at more "popular" times. So was the opening of the London Naval Conference. Functions and speeches from America, Canada, and Australia are ceasing to be things to wonder at.

The most important single contribution made by the B.B.C. to the realization of its motto is Vernon Bartlett's

weekly commentary, *The Way of the World*. Mr. Bartlett is an official of the League of Nations stationed in London and every Thursday at 9.20 he chats with the general listener about whatever has been uppermost in international affairs during the previous week. He is superlatively successful in stamping personality on whatever he says. His use of episodes from his own experience (*e.g.* selling a second-hand car in a foreign country) to illustrate knotty points in international procedure remains in my mind as a masterpiece of technique. He never seems indiscreet, and yet he never seems to evade an issue; and above all he makes international politics intensely real and interesting to the average voter.

It is clearly essential for the development of any satisfactory radio service that the listener shall know what is coming at least a week ahead. The main source of this information for the general listener is *The Radio Times* which is published by the B.B.C. every Friday, price 2d. It has a circulation of over a million and a half, and is responsible for a large part of the net income from publications, of well over £100,000. It contains a great deal of interesting reading matter and illustrations as well as the following week's programmes. The interest-groups are catered for in *The Listener* (3d. every Wednesday), which reproduces a large number of the talks with illustrations, gives notice of future educational programmes, and serves generally as a clearing-house and organ for the educational movement which is gradually taking shape among listeners. Three times a year, a few weeks before each session starts, appears the *Talks Booklet*, with full details of talks for the next three months. It is issued free and sent to anyone who forwards postage. For about a dozen of the series of talks special pamphlets are issued, price 2d. each, containing introduction, summary, illustrations, questions for discussion and a reading list. So far about 70 of these have been issued. Collectively they form a fascinating approach to the problem

of community culture. It is difficult to see how a national service can get very far in Canada without some equivalent of the *Radio Times* and the *Talks Booklet*.

The work of the British National Radio Service is not finished when the speaker or the performers have left the studio. Someone must accept responsibility for the mental processes which have been started. There are various forms of follow-up. Nearly every talk is followed by correspondence, the most stimulating by far more than the talker can handle. Much of it can be dealt with automatically by a courteous acknowledgment; sometimes guidance is sought in further reading and the correspondent can be put into touch with the appropriate city or county library service. But there is a residue of genuine potential students. If there are only one or two, the talker may be glad to help; if more, appropriate machinery will have to be provided.

A good many experiments have been made with group listening. Hundreds of groups are registered, meeting in private houses, community centres, public libraries, etc. Sometimes the group listens separately and meets for discussion on another date. The whole idea of group listening is so new that at present its success depends on the availability of better leadership than exists on a large scale, though attempts are being made to extend the supply by short training courses. After the pioneering stage is past this difficulty will largely disappear and we may expect a great increase in this type of follow-up.

A fundamental factor in the success of the B.B.C.'s educational policy has been its close and cordial co-operation with the Adult Education Movement. This was illustrated by the setting up of the so-called Hadow Committee, by the B.B.C. and the British Institute of Adult Education. This committee published a report in 1928, which endorsed the existing policy and made many suggestions for its further development. The

next step was the setting up of a strong central council for broadcast Adult Education, of which the Archbishop of York is chairman, and five regional councils. Co-operation takes many forms. The National Council of Women's Institutes may request talks on specific subjects; a Y.M.C.A. installs a loud speaker in its building and incorporates some of the talks in its printed handbook of fixtures; the Adult School Union includes in its *Year's Syllabus* a series of studies on India running at the same time as a broadcast series of talks on the same subject; a county librarian distributes a *Talks Booklet* to all his branches; the new public library building at Burnley contains a room planned to serve group listeners; a branch of the Worker's Educational Association or a Settlement arranges a study group, and so on. One of the difficulties which will confront a national broadcasting authority in Canada is the absence of a similar strongly organized Adult Education Movement.

As a result of English experience the following tentative conclusions may be formulated:

(a) Through a national radio monopoly on a public service basis with a definite educational policy it is possible to achieve great advances in civic education and culture.

(b) There will not be a strong demand for such a policy from unorganized listeners, or from press plebiscites, or organizations of listeners as such. Their demand will be for better reception of more of what they are already getting.

(c) The demand for an educational policy will come from the listeners through their organized groups and movements (institutes, churches, libraries, trade unions, etc.), when they have an opportunity through their representatives to express their considered judgment on the question.

(d) Once such a policy has been started it requires the continued co-operation of the organized groups to ensure that the supply of programmes really meets the potential demands.

(e) When such a policy becomes established it can count on the approval of the individual listener who would probably have voted against its initiation.

Probably one of the first tasks of a Canadian national radio organization would be to secure the consideration and endorsement of its policy by the organized welfare groups of the Dominion. It would thus, as it were, incidentally and in its own interest promote the development of a strong national Adult Educational Movement.

SNOW

BY FREDRICK PHILIP GROVE

TOWARDS morning the blizzard had died down, though it was still far from daylight. Stars without number blazed in the dark-blue sky which presented that brilliant and uncompromising appearance always characterizing, on the northern plains of America, those nights in the dead of winter when the thermometer dips to its lowest levels.

In the west, Orion was sinking to the horizon. It was between five and six o'clock.

In the bush-fringe of the Big Marsh, sheltered by thick but bare bluffs of aspens, stood a large house, built of logs, white-washed, solid—such as a settler who is still single would put up only when he thinks of getting married. It, too, looked ice-cold, frozen in the night. Not a breath stirred where it stood; a thin thread of whitish smoke, reaching up to the level of the tree-tops, seemed to be suspended into the chimney rather than to issue from it.

Through the deep snow of the yard, newly packed, a man was fighting his way to the door. Arrived there, he knocked and knocked, first tapping with his knuckles, then hammering with his fists.

Two, three minutes passed. Then a sound awoke in the house, as of somebody stirring, getting out of bed.

The figure on the door-slab—a medium-sized, slim man in sheepskin and high rubber boots into which his trousers were tucked, with the ear-flaps of his cap pulled down—stood and waited, bent over, hands thrust into the pockets of the short coat, as if he wished to shrink into the smallest possible space so as to offer the smallest possible surface to the attack of the cold. In order to get rid of the dry, powdery snow which filled every crease in his foot-gear and trousers, he stamped

his feet. His chin was drawn deep into the turned-up collar on whose points his breath had settled in the form of a thick layer of hoar frost.

At last a bolt was withdrawn inside.

The face of a man peered out, just discernible in the starlight.

Then the door was opened; in ominous silence the figure from the outside entered, still stamping its feet.

Not a word was spoken till the door had been closed. Then a voice sounded through the cold and dreary darkness of the room.

"Redcliff hasn't come home. He went to town about noon and expected to get back by midnight. We're afraid he's lost."

The other man, quite invisible in the dark, had listened, his teeth chattering with the cold. "Are you sure he started out from town?"

"Well," the new-comer answered hesitatingly, "one of the horses came to the yard."

"One of his horses?"

"Yes. One of those he drove. The woman worked her way to my place to get help."

The owner of the house did not speak again. He went, in the dark, to the door in the rear and opened it. There, he groped about for matches, and, finding them, lighted a lamp. In the room stood a big stove, a coal-stove of the self-feeder type; but the fuel used was wood. He opened the drafts and shook the grate clear of ashes; there were two big blocks of spruce in the fire-box, smouldering away for the night. In less than a minute they blazed up.

The new-comer entered, blinking in the light of the lamp, and looked on. Before many minutes the heat from the stove began to tell.

"I'll call Bill," the owner of the house said. He was him-

self of medium height or only slightly above it, but of enormous breadth of shoulder: a figure built for lifting loads. By his side the other man looked small, weakly, dwarfed.

He left the room and, returning through the cold bare hall in front, went upstairs.

A few minutes later a tall, slender, well-built youth bolted into the room where the new-comer was waiting. Bill, Carroll's hired man, was in his underwear and carried his clothes, thrown in a heap over his arm. Without loss of time, but jumping, stamping, swinging his arms, he began at once to dress.

He greeted the visitor. "Hello, Mike! What's that Abe tells me? Redcliff got lost?"

"Seems that way," Mike said listlessly.

"By gringo," Bill went on. "I shouldn't wonder. In that storm! I'd have waited in town. Wouldn't catch me going out over the marsh in that kind of weather!"

"Didn't start till late in the afternoon," Mike Sobotski said in his shivering way.

"No. And didn't last long, either," Bill agreed while he shouldered into his overalls. "But while she lasted . . ."

At this moment Abe Carroll, the owner of the farm, re-entered, with sheep-skin, fur cap, and long, woollen scarf on his arm. His deeply lined, striking, square face bore a settled frown while he held the inside of his sheep-skin to the stove to warm it up. Then, without saying a word, he got deliberately into it.

Mike Sobotski still stood bent over, shivering, though he had opened his coat and, on his side of the stove, was catching all the heat it afforded.

Abe, with the least motion needed to complete dressing, made for the door. In passing Bill, he flung out an elbow which touched the young man's arm. "Come on," he said; and to the other, pointing to the stove, "Close the drafts."

A few minutes later a noise as of rearing and snorting horses in front of the house. . .

Mike, buttoning up his coat and pulling his mitts over his hands, went out.

They mounted three unsaddled horses. Abe leading, they dashed through the new drifts in the yard and out through the gate to the road. Here, where the shelter of the bluffs screening the house was no longer effective, a light but freshening breeze from the north-wets made itself felt as if fine little knives were cutting into the flesh of their faces.

Abe dug his heels into the flank of his rearing mount. The horse was unwilling to obey his guidance, for Abe wanted to leave the road and to cut across wild land to the south-west.

The darkness was still inky-black, though here and there, where the slope of the drifts slanted in the right direction, star-light was dimly reflected from the snow. The drifts were six, eight, in places ten feet high; and the snow was once more crawling up their flanks, it was so light and fine. It would fill the tracks in half an hour. As the horses plunged through, the crystals dusted up in clouds, flying aloft over horses and riders.

In less than half an hour they came to a group of two little buildings, of logs, that seemed to squat on their haunches in the snow. Having entered the yard through a gate, they passed one of the buildings and made for the other, a little stable; their horses snorting, they stopped in its lee.

Mike dismounted, throwing the halter-shank of his horse to Bill. He went to the house, which stood a hundred feet or so away. The shack was even smaller than the stable, twelve by fifteen feet perhaps. From its flue-pipe a thick, white plume of smoke blew to the south-east.

Mike returned with a lantern; the other two sprang to the ground; and they opened the door to examine the horse which the woman had allowed to enter.

The horse was there, still excited, snorting at the leaping

light and shadows from the lantern, its eyes wild, its nostrils dilated. It was covered with white frost and fully harnessed, though its traces were tied up to the back-band.

"He let him go," said Mike, taking in these signs. "Must have stopped and unhitched him."

"Must have been stuck in a drift," Bill said, assenting.

"And tried to walk it," Abe added.

For a minute or so they stood silent, each following his own gloomy thoughts. Weird, luminous little clouds issued fitfully from the nostrils of the horse inside.

"I'll get the cutter," Abe said at last.

"I'll get it," Bill volunteered. "I'll take the drivers along. We'll leave the filly here in the stable."

"All right."

Bill remounted, leading Abe's horse. He disappeared into the night.

Abe and Mike, having tied the filly and the other horse in their stalls, went out, closed the door and turned to the house.

There, by the light of a little coal-oil lamp, they saw the woman sitting at the stove, pale, shivering, her teeth a-chatter, trying to warm her hands, which were cold with fever, and looking with lack-lustre eyes at the men as they entered.

The children were sleeping; the oldest, a girl, on the floor, wrapped in a blanket and curled up like a dog; four others in one narrow bed, with hay for a mattress, two at the head, two at the foot; the baby on, rather than in, a sort of cradle made of a wide board slung by thin ropes to the pole-roof of the shack.

The other bed was empty and unmade. The air was stifling from a night of exhalations.

"We're going to hunt for him," Mike said quietly. "We've sent for a cutter. He must have tried to walk."

The woman did not answer. She sat and shivered.

"We'll take some blankets," Mike went on. "And some whisky if you've got any in the house."

He and Abe were standing by the stove, opposite the woman, and warming their hands, their mitts held under their arm-pits.

The woman pointed with a look to a home-made little cupboard nailed to the wall and apathetically turned back to the stove. Mike went, opened the door of the cupboard, took a bottle from it, and slipped it into the pocket of his sheep-skin. Then he raised the blankets from the empty bed, rolled them roughly into a bundle, dropped it, and returned to the stove where, with stiff fingers, he fell to rolling a cigarette.

Thus they stood for an hour or so.

Abe's eye was fastened on the woman. He would have liked to say a word of comfort, of hope. What was there to be said?

She was the daughter of a German settler in the bush, some six or seven miles north-east of Abe's place. Her father, an oldish, unctuous, bearded man had, some ten years ago, got tired of the hard life in the bush where work meant clearing, picking stones, and digging stumps. He had sold his homestead and bought a prairie-farm, half a section, on crop-payments, giving notes for the equipment which he needed to handle the place. He had not been able to make it 'a go'. His bush farm had fallen back on his hands; he had lost his all and returned to the place. He had been counting on the help of his two boys—big, strapping young fellows who were to clear much land and to raise crops which would lift the debt. But the boys had refused to go back to the bush; they could get easy work in town. Ready money would help. But the ready money had melted away in their hands. Redcliff, the old people's son-in-law, had been their last hope. They were on the point of losing even their bush farm. Here they might perhaps still have found a refuge for their old age—though Red-

cliff's homestead lay on the sand-flats bordering on the marsh where the soil was thin, dreadfully thin; it drifted when the scrub-brush was cleared off. Still, with Redcliff living, this place had been a hope. What were they to do if he was gone? And this woman, hardly more than a girl, in spite of her six children!

The two tiny, square windows of the shack began to turn grey.

At last Abe, thinking he heard a sound, went to the door and stepped out. Bill was there; the horses were shaking the snow out of their pelts; one of them was pawing the ground.

Once more Abe opened the door and gave Mike a look for a signal. Mike gathered the bundle of blankets into his arms, pulled on his mitts, and came out.

Abe reached for the lines; but Bill objected.

"No. Let me drive. I found something."

And as soon as the two older men had climbed in, squeezing into the scant space on the seat, he clicked his tongue.

"Get up there!" he shouted, hitting the horses' backs with his lines. And with a leap they darted away.

Bill turned, heading back to the Carroll farm. The horses plunged, reared, snorted, and then, throwing their heads, shot along in a gallop, scattering snow-slabs right and left and throwing wing-waves of the fresh, powdery snow, especially on the lee side. Repeatedly they tried to turn into the wind, which they were cutting at right angles. But Bill plied the whip and guided them expertly.

Nothing was visible anywhere; nothing but the snow in the first grey of dawn. Then, like enormous ghosts, or like evanescent apparitions, the trees of the bluff were adumbrated behind the lingering veils of the night.

Bill turned to the south, along the straight trail which bordered Abe Carroll's farm. He kept looking out sharply

to right and left. But after a while he drew his galloping horses in.

"Whoa!" he shouted, tearing at the lines in see-saw fashion. And when the rearing horses came to a stop, excited and breathless, he added, "I've missed it". He turned.

"What is it?" Abe asked.

"The other horse," Bill answered. "It must have had the scent of our yard. It's dead . . . frozen stiff."

A few minutes later he pointed to a huge white mound on top of a drift to the left. "That's it," he said, turned the horses into the wind, and stopped.

To the right, the bluffs of the farm slowly outlined themselves in the morning greyness.

The two older men alighted and, with their hands, shoveled the snow away. There lay the horse, stiff and cold, frozen into a rocklike mass.

"Must have been here a long while," Abe said.

Mike nodded. "Five, six hours." Then he added, "Couldn't have had the smell of the yard. Unless the wind has turned."

"It has," Abe answered and pointed to a fold in the flank of the snow-drift which indicated that the present drift had been superimposed on a lower one whose longitudinal axis ran to the north-east.

For a moment longer they stood and pondered.

Then Abe went back to the cutter and reached for the lines. "I'll drive," he said.

Mike climbed in.

Abe took his bearings, looking for landmarks. They were only two or three hundred feet from his fence. That enabled him to estimate the exact direction of the breeze. He clicked his tongue. "Get up!"

And the horses, catching the infection of a dull excitement, shot away. They went straight into the desert of drifts

to the west, plunging ahead without any trail, without any landmark in front to guide them.

They went for half an hour, an hour, and longer.

None of the three men said a word. Abe knew the sand-flats better than any other; Abe reasoned better than they. If anyone could find the missing man, it was Abe.

Abe's thought ran thus. The horse had gone against the wind. It would never have done so without good reason; that reason could have been no other than a scent to follow. If that was so, however, it would have gone in as straight a line as it could. The sand-flats stretched away to the south-west for sixteen miles with not a settlement, not a farm but Redcliff's. If Abe managed to strike that line of the scent, it must take him to the point whence the horses had started.

Clear and glaring, with an almost indifferent air, the sun rose to their left.

And suddenly they saw the wagon-box of the sleigh sticking out of the snow ahead of them.

Abe stopped, handed Bill the lines, and got out. Mike followed. Nobody said a word.

The two men dug the tongue of the vehicle out of the snow and tried it. This was part of the old, burnt-over bush land south of the sand-flats. The sleigh was tightly wedged in between several charred stumps which stuck up through the snow. That was the reason why the man had unhitched the horses and turned them loose. What else, indeed, could he have done?

The box was filled with a drift which, toward the tail-gate, was piled high, for there three bags of flour were standing on end and leaning against a barrel half-filled with small parcels the interstices between which were packed with mealy snow.

Abe waded all around the sleigh, reconnoitring; and as he did so, wading at the height of the upper edge of the wagon-box,

the snow suddenly gave way beneath him; he broke in; the drift was hollow.

A suspicion took hold of him; with a few quick reaches of his arm he demolished the roof of the drift all about.

And there, in the hollow, lay the man's body as if he were sleeping, a quiet expression, as of painless rest, on his face. His eyes were closed; a couple of bags were wrapped about his shoulders. Apparently he had not even tried to walk! Already chilled to the bone, he had given in to that desire for rest, for shelter at any price, which overcomes him who is doomed to freeze.

Without a word the two men carried him to the cutter and laid him down on the snow.

Bill, meanwhile, had unhitched the horses and was hooking them to the tongue of the sleigh. The two others looked on in silence. Four times the horses sprang, excited because Bill tried to make them pull with a sudden twist. The sleigh did not stir.

"Need an axe," Mike said at last, "to cut the stumps. We'll get the sleigh later."

Mike hitched up again and turned the cutter. The broken snow-drifts through which they had come gave the direction.

Then they laid the stiff, dead body across the floor of their vehicle, leaving the side doors open, for it protruded both ways. They themselves climbed up on the seat and crouched down, so as not to put their feet on the corpse.

Thus they returned to Abe Carroll's farm where, still in silence, they deposited the body in the granary.

That done, they stood for a moment as if in doubt. Then Bill unhitched the horses and took them to the stable to feed.

"I'll tell the woman," said Mike. "Will you go tell her father?"

Abe nodded. "Wait for breakfast," he added.

It was ten o'clock; and none of them had eaten since the previous night.

On the way to Altmann's place in the bush drifts were no obstacles to driving. Drifts lay on the marsh, on the open sand-flats.

Every minute of the time Abe, as he drove along, thought of that woman in the shack: the woman, alone, with six children, and with the knowledge that her man was dead.

Altmann's place in the bush looked the picture of peace and comfort: a large log-house of two rooms. Window-frames and door were painted green. A place to stay with, not to leave. . . .

When Abe knocked, the woman, whom he had seen but once in his life, at the sale where they had lost their possessions, opened the door—an enormously fat woman, overflowing her clothes. The man, tall, broad, with a long, rolling beard, now grey, stood behind her, peering over her shoulder. A visit is an event in the bush!

"Come in," he said cheerfully when he saw Abe. "What a storm that was!"

Abe entered the kitchen which was also dining- and living-room. He sat down on the chair which was pushed forward for him and looked at the two old people, who remained standing.

Suddenly, from the expression of his face, they anticipated something of his message. No use dissembling.

"Redcliff is dead," he said. "He was frozen to death last night on his way from town."

The two old people also sat down; it looked as if their knees had given way beneath them. They stared at him, dumbly, a sudden expression of panic fright in their eyes.

"I thought you might want to go to your daughter," Abe added sympathetically.

The man's big frame seemed to shrink as he sat there. All the unctuousness and the conceit of the handsome man dwindled out of his bearing. The woman's eyes had already filled with tears.

Thus they remained for two, three minutes.

Then the woman folded her fat, pudgy hands; her head sank low on her breast; and she sobbed, "God's will be done!"

THE ST. LAWRENCE WATERWAY PROJECT

BY J. ALEXANDER AIKIN

THE negotiations between Washington and Ottawa looking to an agreement for construction of a deep waterway from the head of the Great Lakes to the sea were resumed in 1931, after a rest of three years. It is generally considered that the St. Lawrence is Canada's one great asset of international value. Ordinary regard for conservation of Canadian interests will dictate to the national envoys and the ministry of the day to make the best possible bargain. If the St. Lawrence river is of much higher value to Canada than any return compensation which will be made by the United States in sharing the cost of canal construction, it will be the duty of the ministry and of parliament to see that fair and equitable terms are made. Certainly the present time is opportune and favourable for clearing up all outstanding questions between the two countries by direct negotiations. Such an accomplishment would be in harmony with the spirit which makes for readjustment and peace, and with the past record of good relations between the two neighbour nations of North America. There is a big reserve of goodwill between Americans and Canadians. The reciprocal movement of our people in trade, tourist travel and annual conventions all tend to promote intelligent understanding. The problem of the St. Lawrence deep waterway is for Canada part of the general transportation question, which is one of great perplexity. There is no immediate Canadian demand either for navigation or power from the St. Lawrence. Completion and upkeep of the Hudson Bay route must be provided for. There is a keen demand for a direct outlet to the Pacific from the Peace River country. Canada is thus faced with a different set of conditions from those which the United States has to consider. Now that Canada has complete

control of her own affairs, there should be an end to complaints as to the content of pacts or treaties that may be made with the United States. We are now in a position to make our own bargains, mistakes and advantages, no one else being responsible. Settlements reached will depend on interpretations and estimates of value made by Canadians. Any compromise to meet United States views will be for mutual concessions.

A deep waterway *via* the St. Lawrence to the sea offers a great boon to transportation in North America. It is generally accepted that water transportation sets the limit to railway rates. The Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence serve eighteen states of the Union and five provinces of Canada. It is estimated that the advantages of the river will be utilized much more by United States than by Canadian shipping, which is a reasonable deduction in view of the larger United States fleet and the denser population of those eighteen states. Important United States lake ports are Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and Duluth. On the Canadian side are Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, Windsor, Port Arthur and Fort William. Varying estimates of advantages from a deep waterway are being made, while preparations are in process to provide port facilities with a capacity up to the standard of the new Welland canal.

It should be plain to all familiar with Canadian transportation policy that this country is not playing a dog-in-the-manger game with the St. Lawrence canal system. From early days a consistent policy of development has been followed. In 1783 Royal Engineers completed a series of canals, equipped with locks, around the Cascades, Cedars and Coteau rapids between Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis, on the north side of the river, to accomplish for navigation results similar to those being carried through on a much larger plan in the Beauharnois power project on the south side. The Lachine

canal was completed in 1824. The new Welland canal, 27 feet deep and with 30 foot sills, indicates the Canadian conception of the character of the deep waterway which will ultimately connect the Great Lakes with Montreal and tidewater. We build and enlarge as traffic demands. The new Welland canal brings the foot of deep water navigation to Kingston, Prescott and Ogdensburg. The St. Lawrence canals below Prescott are but 14 feet deep, yet facilities for handling grain are equal to all demands up to the present. The heavy lake freighters move freight between upper lake and Georgian Bay ports for rush shipment by rail to Montreal, to Buffalo for American Atlantic ports, and to Kingston and Prescott, at which ports transshipment is made to lighter craft for Montreal and other ports. That arrangement worked efficiently in the active export movement of October-December, 1931, proving quite equal to the capacity of out-bound tonnage from St. Lawrence ports.

There are limitations to the advantages of the St. Lawrence route. It is doubtful if the deep waterway would fulfil the claims of its proponents for a reduction of five cents a bushel, or more, on through grain shipments. If the upper lakes fleet were to be strengthened by a number of fast motor ships for the run from Kingston-Prescott to Montreal it would appear that traffic could be handled at as low cost as with through freighters to Montreal. Under fair conditions the big ships might save a little, but when we consider demurrage, the delay in canals, and the greater risks of late autumn, it is an open question if there would be any saving from the deep waterway, compared with the reinforcement of the existing system by motor ships. Discussing this question some time ago, Mr. James A. Richardson, a competent authority on grain exports and shipping, stated: "We will be able to build a boat much cheaper than the present canaller, and it will carry much more grain than the present canaller is carrying." With

reference to navigation of the upper St. Lawrence with big ships, Mr. Richardson's comments were guarded. "We hear it stated that the large boats satisfactorily negotiate the St. Mary's river, the St. Clair flats and the Detroit river, and this is quite true. But these boats have no alternative, and if they run into fog or low visibility, the boats drop anchor and await conditions that permit them to safely negotiate narrow channels. At the present time there are spots in the St. Lawrence that are subject to late afternoon fogs, and these fogs in many instances do not clear up until dissipated by the sun the following day. . . . No known system of lighting is of any benefit in fog or snow".

That opinion of the limitations of a St. Lawrence deep waterway as compared with the existing canal system will weigh with owners of lighter ocean-going shipping such as might be used for through traffic to lake ports. Unquestionably, there will be through traffic, inbound and outbound, yet it is probable that Montreal will continue to be the main port for transshipment to ocean-going ships and *vice versa*. There is no reason why those big lake freighters might not proceed east, *via* the deep waterway, and engage in coasting trade, while lighter ocean-going tramps carry cargoes right through to interior lake ports, provided their owners were willing to take the risks. The slack season of 1930 and the brisk lake traffic of November-December, 1931, unite to prove that ports and shipping depend directly on export demand.

* * * * *

That Canada does not use the St. Lawrence route to exclusion of other routes for export of grain may be proven by traffic returns. For the crop year ending July 31, 1931, exports of Canadian wheat amounted to 228,480,403 bushels, of which 138,756,982 bushels went out *via* Canadian ports and 89,723,421 bushels *via* United States ports.

Canadian ports exported Canadian wheat as follows: Vancouver, 72,278,542 bushels; Montreal 38,906,456 bushels; Saint John, N.B., 9,354,149 bushels; Quebec, 4,358,590 bushels; Sorel, Quebec, 3,498,891 bushels; Prince Rupert, 1,255,332 bushels, the remainder being divided between Canadian sea, river and inland ports.

From a statement prepared by W. A. Warne, head of the external trade branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, showing wheat exports for the 17 years ending March 31, 1931, it may be seen that average exports of wheat for the ten years ending March 31, 1931, were 232,958,567 bushels a year. By the principal ports the average annual exports of Canadian wheat were: Vancouver, 46,632,292 bushels; Montreal, 45,777,833; and Saint John 9,255,140 bushels over the ten-year period.

Returns for the port of Montreal for the past six seasons of navigation indicate the export of all grains to have been: 1926, 135,897,882 bushels; 1927, 195,247,914; 1928, 211,295,379; 1929, 90,694,208; for 1930, 81,144,602; and for 1931, 88,907,558 bushels. Wheat runs approximately three-fourths of the grain handled. American grain constitutes about a third from season to season, but for 1929 it was 14,973,504 bushels and for 1930 only 5,436,738 bushels.

Any inquiry into the reason for the heavy exports of Canadian grain by American ports must take into account the advantages which transport out of United States Atlantic ports has to offer, not only in rates but also in punctual delivery. It is not a matter of sentiment with either American or Canadian exporters; time, terminals, rates, are all factors.

Any discussion of the utility of the St. Lawrence route should take into account the potential value of the Hudson Bay route. The first out-shipments of grain have been delivered, and this year may see traffic development in both grain and cattle. The Hudson Bay route has captured the imagina-

tion of the Manitoba and Saskatchewan people. Who will deny the map argument? It has come about that the St. Lawrence route is now one of three bidding for traffic, along with Vancouver and Churchill, while in the winter months Maritime ports partake of traffic.

* * * * *

There is another consideration in relation to the St. Lawrence deep waterway which will not be overlooked by any Canadian ministry. It is estimated that the international section will develop two million horse-power, half of which will belong to the State of New York. But Canada has 7,500,000 horse-power installed and under construction, sufficient to meet all demands for a long time. It is surprising how demand for hydro-electric power has increased in the past twenty-five years. But in such a time as this no government would be justified in undertaking a big new project which would imperil the investments of many bondholders and shareholders in existing power enterprises. To place an additional million horse-power on the Canadian market, on top of the two million horse-power under construction in the Montreal-Quebec region, even though some of that power would not be available for distribution before five years, might prove to be a policy that would react most unfavourably on the market.

Ontario has pursued a far-sighted power policy in making long-term contracts in Quebec, which permit the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission to hold the million horse-power of the international section in reserve. In view of these power commitments under contract, it is doubtful if the Ontario Commission would be willing to undertake early new commitments for \$80,000,000, half the estimated cost of power works on the international section. In this connection, it is well to observe that all power in Quebec is developed under private enterprise. Consequently, all power companies pay income

taxes into the federal treasury, Montreal Power alone paying \$935,454 in 1930. This is an inequity which, while difficult of adjustment, entitles Quebec corporations and their investors to careful consideration by the federal ministry and Parliament. Taking another angle of view from the same point, it will be seen that these Quebec water-power corporations are actually paying part of the cost of navigation, which is a federal duty, thereby relieving the weight on other provinces. It is conservatively estimated that the Beauharnois Power Corporation will, with its power works, cut federal navigation costs by \$15,000,000. From the Quebec angle of view it seems logical that an equitable readjustment of taxation be made without considering the preference of a province for public ownership or private enterprise. If, as has been forecasted in news reports of the negotiations, the major part of the cost of construction on the international section for both navigation and power will be borne by the United States, a new problem arises. Will that add to the volume of power enterprises exempt from taxation, after it has been secured as a set-off to federal works in other parts of the deep waterway? Since New York and Quebec may share in the negotiations, these points are not likely to be overlooked.

* * * * *

In the correspondence of 1928, Mr. Vincent Massey put the cost of a 27-foot seaway at \$784,000,000, on which Canada had spent \$200,000,000. Mr. Massey proposed that the United States pay the entire cost of the international section: \$182,157,000, plus \$92,090,000 for power development. Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State, intimated in his reply that while he was in general accord with the principles set forth in the correspondence, he would demur to the inclusion of \$50,000,000 in the estimates for the cost of the old Welland and St. Lawrence canals. No objection was made to \$30,000,000 for

the lower St. Lawrence channel, or to \$120,000,000 for the new Welland canal. Mr. Kellogg added that if the United States were to be called upon to pay for the cost of power development, his country "ought to have the advantage of its share of the power of the international section without waiting until Canada may be able to sell her power from these works."

While the correspondence of 1928 did not proceed beyond that stage, it was plain that the estimate of entire cost was based upon a comprehensive deep waterway system from the head of the lakes to tidewater. The report of the joint board of engineers dealt mainly with the international section as related to construction, but costs were estimated for the entire seaway. Joint control was considered for the international section as related to the lower St. Lawrence.

Any form of active partnership involves not merely the limited liability of the partners, but also an unlimited liability. A partnership often incurs much more than is written or implied in the documents. How far and to what extent Canada and the United States are individually and jointly prepared to go in a scheme for joint control and maintenance of the complete deep waterway system was not brought out in the earlier negotiations. But if the entire system from Duluth and Fort William is to be properly maintained after it is constructed, it will be advisable to have an agreed-upon plan for application.

Is Canada prepared to surrender sovereignty over the Welland canal and the national section of the St. Lawrence below Cornwall? It is fairly safe to reply that the Canadian people are not prepared to entertain any such proposition. If that is implied in the principle of joint division of cost for the entire deep waterway system, then it becomes imperative for Canada to withdraw from any such proposal and to retain ownership and control of the Welland canal and the entire national section of the St. Lawrence river, looking forward to

the enlargement of the St. Lawrence canals as a Canadian project when required.

The attitude of the Canadian people toward a pact with the United States which might interfere with free action was indicated in the election of September 21, 1911, when the Taft-Fielding reciprocity pact went up for decision. In view of the undoubted advantages to be gained by access to American markets under the terms of that pact for the Maritime and Western provinces, it was significant that, in opposition to the pact, Nova Scotia elected nine members; New Brunswick five; Prince Edward Island two; Manitoba eight, and British Columbia seven. This ensured its rejection. Apart from the threat against Canadian sovereignty, as it was interpreted and understood, it was a standing principle of eastern and western politics to secure the American markets for primary products. But there was a limit or "upset price" on what they might be willing to pay. In conclusion of a discussion of the Alaskan Boundary Dispute in his new book, *Clifford Sifton in Relation to His Times*, John W. Dafoe sets it down that "one of the fruits of the United States victory on the Alaskan boundary was the defeat of the Reciprocity Pact in 1911". It is logical to anticipate that in the event of any arrangement being negotiated with the United States for joint construction of a deep waterway which made a serious modification in Canadian sovereignty and control of territory, it could not win the support of Parliament, and would be sure of defeat if submitted to the electors. Any attempt to estimate the attitude of the Canadian people toward a St. Lawrence waterway pact should pay due attention to the fact that the Maritime provinces, British Columbia and western Alberta have at most an indirect interest in the project.

The assumption is warranted that Canadians generally, both leaders and electors, will take larger views of political relations with the United States than formerly. Since the

decision of 1911 Canada has been through the Great War, with proven capacity in the field of war and in the marts of trade, finance, agriculture and industry at home. The larger inter-imperial relations of the nations of the British Empire, and the wider realization of nationhood expressed in the Westminster Act of 1931, are achievements that tell of a higher life than that of twenty years ago. If a pact similar to that of 1911 with its general conception of international trade were to be negotiated with the United States, Canadians of to-day would be most likely to accept it. Canadian banks, railways and steamship companies are able to hold their own in competition, while in grain, minerals, paper and some other lines of manufacture Canadian producers can withstand the mass production of the United States and can even export to other parts of the Empire on better terms than can their American competitors. Competence and self-reliance affect politics.

* * * * *

Grotius raises the question, whether a nation which is bound by an unequal alliance can have sovereign power. The question, he explains, does not merely refer to an alliance in which the parties have a different amount of power, but to a league by which the force of the compact gives a permanent precedence to one of the parties, when, for instance, one party is bound to preserve the authority and majesty of the other, as was the league of the Aetolians with the Romans.

Certainly Canada has no intention of making an alliance with the United States. But for Canada to make a pact which would in any way compromise control of Canadian territory along the Welland canal or the lower St. Lawrence, beyond the general right of navigation, would have an effect so far and wide as to be difficult of statement. Modern interpretations of sovereignty are broader, let it be admitted, than in any

previous period. There is a sense in which the League of Nations modifies a member nation's sovereignty and acceptance of the International Court's jurisdiction restricts freedom. Nevertheless it remains a fact that, as proven by Japan, a nation may work out its own problems of domestic relations with its neighbours and, in the light of the International Court's judgment on the Austro-German customs union, may continue to place high value on the direct settlement of disputes.

The theory that sovereignty is one and undivided was long maintained. But when the United States turned from a confederation in 1787 and became a federal state, the division of sovereignty between the federal authority and the member states, as it had been expounded in *The Federalist* by Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and James Madison, was then introduced. In Canada we have had experience of a concurrent sovereignty, divided between the federal authority and the provinces, and it is obvious to the casual observer that some important issues still require adjustment. Whether Canada will be prepared some day to make an experiment of concurrent or divided sovereignty with the United States remains to be known. The United States may be impressed by the expediency of making a limited pact for joint construction of the works on the international section, including provision for joint regulation and control of the flow of water, and a general arrangement for local responsibility in the upkeep of the canals connecting the lakes and in the Canadian section of the St. Lawrence. That would simplify the problem.

Nothing on the Panama canal zone plan would be considered for a moment by any Canadian ministry, either for the Welland canal or the national section of the St. Lawrence river, and it is extremely doubtful if it would be considered even for the international section. It was stated in the report of the joint board of engineers that it would be advisable to move the international boundary line at some points to secure the

best location for the canal and the power houses. It was recognized by the engineers in the joint report, and restated by Secretary Kellogg in correspondence, that all the works should be under joint technical control, to "safeguard all interests on the purely Canadian sections of the river, including especially the Port of Montreal". These provisions, it may be observed, are entirely different from any scheme of blanket control over the entire deep waterway system and from any canal zone plan.

* * * * *

If Canada is going to restrict joint control to the international section, it is a logical sequence that our country will have to pay an equal share of the cost of construction and of maintenance for that section. Upon examination it will be found that the burden entailed is not such as to discourage consideration of it, even in this tight period. When the cost of navigation works is divided between the United States and Canada, and the cost of works for power between the State of New York and the Province of Ontario, it is obvious that the heavier portion will fall on the parties who assume responsibility for power.

In the report of the joint board of engineers, November 16, 1926, the cost of the works on the international section, single-stage plan, was put at \$235,000,000. Of that total \$75,250,000 was for navigation and \$159,750,000 for power, calling for 2,326,000 installed horse-power. For the two-stage development the total cost was set at \$264,600,000, of which \$43,938,000 was for navigation and \$163,711,000 for power, calling for 2,215,000 installed horse-power. For both single and two-stage plans the cost of works common to navigation and power are equally divided in the estimates of comparative costs given above. In the report of the International Joint Commission, 1921, it was suggested that the costs of navigation

“be apportioned between the two countries on the basis of the benefits each will receive from the new waterway”, with certain stated conditions. It has been proposed that bonds be issued by the joint board of control for the entire cost of the works for navigation and power, to be guaranteed by the governments of the United States and Canada, and to be taken over by the State of New York and the Province of Ontario in proportion to power costs. The fixed charges would be provided for by revenue from canal traffic and power, and should be sufficient to meet the demand. But these are details which, while important, may be considered in the negotiations by the parties concerned at the proper time.

The St. Lawrence waterway project is not an affair to be brusquely disposed of, but calls for deliberate consideration. There is no occasion for haste, so far as Canada is concerned, either for navigation or power. What will be Canada's position one hundred years from now, if in this day an agreement is made which barter Canadian control of the St. Lawrence? There is little reason to fear any hasty action by the 17th Parliament of Canada with the Senate of Canada constituted as at present. There is sufficient opposition to any scheme to prevent precipitate action. Such fears as exist are concerned with the House and ministry and with the Canadian Minister at Washington. To what length opposition to a pact will be carried can only be conjectured, but from expressions of opinion in reliable quarters there is reason to conclude that such opposition might prove a severe test of the ministry, if the pact submitted to Parliament involved any compromise of Canadian sovereignty.

* * * * *

Two treaties between Canada and the United States remain to be ratified by the Senate of the United States. The convention regarding Niagara Falls and the Niagara River was signed January 2, 1929, and has received the approval of

both houses of the Parliament of Canada but not of the Senate of the United States, and, therefore, has not been ratified.

A convention between Canada and the United States for the protection, preservation and extension of the sockeye salmon fisheries in the Fraser River system, was signed March 27, 1929. Objection was taken in both countries to certain provisions, and a revised convention on the same subject was signed May 26, 1930. It was approved in the same year by resolution of both houses of the Parliament of Canada, but has not been ratified. It has not been approved by the Senate of the United States.

It is usual under the parliamentary system to ratify a treaty or pact negotiated by the ministry of the day, but at present the Senate of Canada, like the Senate of the United States, is about evenly balanced between the two parties. It is, therefore, doubtful what might transpire if a St. Lawrence pact were submitted.

Estimates of Washington correspondents differ as to what the Senate of the United States might do with a treaty for a seaway. In a clever article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1928, B. K. Sandwell expressed the opinion that "the United States is a government with which one makes treaties at one's own risk". In his reply to that and the article in general, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, Montana, February 27, 1928, in support of the general position that "the President and Senate being empowered to make treaties, Congress is authorized to make all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution any treaties so made", recalled judgments of the Supreme Court of the United States in respect to aliens holding property in the United States, citing cases of British, French and Japanese, the latter judgment of recent date, November 18, 1928. The direct application of the Senator's argument was that so far as the Chicago diversion is concerned, federal authority would be equal to any demand for fulfilment

of treaty obligations. Being a Montana man, Senator Walsh is interested in seeing the St. Lawrence opened up for deep water ships. He proceeded with his argument to show: (1) That only federal authority could negotiate a treaty with Canada, (2) That no power works which would obstruct navigation could be undertaken by New York State, and (3) That neither the United States nor Canada could construct works for power without the consent of the other party. The Federal Water Power Commission, consisting of the Secretary of War, Secretary of Interior and Secretary of Agriculture, have authority to deal with all applications for interior water-power. The State of New York challenged the constitutionality of the commission, so far as the St. Lawrence was concerned. Although the case was dismissed, the big general question of power rights was left open and in doubt. Efforts were made in the late months of 1931 by Governor Roosevelt of New York and the Power Commission of the State of New York to win federal recognition of their position in support of state power rights similar to those proven for Quebec, but the federal Secretary of State was non-committal.

The character of the legal issues involved make it necessary that Canada should proceed carefully before undertaking any commitment. The Treaty of Washington, 1871, provides that the navigation of the River St. Lawrence from the 45th parallel of north latitude to the sea shall remain free and open for the purposes of commerce to citizens of the United States, subject to laws and regulations of Great Britain or of Canada not inconsistent with such privilege. The British government undertook in Article XXVII of the treaty to urge upon the government of Canada to extend the right of equality in use of canals. It was later agreed in the Boundary Waters Treaty, 1909, Article one, that the boundary waters shall forever continue free and open for the purposes of commerce to ships of both countries, and that so long as the treaty remains in force

the same free and open navigation will apply to Lake Michigan and to canals of both Canada and the United States connecting boundary waters. The initiative is, therefore, to some degree with Canada. In consequence, much will depend on the talent and strategy with which the negotiations are conducted.

* * * * *

The Chicago diversion should be disposed of in any agreement for a deep waterway. It has been a stubborn problem interfering with the confidence and good relations that should be cultivated between Canada and the United States. It is a menace to standard lake levels by diversion of water from the St. Lawrence reservoir to the Mississippi watershed. The present status of the problem is that the Supreme Court of the United States in its last judgment confirmed Chicago's right to a flow of 6,500 cubic second feet of water until 1934; 5,000 cubic second feet until 1938, and 1,500 cubic second feet thereafter. The court did not dispose of the important issue raised by interested states, namely: that water cannot be lawfully diverted from one watershed to another except by an interstate agreement. From the Canadian angle of view, any such diversion from the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence watershed is a direct violation of international law and contrary to the terms of the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909.

Article two of the treaty reserves that, while each of the high contracting parties reserves to itself and to the several state and provincial governments exclusive jurisdiction and control of rivers on its own side flowing into boundary waters, any diversion resulting in injury on the other side of the boundary shall give rise to the same right and entitle the injured parties to the same legal remedies as if such injury took place in the country where such diversion or interference occurs. The situation is, therefore, open for negotiation and it is an obligation on the plenipotentiaries of both

Canada and the United States to see that the Chicago diversion issue is permanently settled in a manner mutually satisfactory and workable.

The failure of the Supreme Court of the United States to deal with the question of right to divert water from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi leaves wide open the related question of the right of the Secretary of War to grant the necessary flow of water to supply the canal from Lake Michigan at Chicago to the Mississippi, which is part of the projected interior waterways scheme of which President Hoover is an ardent advocate. Engineering opinions differ as to whether 3,000 cubic second feet, the amount of water available after 1938, made up of the 1,500 cubic second feet allowed by the Supreme Court, and the amount available for domestic and industrial needs, estimated at an average of 1,500 cubic second feet, will be sufficient for the proposed nine-foot canal. The power development works erected along the Illinois river, the other name for the canal, and dependent on the diversion from Lake Michigan, have a generating capacity of 88,000 horsepower. This adds to the complexity of the problem.

The normal flow of the St. Lawrence is estimated at 250,000 cubic second feet, the largest even all-year flow of any great river. There are differences of opinion as to the actual effect of the Chicago diversion at its height of 11,000 cubic second feet, at a time of high lake levels. But there is no difference of opinion that in a time of low levels, diversion of 6,500 cubic second feet has direct effect on lake levels and Montreal harbour. In the 1926 report of the joint board of engineers, p. 17, notice was taken of the widespread belief among engineers, as well as the public, that a remedy for low lake levels and discharges can be found through a comprehensive system of regulation. "The board has given the question searching study, and has turned to compensating works in the outlets of Lakes Huron and Erie only after it has found

that the results that can be secured from regulating works are entirely incommensurate with their cost”.

Whether the negotiations with Washington will be limited to the St. Lawrence deep waterway, or will be designed as an all-round clearing up of questions between Canada and the United States will depend on the Canadian ministry, which will have to assume responsibility for any terms agreed on, or for adhering to terms which were unsatisfactory to the United States. In either event there are three big questions open for settlement if the negotiations take the turn for an all-round clearing up. First and most popular would be a revision of tariff schedules and trade regulations. For the five years ending March 31, 1928, Canadian imports from the United States averaged \$625,222,751, and exports from that country in the same period averaged \$453,507,698 a year. For the 12 months ending November 30, 1931, imports from the United States were down to \$407,264,357 and exports to \$273,694,843 in the same period. The changes cannot be entirely explained by the depression, for the American Tariff Act of 1930 and the Canadian tariff revisions of 1930 and 1931 were directly responsible. One has but to consider the rapid fall in exports of Canadian cattle, dairy products and the long list of farm products affected by the tariff, to see how decisive were the results. Yet it is reasonable to expect that the salient facts of international trade plainly impressed by the past seven years will not be ignored by the political leaders of Canada and the United States.

For reasons of practical utility and communication with the interior, Canada wants the panhandle of Alaska, the five hundred miles of coast land and islands in front of British Columbia and the Yukon. Nothing could better express the goodwill of Americans toward Canada than the transfer of that territory, with little population and of slight value to the United States, just as, it may be assumed, a deep waterway to

the sea would express Canadian goodwill for the Americans. Canada will not ask something for nothing. What is that *lisiere*, or coast strip, worth to the United States to-day? Far less than in the boom days of the Klondike rush. What compensation will the Americans demand and be satisfied with? These are questions to be answered in the negotiations.

That set of questions bound up in immigration, border crossing regulations, smuggling and prohibition enforcement, is due for a general survey and revision, with a view to smooth operation. If the United States were to legalize the manufacture and sale of liquor, as seems probable, one of the chief causes of irritation and lawless acts would be removed. In view of the friendly gestures expressed by Britain and Canada in the Liquor Traffic Convention of 1924 and the Liquor Control Act of 1930, it should be possible to make progress with negotiations if an effort were made to remove the obstacles to a good understanding and undisturbed good relations between the two countries.

DELICATE SANDALS

BY LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

Once I said:

“I will cast my saint and my devil out of my head,
Or my heart, or whatever it is that may chance to abide.
I will lay my saint and my devil,
Like little twin sons side by side,
In a dark clay bed.
And I will go forth as a virginal goddess
And walk pure and high,
With my feet in delicate sandals,
My eyes on the sky.
I will find white islands where never a tail nor a horn,
Nor the cruel pale hands of a saint
Have stirred in the corn
One silken white poppy, or gathered
One floating seed.
Of a far white island of purified ocean shell-dust—
That is my need!”

But the brown earth split at my feet with a crocus—
A purple cup
Filled to the brim with dew.
Then—the Sun was up!
All the world was lordly and regal with purple and gold,
And deep in red clover my saint and my devil rolled
With the glee of two rollicking, frolicking babes, until I
Forgot my delicate sandals, pellucid sky
Over far white islands of purified shell-dust and unstirred corn,
And I laughed in the face of my devil and patted his horn.
And the other's long fingers, all formed for the hand of a saint—

I vowed that the good, brown earth should form them and bend
them

With work's restraint.

We battle barefooted through emerald thickets
All prickled with sharp blackthorn.

Oh, still I see dimly the silken white poppy,
Pure shell-dust and unstirred corn!—

I am glad because of my visions of far white islands
Where one walks in delicate sandals

Untouched by strife—

But I could not put my little twin sons—

My saint and my devil—

Out of my life.

RECENT BOOKS ON DISARMAMENT

BY R. A. MacKAY

Disarmament. By Salvador de Madariaga. Coward McCann. New York. 1929. pp. 379. \$5.00.

Scientific Disarmament: A Treatment Based on the Facts of Armaments. By Victor Lefebure. London, Mundanus. (Macmillan, Toronto). 1931. pp. 319. \$3.00.

Economy and Naval Security. By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. London, Benn. 1931. pp. 227. 8/6.

The United States and Disarmament. By Benjamin H. Williams. McGraw-Hill, New York. 1931. pp. 361. \$3.50.

World Disarmament: A Handbook on the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments. By Maurice Fanshawe. London. League of Nations Union. 1931. pp. 143. 1/6.

DISARMAMENT promises to be the supreme international problem of this decade. Yet progress in its solution, as in the solution of other problems of human society, is largely dependent upon the opinion of the man on the street or behind the plough. Without an informed public opinion behind them governments will be loath to attempt the shackling of this Frankenstein monster of national armaments, let alone to give it the *coup de grâce*. Despite the complexity of the subject, the intelligent citizen need no longer remain ignorant, provided he is willing to give to it a portion of the time he now devotes to the sports or the market page of the daily press. Amid the flood of recent literature on the subject the first four books under review are significant and the last a useful handbook. All would repay careful reading and pondering. Indeed, they

should be on the bookshelf of every serious student of disarmament.

Professor Madariaga writes after six years' experience as head of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations. He finds the obstacles to disarmament are many; among them are differences in military and political traditions of nations, national prestige, the sheer laziness of the man who refuses to rid his mind of outworn ideas and institutions, and the insecurity which nations really feel in face of their neighbours. Above all, international society has in the past been, and still is to a large extent, organized on a basis of power by which armaments become not only instruments of defence but instruments of policy. The only hope for disarmament lies therefore in providing substitutes for national armaments; the problem is primarily political rather than technical. "The problem of disarmament is not the problem of disarmament. It really is the problem of the organization of the World-Community". To this end the Covenant of the League of Nations forms a real and satisfactory beginning, but in order to be effective as a means of disarmament the League must be a real League, a League providing not only facilities for the pacific settlement of disputes, but adequate security for its members, and promoting real international co-operation for the removal of the causes of war. So long as the World-Community is not properly organized and the power-principle still dominates international society, disarmament conferences will be merely armament conferences in which the Powers jockey each other for position and military or naval advantages.

Professor de Madariaga buttresses his thesis with an historical survey of disarmament activities since the Peace Conference. He then proceeds to analyse the policies of the various Powers as respects the organization of the World-Community. The United States, because of its policy of isolation and insistence on freedom of action, he declares is "the blackest obstacle

on the path towards disarmament", though because of the idealism and volatility of its people he believes it also "the brightest hope". Great Britain is the second greatest obstacle because of her straddling the fence between the new order of the League and the old régime of armed force and freedom of action. Russia stands third because of her obvious intentions to subvert capitalist governments and because of her absence from the League. China is also an important obstacle because its condition of chronic anarchy is a standing temptation to the use of force by other Powers—a prediction borne out by the recent events in Manchuria. The territorial settlement of the Treaty of Versailles, and the disarmament inequalities as respects the defeated Powers which obviously cannot be continued indefinitely, Franco-Italian tension, and the White Australia policy are other important factors in the way. These are obviously sore spots in international society, but if disarmament must wait until they are healed we might as well quit in despair. Yet Professor de Madariaga agrees that they cannot all be removed at once; rather the process is evolutionary. Disarmament can proceed only as political obstacles are removed and can never be completely satisfactory so long as any of these or similar political obstacles remain.

Professor de Madariaga has written a stimulating and provocative book. It is, of course, opinionated, but the opinions are the product of prolonged thought and experience. His view is distinctly continental, yet it is the view which British and American peoples must understand and appreciate before progress is at all possible. This is the type of book which even the "browser" will lay down with regret. The brilliant epigrams, the stinging satire, the lightness and vigour of the style of a master of English serve to enliven a very difficult and heavy subject.

An effective answer to Professor de Madariaga's thesis is made by Major Lefebure's *Scientific Disarmament* which

approaches the subject from the directly opposite quarter. "The study of armament is a branch of applied science", he says, and "strictly speaking disarmament is one of the problems of armament". Disarmament must therefore be studied as a technical problem. The failure of the League to accomplish concrete results is due in part to the ignorance of its various commissions as to the facts of armament, in part to its pursuit of such political rainbows as "guaranteed security".

Disarmament presupposes the existence of pacific means of settling disputes; these already exist in abundance. Its purpose is to "reduce the incentive and the chances of war", to "give time and a breathing space for peaceful methods", in short, to "prevent war from breaking out as an alternative method to peaceful settlement."

War, for purposes of this study, is defined as a major conflict, "large-scale organized hostilities between civilized peoples"; it does not include police expeditions, border warfare or colonial expeditions against backward races. "If we can so organize armaments that large-scale operations cannot occur without extensive preparations over long periods, the purpose of disarmament will have been solved".

The "inert" period before a nation can bring its full force into play in war is illustrated by events of the Great War. As regards land armaments by means of which rather than by naval armament final decisions are reached, France and Germany were virtually ready for immediate action; Great Britain and the United States, however, were not. In the case of Great Britain, the "inert" period as regards men was certainly longer than twelve months, while even by the time of the Somme battles the British munitions effort had not yet reached its peak. As for the United States, the War was over before American munitions began to reach France in appreciable quantities. "It is safe to say that had all the nations been in the same armament position as the United States of America, or even as

Great Britain in 1914, there would have been no World War, or in any case we should have had a period of twelve months or more during which the forces of peaceful settlement could have been active”.

The problem of disarmament cannot, however, be confined to measuring existing personnel and material. It reaches back to the production of existing types and further to the development of new types.

As for the first aspect of the problem, existing armaments, complete abolition is impracticable in view of the unsettled condition of the world. That is, there is a minimum level beyond which a state becomes open to aggression by its neighbours. This limit is conditioned both by the state of armaments of those neighbours and the probability of co-operative defence being applied in the event of attack. At the other end of the scale there is, however, “a danger level”, a point where the armaments of a state exceed its defensive needs and become a menace to other states. The “danger level” and the “safety level” are, of course, hypotheses, not fixed points, but they serve a useful purpose for measuring armaments. Of the practical application of these principles the disarmament of the Central Powers is the classic example. The Allies fixed maximum limits in men and weapons which were deemed to be efficient for defence but inadequate for offence. The actual limits and the methods of forcible disarmament are perhaps unsound, but not the principle of a maximum limit. The actual maximum limits for respective nations, the author wisely leaves to diplomatists, though he is emphatic that limitation must include not only men, but also stocks of material and equipment for production. And the private manufacture of arms must be restricted or abolished. For this he suggests an international cartel with national units of production, subsidized by governments to maintain legitimate profits and the necessary equipment for emergency.

The second problem, production, is the more complicated since obviously the "war potential" of states differs profoundly in accordance with their industrial organization. To consider factors in "war potential" is impossible and for practical purposes unnecessary. Certain facts and tendencies are, however, measurable and particularly the time required to turn peacetime industries into war-time industries. For the time element Major Lefebure has coined the useful term, "conversion lag". Preparation for the last war constitutes, particularly in the case of the United States, a wealth of fact from which conclusions may be drawn. Though the "conversion lag" varies with different weapons, the author abundantly proves there is no such thing as "overnight conversion". Guns are a case in point. Despite well-organized heavy industries and the assistance of technical experts from Europe it took eight months to produce the first 155-millemetre howitzers in the United States, and many months before quantity production was reached. Even gun-carriages took from six to twelve months, while the recuperators without which no gun can operate took twelve months, and quantity production eighteen months. Shell required the best part of a year before quantity production was reached. Again, machine guns required six to eight months for first products and from two to three months more for quantity production. The same story is told of other weapons. While some may be produced more quickly than others, the conditions of modern warfare demand a wide variety of weapons. Surveying the whole field of modern armaments, the author concludes:

"It is, I think, a fair conclusion, faithful to the evidence available, that the conversion lag in the production of any single item of normal armament is real and substantial, rarely less than six months, often much more, and the effective lag for a representative volume of adequate types of armament would be not less than two years to spring from, say, the British to the German armament position in 1914, even in the very few coun-

tries industrially equipped to tackle such a proposition, which for most would be a physical impossibility."

A third problem is the development of new weapons. Here the element of chance discovery may appear to make scientific findings impossible. A discovery is not, however, a weapon. It must be adapted to the conditions of warfare. A survey of the development of important discoveries in the past leads to the conclusion that there is a long "time lag" between discovery and practical application. Thus the possibility of a nation secretly turning chance discoveries to its advantage is small.

Yet, the production of new weapons, and particularly chemical weapons, cannot be left out of account in any satisfactory scheme of disarmament. The restriction or abolition of the private manufacture of arms would go far toward restricting technical improvements, since the motive of profit which has played such a large part in technical invention in armaments would be limited or wholly removed. Major Lefebure suggests, however, three special precautions. First, a League commission should be constituted to advise upon and consent to technical improvements and thus to ensure some measure of international control. Secondly, he calls for a professional ethic among scientists, which will discountenance scientific investigation for the improvement of the instruments of destruction. It is absurd, he insists, that Science should refuse to consider the ethical implications of such investigations. Certain scientific professions, notably medicine, already discountenance certain practices not because they are scientifically unsound but because they are socially undesirable. Thirdly, patent laws in all countries should be revised to prevent private individuals from exploiting inventions or discoveries in armaments.

The grave problem, Major Lefebure admits, is the combination of gas and aircraft—gas bombing of cities from the air. "It would be difficult", he says, "to overestimate the possi-

bilities, and to present views which were alarmist because unfounded". He proposes, first, drastic limitations of military aircraft, and, secondly, the requirement that commercial planes should be constructed on a different design from military aircraft in order that they could not be converted or at least could not be quickly converted to war uses. He goes indeed farther and suggests that commercial planes be subject to international inspection in order to assure their *bona fide* commercial character. Indeed, they might well be fitted with special appliances which would make them entirely unsuitable for military use, except possibly mere transport. How far nations, such as Italy, which require their commercial planes to be designed on military lines, would accept such a proposal is highly problematical. A still further proposal, though he does not develop it at length, is the prohibition of the use of explosives by aircraft. This prohibition, he admits, might be broken, but the restriction would greatly discourage preparation on any large scale in peace-time and would thus add to the time lag in the event of war.

Major Lefebure has laid civilization in his debt. Mars has been taken on with his own weapons and has lost the first round. The author's objectivity, his readiness to consider all relevant facts, however awkward, and his courage in subjecting them to cold analysis, his happy combination of technical knowledge and common sense, his fresh approach to the subject and comprehensive view of the whole technical field, make this book a most important contribution to the subject, perhaps, indeed, the most important yet written. The reader will not skim through it as through a volume of Mr. Edgar Wallace, but, if he will only take the time and make the mental effort to master its closely reasoned pages, he will find his wits sharpened and his hope renewed that disarmament is not an insoluble problem.

Like Major Lefebure, Admiral Richmond approaches the

problem of armaments from the technical rather than the political angle. As a professional sailor he is convinced of the necessity of naval armaments adequate for security; as a student of history he sees, however, that mere size of armaments does not constitute adequate security because when a nation's arms exceed what other nations conceive to be its legitimate needs for defence they begin to feel insecure and competition in armament is the inevitable result. In particular Admiral Richmond castigates the megalomania of sailors and politicians which has produced the naval monsters of to-day, which are perhaps relatively no more efficient, and perhaps less so, than the smaller ships of yesteryear. British building of dreadnaughts and super-dreadnaughts before the War precipitated German counter-building, and the construction of monster cruisers by Great Britain during the War led to the building of similar ships by the United States and Japan. Despite our *Hoods* and battle fleets of a hundred ships, naval security is more remote than in the pre-dreadnaught era.

The proper size of ships and of fleets, asserts Admiral Richmond, can be determined by consideration of their functions. Navies have two functions, concentration for battle and the protection of trade routes. The size of fleet concentrations is relative, depending upon the strength of possible opponents; the needs of defence for trade routes are absolute, depending upon the length of routes and the danger-zones through which the routes pass.

In determining the size of ships, ability to fight and to endure punishment of fire and of the elements are the essential factors. A further consideration is that they should be large enough to control merchant ships which might be armed in the event of war. These considerations can all be met by ships of 6,500 tons armed with nine six-inch guns and able to steam twenty-five knots an hour. Such ships would possess an adequate margin of safety over merchant ships, and for battle the

size of the contending ships or fleets makes no difference, provided they are relative to each other. The Battle of the Nile fought with 2,000-ton ships, and the Battle of Lake Erie fought with 500-ton ships were more decisive than Jutland fought with 24,000-ton ships hurling projectiles weighing over a ton each.

Admiral Richmond pours scorn on the arbitrary methods of limitation without regard to function adopted at the Washington and London conferences. The size of ships, 35,000 tons for "capital" ships and 10,000 tons for large cruisers, was pure waste, while the arbitrary limit on cruisers left Great Britain without an adequate number for the protection of trade routes. Admiral Richmond advocates before the next conference a thorough investigation of the proper size of ships by naval experts of each naval Power. He assumes that these separate national investigations will lead to much the same conclusions, an assumption scarcely warranted in view of the evident differences of opinion among naval experts. Secondly, he urges the limitation by international agreement of capital ships to 6,500 tons, or if it is impracticable to alter the Treaty of Versailles, to the 10,000-ton limit fixed in the Treaty for Germany; thirdly, the fixing of a cost-per-ton limit of construction in order to prevent technical improvements from gravely upsetting the balance of naval power; fourthly, the limitation in numbers of capital ships and hence of fleet concentrations, while leaving each party complete freedom in the construction of "cruisers", or ships smaller than the capital class, in accordance with its peculiar needs. This plan will, he believes, assure adequate naval security at reasonable cost, and he is able to produce convincing figures which are but a fraction of present expenditures. Moreover, it would greatly reduce the chances of competitive building and its consequent insecurity.

Yet are there not certain loopholes in the argument? In

the first place, Admiral Richmond rejects prestige as a factor promoting naval rivalry. Anyone familiar with American opinion on naval construction since the War could scarcely avoid the conclusion that prestige has been a dynamic behind the American naval programme. Can prestige be left, then, out of account? Again, can the megalomania of naval officers and politicians be discounted or destroyed by argument however logical? If not, is any such drastic limitation of size within the realm of practical politics? And further, would the United States and other Powers without a world-wide system of naval bases agree to unlimited construction in cruiser tonnage by Great Britain even in return for the same rights themselves? The experience of the Geneva and London Naval Conferences indicates that the United States at least would not. And finally, is the underlying assumption of Admiral Richmond as to the possibility of protecting trade routes by surface craft now tenable in view of the enormous development of aircraft and submarines? As Professor Williams points out, both these developments have greatly added to the strength of land Powers, particularly if they lie near important trade routes. Whatever the loopholes, Admiral Richmond's stimulating and thoughtful little book is a real contribution to the problem of naval armaments. Indeed, the general idea that size does not spell security would appear to be equally applicable to land armaments as well. Coming from a naval officer, even a radical like Admiral Richmond, this book marks a turn towards sanity on the part of professionals.

Professor Williams writes primarily for an American public, yet his book holds peculiar interest for other peoples because it is a temperate statement of the American case. The primary interest of the United States in disarmament is economic and it is around this theme that he weaves his book. The first part is given over to exploding Mahan's theory of sea power in history which has taken such hold on the American

public. Admitting its force as an explanation of the rise of certain states in power and commerce during the past four centuries, he contends that conditions have radically changed. In the first place, the industrial revolution has redressed the balance of power between land and sea states in favour of land states. Modern methods of coast defence have made land areas almost impregnable against naval attack, while the development of the aeroplane and the submarine has greatly weakened the effect of mere surface control of the sea. Secondly, due to the development of nationalism in backward as well as more civilized areas, naval force is no longer a suitable means of winning trade or retaining it. Indeed the use of force, and even the threat of force, may be disastrous to trade, as witness events in China in recent years. Again, during war a strong naval Power can no longer hope to retain its markets even in neutral countries, since modern war tends to divert the whole industrial energy from the normal channels of trade to the temporary needs of war.

The second division of the book is devoted to an examination of American naval needs. Territorial defence, he contends, is relatively simple and does not require a huge navy, while, whatever the size of the navy, the defence of all American trade on the high seas under modern conditions of naval war is in any case out of the question, though the convoy system should conserve to the United States all her American trade. As for the defence of Far Eastern possessions, the cost would outweigh any conceivable advantage. He advocates, therefore, a graceful withdrawal from the Far East as Great Britain has tacitly withdrawn from the West Indies in so far as naval defence is concerned. As respects the dogma of freedom of the seas, Professor Williams conclusively proves that, despite inconveniences due to the interference of belligerents, American foreign trade experienced a phenomenal growth during both the Napoleonic period and the early years of the Great War.

The remainder of the book (over half) is given over to a sketch of the naval conferences and the efforts of the League to promote disarmament. As to the position of the United States at the coming conference, he makes no concrete suggestions or predictions. He is content to point out that the economic stake of the United States in disarmament is tremendous, that remarkable progress has already taken place in ten short years, and that there is nothing inherently impossible in disarmament by "international legislation".

Professor Williams has written an informing and thoroughly sane book. A simple, straightforward, and occasionally epigrammatic style adds to its attractiveness. If the author sometimes lapses into dogmatism, it does not seriously detract from his general objectivity and reasonableness.

It is the unique achievement of the post-War years that disarmament, the dream of isolated individuals throughout the centuries, has become a political programme. As yet the programme is one of ideals rather than of achievement, and it is at best a programme with a limited objective—merely the limitation and reduction of armaments, not their abolition. None but the chronic optimist would dare assert that even this limited objective will be carried in our time. Yet there are grounds of hope. There are concrete results already on the side of naval disarmament. No less important is the concerted attack of intellectuals on the problem. By mere coincidence the four authors whose books are here reviewed at length—a former official of the League, a soldier, a sailor, and an academic student of international affairs—illustrate the resources of the opposition to the old order. And it is of supreme importance that they write, not for the scholar, but for the wider public on whose decision disarmament ultimately rests.*

*Serious students of disarmament cannot, of course, profess a thorough acquaintance with the subject without consulting the documents, especially the records of the various League Commissions and of the Naval Conferences, and studies of special phases. Above all, they should consult the annual volumes of the *Survey of International Affairs* and P. J. N. Baker: *Disarmament* (London. Hogarth. 1926), perhaps the most important work in English for the period covered. Attention is called to the excellent bibliography of disarmament and security in *International Affairs* (the Journal of the Royal Institute of International Affairs), September, 1931.

RUSKIN AND MODERN FICTION

BY J. A. BENTLEY

ALTHOUGH the trend towards realism in fiction was not destined to reach its climax during the nineteenth century, it was already sufficiently in evidence to cause consternation in the breasts of the conservative. Ruskin, almost at the close of his active life, with the ruins of his world about him, nevertheless found time to utter a furious protest against the new tendency. This took the form of a series of five papers which first appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1880 and 1881 under the name of *Fiction, Fair and Foul*—later to be reprinted in a miscellaneous collection of his last works entitled *On The Old Road*. Despite the lack of careful organization, and the almost limitless diffuseness characteristic of much of Ruskin's later work, *Fiction, Fair and Foul* remains by far the most important critical discussion of the novel to be found in his works.

Nowadays, people tend to take industrialism and its concomitant ugliness more or less as a matter of course. But it was not so in the nineteenth century, when lovers of nature and of country life saw large tracts of their native England devastated—as it seemed to them—and the very air of heaven polluted by modern industry. Possibly a journey through parts of Yorkshire or the Midlands would convince even the most captious critic that Wordsworth and Ruskin had reason to bewail the desolation of the quiet beauties of the English countryside. It is noteworthy that Ruskin should have taken the destruction of one of his favourite haunts as a point of departure for his arraignment of the modern novel. Doubtless he saw an analogy between the impairment of natural beauty and the falling away of high standards in fiction, and it is certain that he saw a direct connection between the herding of

masses of human beings in large cities and the development of a morbid type of novel.

He begins his discussion of the novel in a vein of melancholy retrospection. In his childhood there had been, near Herne Hill on the outskirts of London, a pretty country way called Croxted Lane, bounded by hedges and green fields—a place of unspoiled English landscape wilder and sweeter than a garden, where Ruskin and his mother used to gather the first buds of hawthorn. Now, however, Croxted Lane was bordered by a loathsome rubbish-heap, and the adjoining fields had been cut through by the railway and dug up for building. Ruskin, recollecting the influence of the scenery of the lane on his childhood and youth, is led to wonder what sort of character is produced by the influence of such scenery as that represented by Croxted Lane in its present condition. What would have happened to him if placed under such conditions in his early years he finds it difficult to imagine. But “for the children of to-day, accustomed, from the instant they are out of their cradles, to the sight of this infinite nastiness, prevailing as a fixed condition of the universe, over the face of nature, and accompanying all the operations of industrious man, what”—Ruskin asks—“is to be the scholastic issue? Unless, indeed, the thrill of scientific vanity in the primary analysis of some unheard-of process of corruption—or the reward of microscopic research in the sight of worms with more legs, and acari of more curious generation than ever vivified the more simply smelling plasma of antiquity.”

“One result of such elementary education is, however,” Ruskin believes, “already certain, namely, that the pleasure which we may conceive taken by the children of the coming time, in the analysis of physical corruption, guides, into fields more dangerous and desolate, the expatiation of an imaginative literature: and that the reactions of moral disease upon itself, and the conditions of languidly monstrous character developed

in an atmosphere of low vitality, have become the most valued material of modern fiction, and the most eagerly discussed texts of modern philosophy."

Ruskin masses under a few general heads "the many concurrent reasons for this mischief." "The hot fermentation and unwholesome secrecy" of the population of large cities, together with the "resulting modes of ruin and distress," had, in his opinion, "developed a corresponding science of fiction, concerned mainly with the description of such forms of disease, like the botany of leaf-lichens." Balzac's story of *Father Goriot* is alleged to be representative of this type. Secondly, the disgrace, grief and helplessness of town life lived at its worst had resulted in a general denial of everything good and in a loss of ethical perception, "showing how everybody's fault is somebody's else's, how infection has no law, digestion no will, and profitable dirt no dishonour." Thus there had arisen "an elaborate and ingenious scholasticism, in what may be called the Divinity of Decomposition," giving certain novels "at once a complacent tone of clerical dignity, and an agreeable dash of heretical impudence; while the inculcated doctrine has the double advantage of needing no laborious scholarship for its foundation, and no painful self-denial for its practice." Lastly, Ruskin holds that city life lacks the variety of interest necessary for human happiness and well-being. In a passage of glowing prose in which he vies with Wordsworth in extolling the joys of life in the country, he asserts that the only way in which the poor denizens of the city can vary the monotony of his hours is by getting into "some kind of mischief". Contrary to what one would expect, the denial of natural food to human feelings—such as would be supplied if one were living in the country—does not result in a longing for a natural and wholesome existence, for the joys of pastoral felicity described with such enthusiasm by Ruskin. Experience has shown, it is alleged, that "the thoroughly trained Londoner can enjoy no

other excitement than that to which he has been accustomed." Like the victim of the drug habit, he craves his stimulant in stronger doses, and "the ultimate power of fiction to entertain him is by varying to his fancy the modes, and defining for his dullness, the horrors of Death."

In the single novel of *Bleak House*, Ruskin bids us note, "there are nine deaths (or left for deaths, in the drop scene) carefully wrought out or led up to, either by way of pleasing surprise, as the baby's at the brickmaker's, or finished in their threatenings and sufferings, with as much enjoyment as can be contrived in the anticipation, and as much pathology as can be concentrated in the description. Under the following varieties of method:—

One by assassination	Mr. Tulkinghorn.
One by starvation with phthisis	Joe.
One by chagrin	Richard.
One by spontaneous combustion	Mr. Krook.
One by sorrow	Lady Dedlock's lover.
One by remorse	Lady Dedlock.
One by insanity	Miss Flite.
One by paralysis	Sir Leicester.

Besides the baby, by fever, and a lively young Frenchwoman left to be hanged." All this, Ruskin bids his readers observe, occurs not in a tragic, adventurous or military story, but in one "intended to be amusing: and as a properly representative average of the statistics of civilian mortality in the centre of London."

Not merely is the modern novel characterized by an abnormally large number of deaths, but nearly all these deaths are of inoffensive or respectable people, who are depicted as dying either violently or grotesquely. Ruskin objected to the implication that "the appointed destiny of a large average of our population is to die like rats in a drain." He asserts that in the works of the great masters, death is always "either heroic, deserved, or quiet and natural (unless their purpose be totally and deeply tragic, when collateral meaner death is permitted, like that of Polonius or Roderigo. In *Old Mortality*," he ex-

plains, "four of the deaths, Bothwell's, Ensign Grahame's, Macbriar's and Evandale's, are magnificently heroic: Burley's and Olifant's long deserved, and swift; the troopers', met in the discharge of their military duty; and the old miser's as gentle as the passing of a cloud, and almost beautiful in its last words of—now unselfish—care."

Not even Scott, however, is considered wholly free from the suspicion of morbidity. His splendid powers were tainted, in later years destroyed, by "modern conditions of commercial excitement." But, unlike certain other novelists of the period, he never sought to arouse "funereal excitement" by dwelling on the phenomena of the sick-room. Ruskin held the temptation of this order of subject to be great, for "if the description be given with even mediocre accuracy, a very large section of readers will admire its truth, and cherish its melancholy." But against the allurements of this type of subject Scott was proof, for he never once, Ruskin tells us, "withdrew the sacred curtain of the sick-chamber, nor permitted the disgrace of wanton tears round the humiliation of strength or the wreck of beauty."

Clearly, then, Ruskin felt that the late nineteenth century novel was in a bad way. Wretched and unnatural conditions of life had given rise to a kindred type of fiction—so typical indeed that "it is impossible to distinguish in these tales of the prison-house how far their vice and gloom are thrown into their manufacture only to meet a vile demand, and how far they are an integral condition of thought in the minds of men trained from their youth up in the knowledge of Londinian and Parisian misery." The spirit of infidelity and the craze for novelty and notoriety in an age of wild literary competition also had their part in debasing the novel. Moreover, to its long list of sins is to be added that of preaching the doctrine of unbridled and unprincipled pleasure—particularly "in the lower middle orders"—and of making this the *motif* of innumerable stories. Ruskin singles out George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss* for par-

ticular reprobation, although he depended on a "female friend" who had read the book, for his knowledge of it. "The automatic amours and involuntary proposals of recent romance" seemed to him to "acknowledge little further law than the instinct of an insect, or the effervescence of a chemical mixture."

It was scarcely to be expected, then, that Ruskin would be complimentary in his references to contemporary novelists. In one place he declares vehemently that "the effectual head of the whole cretinous school" of prison-house literature is Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*. Although he enjoyed reading many French writers, he detested Hugo, whose works, he asserted, belonged to the "gaslight kind of literature". He even threatened to walk out of the lecture room if his cousin read an extract from the *Toilers of the Sea* in addressing a gathering at the London Institution. Although a lifelong reader of Dickens, Ruskin severely qualified his admiration for that novelist, whose alleged morbidity came in for severe castigation. While on friendly terms with Thackeray—as indeed with George Eliot—Ruskin accused the former writer of settling "like a meat-fly on whatever one had got for dinner," making one sick of it—a statement characterized by Sir Arthur Benson as hideously clever. Thackeray, it seems, was also blasphemous upon occasion. As for Kingsley, the tragedy of his novels is denounced as "frightful" and he is severely criticized for not having allowed the story of Hypatia—"the most ghastly in Christian tradition"—to have remained in silence.

So much for Ruskin's conception of *Fiction Foul*. It now remains to consider *Fiction Fair*. Ruskin did not, however, immediately turn from the treatment of one to the other, but first plunged headlong into an extremely doubtful classification of the novels of Scott, based on the supposed condition of the author's health when each story was written. Unfortunately, his classification, as has been pointed out by Sir Edward Cook, will not bear the test of facts. It nevertheless serves to show

the extent to which Ruskin was influenced in his discussion of the novel by such considerations as the presence or absence of morbid elements in an author. It was not until the fifth and last of the papers that he turned to the discussion of *Fiction Fair*. He had in the meanwhile exalted Byron to the skies—for the most part at the expense of Wordsworth—and dragged into the discussion many more or less irrelevant topics. In fact, these articles exhibit the growing tendency shown in Ruskin's later works to throw all ordered development to the winds and to allow his pen to be enticed whithersoever his thoughts should wander.

In the fifth paper, however, Ruskin comes to the point, and gives a definition of fiction, which is outlined at some length as follows:—

A feigned, fictitious, artificial, supernatural, put-together-out-of-one's-head thing. All this it must be to begin with. The best type of it being the most practically fictile—a Greek vase. A thing which has two sides to be seen, two handles to be carried by, and a bottom to stand on, and a top to be poured out of, this, every right fiction *is*, whatever else it may be. Planned vigorously, rounded smoothly, balanced symmetrically, handled handily, lipped softly for pouring out oil and wine. Painted daintily at last with images of eternal things.

.

Quite a different thing from a “cast”,—this work of clay in the hands of the potter, as it seemed good for the potter to make it. . .

“Planned rigorously”—I press the conditions again one by one—it must be, as ever Memphian labyrinth or Norman fortress. Intricacy full of delicate surprise; covered way in secrecy of accurate purposes, not a stone useless, nor a word nor an incident thrown away.

“Rounded smoothly”—the wheel of Fortune revolving with it in unfeigned swiftness; like the world, its story

rising with the dawn, closing like the sunset, with its own sweet light for every hour.

"Balanced symmetrically"—having its two sides clearly separate, its war of good and evil rightly divided. Its figures moving in majestic law of light and shade.

"Handled handily"—so that, being careful and gentle, you can take easy grasp of it and all that it contains; a thing given into your hand henceforth to have and to hold. Comprehensible, not a mass that both your arms cannot get round; tenable, not a confused pebble heap of which you can only lift one pebble at a time.

"Lipped softly"—full of kindness and comfort: the Keats line indeed the perpetual message of it—"For ever shalt thou love, and she be fair." All beautiful fiction is of the Madonna, whether the Virgin of Athens or of Judah—Pan-Athenaic always.

And all foul fiction is *lèse majesté* to the Madonna and to womanhood. . . And it follows that all right imaginative work is beautiful, which is a practical and brief law concerning it. All frightful things are either foolish, or sick, visits of frenzy, or pollutions of plague.

Thus Ruskin, using not unaptly as a symbol the Greek vase, urges the necessity for careful plot design, structural symmetry, beauty and nobility of subject-matter and treatment in all good fiction. Simple bars should be set between right and wrong, and the depicting of illness and vice excluded from the province of the first-rate novelist. Scott is alleged to have differed from "the common railroad-station novelist." in that he considered only lofty character to be worth describing at all, whereas the latter obtains the interest of the vulgar reader for the vilest character, by describing "carefully to his recognition the blotches, burrs and pimples in which the paltry nature resembles his own."

It is unfortunate that Ruskin should have approached the discussion of the novel only in his declining years, when mis-

fortune had been heaped upon misfortune in his private life, and his overworked mind had at last begun to give way to the brain disease that eventually brought his active life to a close. While his style is still eloquent—though extremely prolix—and much of his discourse is characterized by a vivacity and brilliance that are startling, there is a fiercely polemic quality throughout, and more than the usual amount of Ruskinian over-emphasis. His personal sorrows, his consciousness of being a rejected prophet, as well as the failure of his schemes for the regeneration of mankind, all combined to embitter his soul and to give his utterances an unwarranted harshness. One cannot evade the conclusion that his dislike for modern civilization and his inborn hatred of sadness and ugliness have unduly prejudiced him against many excellent works. But it is not surprising that one who inveighed like a Hebrew prophet against so much that was characteristic of nineteenth century civilization on its social and economic side, should have disliked the peculiar type of novel reflecting these tendencies. One has also to take into consideration the fact that there was something in Ruskin's temperament that made him unduly sensitive to evil and suffering of any sort. As one of his biographers has said, "his love of life and beauty gave rise to a perfectly morbid horror of what was ugly or sad—illness and death were ideas utterly repugnant in the terror they bore in upon him." A note of hysteria is evident in some of his most vehement denunciations, and the fantastic ingenuity by which he attempts to discredit several of Scott's novels merely because they contain morbid elements can only be interpreted in this light. It must in justice be said, however, that it is the intrinsic ugliness and squalor of so many modern novels—which he compared to the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus—that so afflicted Ruskin, not the mere presence of a certain chance element of coarseness or immorality. There are many passages in his works which show that he was at least no prude, and in one

place he expresses the opinion that fiction could be too obtrusively moral.

Ruskin's conception of "Fair Fiction" seems to have been largely determined by his admiration—developed in early life—for the novels of Scott. Although he cavilled at a few of the Waverley novels for their alleged morbid elements, in his favourites among them he saw the world depicted according to his own ideal, and the characters of men and women raised above the mire and moil of earthly weakness. The fact that such characterization is frequently one-sided and scarcely true to life did not weigh with him at all. His keen sensitiveness to goodness and beauty in every form made him positively hostile to the expression of ugliness or folly in the arts. With him a thing of beauty was truly a joy forever, and a novel which reflected the goodness of life a lasting delight.

If Ruskin had only contented himself with a measured condemnation of the so-called naturalistic and decadent schools of fiction, his essay might have been of very considerable merit. But it was seldom his habit to restrain himself to a moderate, reasoned utterance, when he felt strongly on a given subject. Ruskin would not be Ruskin if restrained, particularly in these later works. Nevertheless, *Fiction, Fair and Foul* is not by any means without value for us at the present time. Would that many of our up-and-coming young novelists—as well as some older ones—chose to devote a little more energy to the depicting of beauty and nobility and a little less to the portrayal of grime. The lack of form and even decent coherence in many of the much-extolled novels of the present day should not be allowed to pass uncriticized. Ruskin's apt reference to "a confused pebble heap of which you can only lift one pebble at a time" hits the white if directed at these novels. The complete lack of structural symmetry so prevalent to-day—a fault, curiously enough, often justified on the score of "originality"—would have received short shrift at Ruskin's hands. There

are certain fundamental requirements without which the art of fiction can scarcely survive, even though they may limit the freedom of the writer; and the contemporary novel stands in some peril from neglecting this fact.

The realism of Thackeray and George Eliot, which aimed at portraying life as candidly as Victorian convention would permit, was followed by the naturalistic cult, in origin largely Russian, Norwegian and French. The principle of selection, until recently considered of cardinal importance in the production of a work of art, seems to have been unconsciously inverted and employed by this school, for depicting the noxious and scabrous, sometimes with a great flourish of righteousness. Sheer ugliness, despair and unrelieved materialism abound in modern fiction. Aldous Huxley, as somebody has remarked, portrays men like clowns, like satyrs and like demons. It is not without reason that the question has been asked with reference to recent fiction: "After the gutter, what?" The average discriminating reader probably has little more desire to make the acquaintance of clowns and satyrs in books than in actual life. If the romantic school of fiction over-emphasized the pleasant and exotic aspects of life, our modern novelists have gone to the opposite extreme. There is need of balance.

The novel, moreover, is being commandeered for the purposes of propaganda, and certain specimens of modern fiction bear a suspicious resemblance to doctrinaire treatises. Wells the novelist has been practically submerged in Wells the social reformer and educator. It is high time that emphasis be laid once more on the novel as an art form and that some other medium be employed for the discussion of pressing social problems. After all, the critical essay is the most suitable medium for the conveyance of such ideas, and to use fiction consciously and deliberately for this purpose is scarcely admissible.

Ruskin's architectonic requirements for fiction may indeed

be criticized as extreme, but the present tendency of many novelists is in the direction of utter formlessness, and one wonders how long it will be before complete chaos is reached. Virginia Woolf definitely pleads that we should for the present tolerate "the spasmodic, the obscure, the fragmentary, the failure," in the expectation that a new method of character portrayal may be evolved by the younger writers. One may doubt whether any such devoutly-to-be-wished consummation will be reached. Certainly a reading of Virginia Woolf's own novel *To the Lighthouse* affords little hope. This exasperating book, which apparently aims at portraying the formless ebbings and flowings of the "stream of consciousness", may well be taken as an example of what the cult of formlessness is achieving. It is to be hoped that the limits of the amorphous have now been reached and that future novels may be provided with a few of the bones and sinews considered so necessary in the past not only by Ruskin, but by other critics as well.

CURRENT EVENTS

MANCHURIA.

The situation in Manchuria seems to be going steadily from bad to worse, and a permanent and satisfactory settlement recedes further into the uncertain future.

Annoyed by the attitude and actions of the Chinese in that area, the Japanese military authorities on the night of September 18th took the law into their own hands and marched on Mukden. The Chinese, completely taken by surprise and later acting on instructions from the governor, the young marshal, Chang Hseuh-Liang, and from the government at Nanking, withdrew without offering any serious resistance to the Japanese troops, who then proceeded to occupy the Chinese city, the barracks, and the \$200,000,000 (Mex) arsenal of the young marshal and seized sixty of his aeroplanes. Within a few days the Japanese troops were in complete control of all the railways in Southern Manchuria save a section of the Peiping-Mukden line and of every strategic point except a small area in the south-west (between Chinchow and the great wall), where the troops of Chang Hseuh-Liang were stationed and where the provisional headquarters of his government in Manchuria was situated.

Meanwhile the government at Nankin had appealed to the League of Nations, through the person of their London minister, Mr. Alfred Sze. It so happened that the Assembly of the League was then in session and the Council, of which Japan and China are both members, immediately met to consider the matter. After hearing the statements of both parties, and discussing the question among themselves, the members of the Council unanimously adopted a resolution authorizing the president of the Council:

(1) To make an urgent appeal to the two governments to refrain from any action which might aggravate the situation or prejudice the peaceful settlement of the problem;

(2) To endeavour, in consultation with the Chinese and Japanese representatives, to find adequate means of enabling the two countries to withdraw their troops immediately, without the lives of their nationals and the safety of their property being endangered;

(3) To forward to the United States government for its information all minutes and documents on the subject.

To this (on the 25th of September) the Japanese government replied: "The Japanese government desires to state that it has withdrawn the greater part of its forces to the railway zone and that they are concentrated there. Outside that zone, only a few troops are, as a precautionary measure, quartered in the town of Mukden and at Kirin, and a small number of soldiers have been placed at certain points, these measures not constituting any military occupation".

"The Japanese forces are being withdrawn to the fullest extent which is at present allowed by the maintenance of the safety of Japanese nationals and the protection of the railway. The Japanese government which intends to withdraw its troops to the railway zone in proportion as the situation improves, feels confident that the Council will, in this matter, trust the sincerity of its attitude".

The Council then adjourned (on September 30th) to meet again on October 14th. In the interval the news which reached Europe indicated that the Japanese army was tightening its hold on the principal strategic centres. Bombs were dropped on Chinese troops near Changchun; Newchwang was occupied; Chinchow itself was bombed. In view of this disturbing news the Council met earlier than it had intended, and to this session the United States, despite the protests of the Japanese govern-

ment, was invited to send an observer, which it did. On the 22nd of October the Council by a vote of 13 to 1 passed a resolution, calling on Japan "To begin immediately and proceed progressively with the withdrawal of her troops into the railway zone so that the total withdrawal may be effected before the date fixed for the next meeting of the Council, which was November 16."

On that date the Japanese not only had not withdrawn their troops to the railway zone but were attacking the Chinese near Tsitsihar in Northern Manchuria, hundreds of miles north of the terminus of the South Manchurian Railway, and were threatening Chinchow in the south-west. The Council, however, did meet and after several days of effort was able to persuade the Chinese and Japanese governments to agree to the appointment of a commission by the League, which would investigate the situation in Manchuria and would report back to the Council.

Following this, the government of China under President Chiang Kai Shek was forced to resign by the more radical elements (including the students) in the country, while the Japanese government was replaced by a more "conservative" group, which seems to be working in greater harmony with the military faction in Manchuria than did its predecessor. Meanwhile the League Committee of investigation has not yet been appointed, but the Japanese have captured Tsitsihar in the north, and have driven the Chinese out of Chinchow and beyond the great wall in the south and are threatening China proper. The immediate result of this Japanese advance has been a note from the United States government (similar to that issued in 1915 shortly before the Chinese were forced to agree to Japan's "twenty-one demands") declaring that it cannot recognize any agreement or undertaking entered into between China and Japan which may impair the treaty rights of the United States and its citizens in China, the political or territorial integrity of

the Republic of China or the international policy relating to China commonly known as the "Open Door Policy". In this connection the British Foreign Office states that Great Britain is not associating herself with the United States, and France and Italy seem to be standing aloof.

NORMAN MACKENZIE.

CANADA AND THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE.

The change of government in Britain and the departure of that country from its traditional policy of free trade brings the question of preferential trade within the Empire into the spotlight of public attention throughout Britain and the dominions. The adjourned meeting of the Imperial Economic Conference to be held at Ottawa this summer, therefore, promises to be of epochal significance in the history of British imperial relations. The policy of creating tariff structures in Britain and in the dominions which will provide substantial preferences for intra-imperial trade is not lacking in fervid and enthusiastic advocates. There is danger, indeed, that the fervour of such advocacy may create expectations which have no reasonable prospect of realization. That it is possible to increase the volume of intra-imperial trade, and that such increase will be to the mutual advantage of the states participating in it and, therefore, desirable from the point of view of public policy, is not questioned by impartial observers. That assumption made, it is the purpose of this article to indicate certain of the limits within which the negotiations at Ottawa will be conducted and to suggest that disillusionment awaits those who expect at the Ottawa Conference that measure of achievement which is predicted in many quarters.

An understanding of the historical background of the Conference is necessary to an appreciation of the difficulty and complexity of the problems confronting it. It is significant

that the revival of the demand for tariffs and for intra-imperial preferences is a by-product of an acute and world-wide economic depression. When conditions of trade were relatively satisfactory the slogan "Buy British" did not ring in our ears. By the outbreak of the Great War the movement ably championed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had subsided, but in the trying period of post-war deflation and adjustment it began to make a new appeal. In the case of Britain the present cycle of depression is but a second phase of a period of prolonged economic difficulty which extends back to the years immediately following the war. The causes of this depression have a real bearing on the problems of the Ottawa Conference.

In many respects the Great War terminated the epoch of the Industrial Revolution. By reason of its location, and of its possession of coal and iron Britain was enabled to assume the lead in industrial competition as it was conducted during the nineteenth century. But by the end of the century other nations, notably Germany and the United States, were close at her heels. The war itself, providing an artificial stimulus to industrial activity, left other nations with greatly enlarged and efficient industrial equipment. By the end of the war British industrial supremacy was being successfully challenged and the volume of her exports of manufactured goods began to decline.

A further consequence of the war likewise operated to the disadvantage of British industry. The war spirit intensified national sentiment among the people of Europe and new states were founded on the basis of this quickened national consciousness. In India and the Orient, by reason of other causes, the seedling of nationalism flourished and grew into a robust tree. This new nationalism, the desire to fortify their political independence by economic independence, immediately led these peoples to set about creating their own national industrial organization and equipment. Tariff barriers were erected to

protect the new industries. This situation reduced still further the demand for British industrial products. Prior, even, to the acute depression of 1929 British industry had found its markets in Europe and in Asia substantially restricted. The serious disturbance of international credit in recent years, the overwhelming burden of war debts and reparation payments merely aggravated an already difficult situation by reducing the purchasing power of Great Britain's customers.

Another significant development of the post-war period has complicated the situation still more seriously. The most significant changes effected in recent years in the technique of production have occurred in the field of agriculture. Labour-saving machinery has been devised which reduces the demand for labour in agriculture and has, in consequence, created a vast army of unemployed. The countries most seriously affected by this problem have sought to stimulate domestic industry as a means of reducing unemployment and have, therefore, reduced their purchases abroad.

The net result of the operation of these various forces in the post-war period has been to dry up many of the markets of British industry and to increase the army of unemployed in Britain. British industry looks to a system of Empire tariffs as a means by which markets may be found within the Empire to replace those which she has lost. The Ottawa Conference is expected to create these markets.

One other stream of thought, flowing through a channel but recently formed, pours its waters into the swelling river of economic imperialism. The Statute of Westminster, which became operative on December 1st last, marks the end of an epoch in the evolution of the political and constitutional relations subsisting between the self-governing dominions and the mother country, an epoch inaugurated by the Earl of Durham. Nearly a century ago successive British governments realized that British subjects residing in the colonies were entitled to

the right to manage their own domestic affairs, that the recognition of such a right was the only condition upon which strong and vigorous colonial communities could be created, and, even, upon which the integrity of the Empire could be preserved. The recognition of that principle, even as applicable to a limited sphere of interest, led inevitably to its extension to every aspect of the life of the dominion. The participation of the dominions in the effort and sacrifice of the Great War speeded up the process by which they were admitted to be entitled to the most ample rights of self-determination; the signing of the Treaty of Versailles involved a recognition of that right. The Imperial Conference of 1926 endeavoured to define explicitly—not to create—a relationship which already existed, but this definition possessed no legal validity. Certain provisions of British law were found to be inconsistent with the complete autonomy of the dominions in dealing with specific problems. By the Statute of Westminster these anomalous statutes are made inapplicable to a dominion unless the legislature of the dominion shall bring them into operation. The statute may seem, on the surface, to involve a deviation from traditional British usage in effecting constitutional changes by convention. The fact is that the rights of dominion autonomy have been acquired through custom, but, because certain acts of the British parliament limited those rights in practice, it became necessary to suspend their operation by the only authority competent to do so, namely, the parliament which had passed them.

There has seemed to be misapprehension of this situation in certain quarters in the motherland based on the assumption of concern in the dominions regarding an abstract and theoretical question of status. The issue has arisen not because of any consideration of theory but because resort was being made in practice to these statutes whose application placed limits to the exercise of self-government. Those in the dominions who

have been most active in urging this change have done so with the conviction that by the removal of the last obstacle to autonomy in government the bonds of empire were being strengthened. Notwithstanding this fact, a section of opinion in Britain persists in regarding the Statute of Westminster as disruptive and as closing the history of the political empire. With much greater justice might the epitaph of empire have been written when the dominions signed the peace treaty. The Statute of Westminster in this view involves the dissolution of the cement of empire; a substitute to bind the empire together is sought in reciprocal trade advantage. Now that the constitutional ties have been severed there remain no other bonds of empire than those of material gain and profit. "We no longer live in a political Empire; we must now see to it that our ability and resources are thrown into the enterprise of building and strengthening an economic union." This, likewise, is to be the task of the Ottawa Conference.

These two significant trends, one in the economic field and the other in the political, constitute the most significant aspects of the background of the Conference. The second may be dealt with first. The deduction of the necessity of forming an imperial economic union from the assumption of the disintegration of the political union is wholly unwarranted because the premises are not founded in fact. Are we only now discovering that the entire course of the development of imperial policy during the past century has been mistaken? Must we now set down Durham and Bagot and Elgin as utterly misguided and as wilful destroyers of the empire—those who in their innocence and simplicity thought to have laid the foundation of empire in mutual esteem and affection between colony and mother country? There may be necessity for an imperial economic union, but that necessity cannot be discovered in the impending disruption of the political empire. When the call of danger arose in 1914, was there thought of material gain? Let these

gloomy pessimists enquire whether the heart of the dominions has changed since those days of two years ago when every home was linked in a bond of common anxiety and then of relief and spontaneous rejoicing with a certain sick room in Buckingham Palace. One cannot but be apprehensive of the consequences of a policy based on the assumption of the insecurity of the present foundations of empire.

The other aspect of the background is more baffling. The driving power behind the present push for economic imperialism is unquestionably the British industrialist and his purpose is to secure wider markets and to keep the wheels of industry moving. That is not vicious in itself but a perfectly intelligible form of enlightened self-interest. He will seek to achieve his ends by persuading the governments of the dominions to offer such effective preferences in their tariff structures as will enable him to meet the competition of the foreign producer and by inducing the government of Britain to build a tariff wall against certain commodities produced within the dominions but now imported in large measure from foreign countries. He hopes to be able to offer the dominions certain advantages in the form of the extension of dominion trade in exchange for the new markets to be opened to British industry.

To deal, first, with the case of the extension of the markets for British manufactured goods, there are distinct limits within which arrangements to that end may be effected. Dominion industry, already acutely conscious nationally and virtually guaranteed the domestic market by dominion tariffs, will not willingly surrender its fortified position. It is, therefore, the field of commodities now imported by the dominions from foreign countries which must be explored to find the new market for British industry. It may be discovered that Britain can provide certain goods now imported by Canada, for example, from the United States. The crux of the question of advantage in changing the direction of trade is the element of

price. If the change can be effected without raising the price to the consumer, it becomes wholly desirable. If the price is increased to the dominion consumer, the advantage becomes more dubious. The fact that under existing tariff conditions, which, as a general rule, provide the British manufacturer with a preference over his foreign competitor in Canada, this market has not been captured by Britain leads to the suspicion that British costs are higher and that the change in the source of supply will be effected at an increase in price. This situation, however, will be met by compensating consumer A for the higher prices he may pay for a British commodity by giving producer B in Canada a higher price for the commodity he sells to consumer C in Britain. Consumers A and C may not appreciate the national advantage of such an arrangement, particularly if the commodity imported is used in the production of some other commodity sold in the export or world market. If the change in the channels of trade results only in a general increase of prices, even should these be equitably distributed, there is no advantage to the Empire but rather a disadvantage because the cost of producing commodities which must be sold outside the Empire will be increased and selling power thereby diminished. The only condition upon which this type of bargain can prove of final advantage is that purchasers should receive equal value for their expenditure of capital under the new arrangement. This cannot be done if prices are increased. One of the real dangers of the Ottawa Conference is that it will be primarily a producers' conference and that the rights of consumers, unless they are likewise producers, will not be effectively protected. The organization of the consumers lags far behind that of the producers in the modern economic structure. The interest of the consumer is, therefore, in danger of being neglected in the forthcoming discussion unless governments set themselves firmly against the enhancement of prices in consequence of tariff arrangements.

Similar difficulties surround the extension of the sale of dominion products in Britain. British imports from the dominions have been composed almost wholly of food or the raw materials of industry. The market has been free and Britain has purchased where she could meet her requirements most cheaply. It is difficult to see how impediments can be placed in the way of supplying fundamental needs of British industry without an increase of price. The problem of wheat illustrates the difficulties of this situation. It is not proposed to exclude foreign wheat by means of a tariff, because of the fear of enhancing prices but it is suggested that the volume of Empire grown wheat will be increased by fixing a certain proportion or quota which must be used in the manufacture of flour, but would be sold at the prevailing world price. The introduction of a greater measure of stability in the Canadian grain trade through the provision of a secured market would be of unquestioned advantage to Canada. But the net advantage may easily be overestimated because the gain in one direction may be offset by losses in another. The total sales of Canadian grain in Britain are less than her sales to foreign countries. To the extent to which the competition of foreign grain is reduced in the British market it is likely to be increased in the non-British market. Experience alone can demonstrate where the balance of advantage will rest.

The law of compensation has a disconcerting habit of dogging the heels of many of these artificial changes in the course of trade. We in Canada have recently had an illuminating demonstration of this *Nemesis*. The late government was stampeded into cancelling an agreement with New Zealand by which butter from that dominion was imported extensively into Canada and we, in exchange, sent motor cars to New Zealand. The Canadian dairy industry was represented incorrectly as on the verge of ruin. The New Zealand dairyman, excluded from the Canadian market, converts his butter into

cheese and threatens to drive the Canadian cheese-maker from the British market where his sales of butter, likewise, have increased. In the meantime a most valuable market for Canadian motor cars has been seriously disrupted.

In much of the discussion regarding imperial trade there is an implicit assumption that some stigma of disadvantage, if not of disloyalty, is attached to trade with a foreigner, whereas there is an inherent virtue in trading with a member of the same political group. In the end the only sound principle of judgment is the economic advantage of the trading operation. If present channels of trade can be closed and others opened within the empire without sacrificing the benefits of economic advantage, substantial good will result from the Ottawa Conference; if intra-imperial trade is increased at the cost of higher prices, time will demonstrate that the best interests of the empire have not been served.

One field which must necessarily be explored relates to the substitution in Canada of British-made goods for the products of the United States. In the case of certain commodities one difficulty stands in the way. British industrialists have agreed with producers in the United States that the Canadian demand for such commodities shall be met by the United States. This kind of arrangement has doubtless been of advantage to the British manufacturer because in exchange he has received concessions with respect to other markets. The net result of such appropriation of specific markets by agreement may readily be to the economic advantage of the producing countries and may even be reflected in lower prices to the consumer. The extent to which the Canadian market may be allotted by such arrangements has not been disclosed but, whether it be great or small, it constitutes an impediment to the purchase of British goods in Canada. The British producer may even be unwilling to surrender the *quid pro quo* which he

has received as a concession for abandoning the Canadian market.

Our present channels of trade have been formed as a result of long experience in buying and selling. They represent the practical conclusions of the people actively engaged from day to day in the business of merchandising. It is significant that two-thirds of the exports of Canada cross the boundaries of the Empire while four-fifths of our imports come from foreign countries, despite the fact that in many cases a preference is given to empire products. While there would seem to be scope for the extension of trade within the Empire, experience has demonstrated that, when left to find its own channel, the greater part of our trade flows to or from foreign countries. Trade is essentially a two-way movement; the disturbance of the inward-flowing stream will inevitably effect changes in the movement outward. No people can continue to sell if they persist in a refusal to buy. The shift from foreign to intra-empire buying may readily be attended by economic disadvantages. There is not, therefore, any justification for the assumption that an increase in the volume of intra-imperial trade will necessarily promote the economic welfare of the countries constituting the empire. If, as a result of the inquiries now being made, the total volume of the trade of the empire states can be increased, real advantage may be expected. Attention may be directed with profit to the discovery of wholly new demands for commodities which may be supplied from within the Empire.

Certain of the political implications of the new economic imperialism cannot be regarded without misgivings. The attempt to shift emphasis from the spiritual to the material bond of empire involves real danger. The introduction of the element of bargaining for material advantage, particularly when it becomes associated, as most certainly it will be, with considerations of loyalty to a political organization, may be-

come a singularly disruptive force. Where the subject-matter of discussion is of such a concrete character there is real danger of disappointment and dissatisfaction. In this game of bargaining the great economic power of Britain gives her distinct advantage. Should, unhappily, this superior power be employed in a manner which constitutes the exercise of pressure on any of the constituent members of the Empire, a strain will be placed on the bonds of political association. The right of self-determination, jealously guarded by the dominions, includes the right of determining the character of the economic structure to be erected in the empire-states as well as that of its political institutions. Interference with economic freedom will not become more palatable because attempted under the guise of promoting political unity. Economic advantages, designed as a golden strand in the bond of empire, may prove to be an apple of discord disturbing the harmony of the imperial family.

The project of an imperial economic union is unfortunate in its companionship. The growth of the more intense nationalisms of the post-war period has been deplored universally as one of the most effective causes of the disturbance of the world's economic balance. The realization of the ideal of the new economic imperialists involve the creation of a new 'nationalism', much more powerful and, therefore, capable of doing greater damage than any now existing. At a time when the disturbing consequences of the intense economic nationalism of the United States and of France are being appreciated even within those countries it would seem desirable to pause before following in their footsteps. Only on the assumption that, as in the case of the "gold cure" as a remedy for alcoholism, a surfeit of nationalism will produce such a nausea as will cure the disease can such a policy be justified, but the remedy may well prove to be worse than the malady. The world is waiting eagerly for a lead in international co-operation; its salvation depends on the discovery of such leadership. Should the British

peoples now embark on a policy of economic isolation, the return to sanity and to safety in international relations may be postponed with fateful consequences. There is reason for the belief that were it not for the near approach of a presidential election in the United States, with its inevitable appeal to the lower forms of self-interest, effective co-operation might be obtained from that country. The holding of the election, apart from the complexion of the party returned, may clear the atmosphere and give the government greater freedom of action. It would be singularly disastrous if at this stage the deliberations of the Ottawa Conference should issue in the further obstruction of international trade and in the reduction of the rapidly diminishing fund of international goodwill.

A heavy burden of responsibility rests on the delegates to the Conference. When confronted with specific problems they may find the field of their operations more limited than they had anticipated. It is important that their efforts shall not be regarded as issuing in failure, and, to that end, that wholly illusory expectations of a refurbished empire should be discouraged. The framework of imperial trade cannot be taken down and reconstructed by round-table discussion. Results of modest proportions may, in the end, prove of greatest advantage to Britain, to the dominions, and to the Empire.

D. McARTHUR.

BOOK REVIEWS

NATURAL SCIENCE

The Scientific Outlook, by Bertrand Russell. (London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.)

The word scientific can be used with a great variety of meanings. There are scientific prize-fighters and scientific football teams; there is the scientific method in historical and theological research; an inventor like Edison is scientific no less than the discoverer Einstein; and the age in which we live is scientific. Of all this Mr. Bertrand Russell is well aware and in his recent volume there is no confusion between science as the pursuit of knowledge and science as "the power of manipulating nature." In a book of less than three hundred pages the author finds space to explain the nature and the limitations of the scientific method of acquiring knowledge; to give some outstanding examples of man's increased power over nature in such varied fields as physics, biology, physiology, and psychology; and, in a third section, to discuss the possible nature of a social order conducted on purely scientific lines.

Throughout the book, whether Mr. Russell is discussing the metaphysical significance of recent discoveries in physics, or the deductions regarding human mentality which may be drawn from Pavlov's experiments on the behaviour of dogs, everywhere his theses are presented with admirable clearness. To give a single illustration, Mr. Russell points out that Heisenberg's "Principle of Indeterminacy" in physics has to do with measurement, not with causation, and consequently in his opinion should not be used as a philosophic argument in support of the doctrine of the freedom of the will. Of course

the author is an out and out rationalist who loses no opportunity to present the claims of a rationalist society. Few will agree with all his conclusions, but all fair-minded individuals will enjoy his clarity, his humour, and his good-natured sarcasm. Occasionally the desire to make an epigram or to press unduly his rationalistic claims leads Mr. Russell to forget the scientific method. It is somewhat of a libel on many modern theologians to state that "it is a practice of theologians to laugh at science because it changes," and it is not true, at least in one sense, that in the field of religion "the experimental method has hardly penetrated at all." In this reviewer's opinion, the religion of Jesus (not necessarily that of organized Christianity) is essentially experimental. But the book is highly recommended for perusal by all theologians, most parsons, all scientists, and indeed all men who have any real interest in the development of the human race. J. K. R.

* * * * *

Advancing Science, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (London: Ernest Benn, Limited.)

Scientists for the most part are inarticulate, or, if they do attempt to express themselves for the benefit of their non-scientific brethren, they are frequently obscure. Sir Oliver Lodge, however, is an outstanding exception, and numerous popular or semi-popular books testify to his ability to write in an entertaining fashion about scientific matters. The recent centennial celebration of the foundation of the British Association for the Advancement of Science has provided an appropriate time for the publication of this small volume in which Sir Oliver gives personal reminiscences of the meetings of that distinguished body for the last thirty years of the nineteenth century. It is brief and sketchy, in a few places technical, but not without interest to the educated layman to

whom such names as Maxwell, Kelvin, Rayleigh, Crookes and Thomson are familiar. In days when numerous and striking applications of science tend to create a wrong idea of what scientific investigation really is, any book is welcome which shows the true path of discovery. In these brief pictures of the yearly gatherings of men united by a common desire to understand the laws of Nature, one gets a glimpse of the birth of an idea, of its gradual development by the disinterested study and experiment of many minds, of the new avenues leading on and on to the goal that is never reached. Important applications for the benefit of mankind may or may not result: it matters not, the search for the ultimate continues.

J. K. R.

* * * * *

An Introduction to the Literature of Vertebrate Zoology.

Compiled and edited by Casey A. Wood. (Oxford University Press.)

This ponderous volume, based chiefly on the very great collection in the libraries of McGill University, consists of a brief history of the subject, indices, and a partially annotated catalogue. As history an inadequate picture is presented, but probably as fair as could be done with such brevity. It really claims to be but an introduction to the literature. The indices seem satisfactory and the catalogue adequately descriptive.

This catalogue of 469 pages deals chiefly with natural history (a great deal of it very old), reports of expeditions, files of journals and proceedings of societies. Rare and unique books, of which there are many, are often described even if devoted to such subjects as astrology or arithmetic. Titles range from such as "Outings at Odd Times" or "Travels among the Tree Tops" to "Pets for Pleasure and Profit" and "The Homœopathic Poultry Physician."

The great field of experimental zoology appears to be quite neglected and to those interested in modern zoological science this book will not be very useful. However, for the naturalist and for those who like books for their age, binding, printing—anything but their contents—this volume should prove invaluable.

R. O. E.

* * * * *

POETRY AND VERSE

An Acadian Singer: Francis Sherman. By H. G. Wade. Pp. 16. Winnipeg: Stovel Company Limited. 1930.

Dreams of Fort Garry. By Robert Watson. With woodcuts by Walter J. Phillips. Pp. 63. Winnipeg: Stovel Company, Limited, 1931.

In *An Acadian Singer* (reprinted from *The Western Home Monthly*), Mr. Wade gives us a brief account of the late Francis Sherman (1871-1926) with eulogies from some who knew and loved him. Sherman at his best—and perhaps Emerson is right in insisting that every man is entitled to be judged by his best moment—was a thoughtful and graceful poet. His single volume, *Matins*, responds simply and sensitively to the invitation of woods and waters, and some of his later sonnets approach distinction.

Mr. Watson presents a number of swiftly changing pictures of early pioneer life in Western Canada. The verses have a vigorous swing and serve their purpose pretty well. Despite his understanding of his theme, however, the author lacks the prosodic skill shown in *The Bells of Shandon*—a skill which did not save even O'Mahony's verses in this kind from occasional decline into doggerel. Mr. Phillips's woodcuts are sympathetic and workmanlike.

THEOLOGY

The Natural and the Supernatural. By John Oman, Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge.

The Teaching of Jesus. By T. W. Manson. Cambridge University Press. 1931.

In all fields of study books that really matter are comparatively rare. Two such books in the field of religion have recently appeared in England, both from the same Church, the same College and the same Press. Dr. Oman's book I would commend to philosophers and thinkers at large as earnestly as to theologians. It is strictly a work of philosophy, not of theology, of philosophy proper rather than of "the philosophy of religion" if by that phrase be understood an aspect or subsection of philosophy; for the book might be said, but not literally, to begin and end with a theory of perception. Herein it deserves the attention of philosophers who are concerned with such matters, and not less of theologians whose constructions are apt to appear abstract and unreal just because their theories of "the spiritual" are in no clear relation to "the natural".

The great sin, if I may so paraphrase Dr. Oman, to which the religious and the irreligious alike are prone, is insincerity, the refusal to trust our eyes and to face honestly the experiences which life brings to us. Unless blinded by passion or prejudice or by some other sophistication man is aware of a two-fold environment or a double aspect of his whole environment, a physical and a spiritual, or, to use Dr. Oman's terminology, a natural and a supernatural. The way of wisdom or philosophy or salvation is by a true and right reaction of the whole personality to the sum total of reality of

which we are aware, by feeling the emotion truly appropriate to each occasion, by willing that which is right and by an intellectual openness to what life will teach us if, instead of imposing our theories upon it, we allow it to make its own natural appeal to us. In particular, we have been misled by Descartes and those philosophically minded scientists who would explain the process by its first beginnings. Human life as we know and live it may perhaps explain the protozoa out of which it ultimately arises, but certainly the protozoa do not explain human life; likewise, if we would understand this mysterious existence, it is idle with Descartes to seek for some ultimate, irreducible postulate such as, "I think, therefore I am", and out of this to try to build up the Universe. We shall discover the secret by looking forward rather than by looking back. We must stand upon the tip-toe of our highest human experience and the experience of the race, its instincts, its aspirations, its dim intuitions, and even so we shall but see through a glass darkly. But in the sphere of the sacred (which is the sphere of religion), that is, in respect of that which seems to us to be of absolute worth or to impose upon us an absolute obligation, we have some real light upon the nature of the supernatural environment of which we are aware. "We know the Supernatural, as it reflects itself in the sense of the holy; it has for us absolute value, directly and without further argument; and the question is not that it exists, but how it exists in its relation to us and our relation to it. We can make no more out of arguing abstractly about it than we should out of arguing abstractly, as men long did, about the Natural. The supreme task, the task which has more than any other marked human progress, has been to discover the true Supernatural, and this means again to exercise the true sense of the holy and have the right judgment of the sacred. Only as we are related to it and it to us by the right judgment inspired by

the right feeling, can we with profit ask "What is the Supernatural?" But it is impossible in a brief notice to give any adequate idea of the richness and suggestiveness of this book which in its own field I conceive to be the most important book of this century, at least in English.

There is inevitably much in Mr. Manson's book which is technical, yet the book is so illuminating, so clear in its main outline and suffused with so truly religious a spirit that it may be commended to all educated persons who are deeply interested in the Founder of Christianity. In philosophy Mr. Manson was the best man of his year in Scotland; he took a first class in Semitic languages in Cambridge and is an expert in Rabbinic Hebrew as well as in the Aramaic dialects; he is therefore unusually well equipped on the academic side to approach the New Testament; he has the further advantage of a real sense of religion. If some of his exegesis is uncertain, and if he has no completely satisfying answer to the difficult questions with which he deals, he has given us a work of first class scholarship and of deep understanding which is a signal contribution to his subject. The wrapper correctly states that "the main object of these studies is to demonstrate two propositions: (a) that the form in which the teaching of Jesus is delivered is determined by two factors: the kind of audience addressed, and the period in the ministry—before or after Peter's confession; (b) that the key to the contents of the teaching is the prophetic notion of the Remnant; that 'the Son of Man' in the teaching represents Jesus' formulation of the Remnant ideal; and that he is the Son of Man by embodying that ideal in his own person". I do not feel satisfied that Mr. Manson has proved his first proposition quite satisfactorily, but his treatment of the second is most important and suggestive.

N. M.

HISTORY

The Evolution of England, A Commentary on the Facts. By James A. Williamson. Oxford, 1931. Pp. 481.

Mr. Williamson's work on the early history of British adventure and enterprise across the Atlantic has already established his reputation as a sound scholar capable of telling his story in a thoroughly interesting manner. In this his latest production the same qualities of scholarship and artistry are even more marked.

This volume presents a thoroughly excellent survey of the history of Great Britain from the time of the Roman occupation to the present. It does not attempt to present new facts but does frequently suggest a new interpretation in which the influence of geographic conditions is stressed to a greater degree than in other works. Possibly the chief merit of the volume is its singularly successful attempt to rationalize historical processes by reference to fundamental influences. The distribution of weight among these controlling forces is not infrequently new but is always convincing. A good illustration of this new emphasis is found in the author's treatment of the position of Elizabeth with respect to France and Spain in the years immediately following her accession to the throne. After indicating that England stood "at the cross-roads of international power, at the point of intersection of two lines of political influence"—the French-Scottish and the Spanish-Netherlands line—he proceeds, "England occupied the central square in a game of noughts-and-crosses. If either side, France-Scotland or Spain-Netherlands, could write its mark on England, it could cry victory and dominate Europe. For ten years Elizabeth defended her square against both with the ingenious diplomacy of which she was a master. Then the board caught fire and flamed up in the wars of the Counter-Reformation—all except the English centre."

Or, again, discussing early British colonization in America, a field which Mr. Williamson has made peculiarly his own: "The Spanish treasure fleets entered the Caribbean Sea through the chain of the Lesser Antilles, and left it by the Florida Channel, near the Virginia Coast, a course which the prevailing winds and currents compelled them to take. An English post in Guiana would be a base of attack on the Spanish trade route as it approached the West Indies, and a similar post in Virginia would permit attack on the homeward bound treasure ships. Between them they might strangle the trade that produced the wealth of Spain." Such passages as these indicate the method employed in relating public policy to primary realities which are frequently overlooked.

The book is most readable and provides an illuminating and suggestive survey of the course of development of the British people. It deserves a place in the library of the general reader interested in British history.

D. McA.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

MAY, 1932

JUDGMENTS ON APPEAL—I

HENRY JAMES, THE ESSENTIAL NOVELIST

BY PELHAM EDGAR

THERE is no question here of a rehabilitation of Henry James. He is, to be sure, at the moment more taken for granted than read, but his reputation, for all that, is secure, and he holds the anomalous position, in spite of all neglect, of being in a formative way the most important novelist of his time. What he lacks and what he possesses we may now all too briefly examine.

Some of the objections against his work are generalizations without point or depth. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, for example,¹ elaborates the specious argument that a writer who abandons his country is invariably shorn of his strength. Hardy, we might agree, would have written less convincingly if he had shifted his base to Scotland or America, but the material in which James worked could not be found concentrated in a hundred square miles of heath and meadow. There were rare

¹*The Pilgrimage of Henry James.*

moments in which he felt that he had not adequately nourished his genius, as we may gather from a letter to his brother William cautioning him to guard his children against the dangers of the uprooted state and urging him to permit them "to contract local saturations and attachments in respect to their *own* great and glorious country, to learn, and strike roots into, its infinite beauty, as I suppose, and variety . . . Its being their own will double their *use* of it."

As a generalization we can admit the truth of Mr. Brooks's contention that the home-keeping novelist has a better chance and possesses his material more securely than one who flees from his native responsibilities. But as a particularization for James's individual case the argument imperfectly applies. In the first place, he was possessed of as much American material as he could, perhaps, absorb, and he confidently employed that limited amount. And again we must realize that a man's country is not always or necessarily the country of his birth. We must distinguish between our natural and our spiritual home, and every circumstance of the young James's upbringing turned his mind and inclinations Europe-wards. As he matured these affinities strengthened. What increasingly interested him were the developed forms of civilization, the nice accretions which time and tradition alone can give.

Civilization in the making is exciting, but that could never be peculiarly James's affair except as affording the artistic relief of contrasted types. We may conclude that James followed the law of his own genius, and even if he never succeeded in taking the hue of his adopted surroundings he was the better fitted to instruct the Englishman and the Frenchman in aspects of their own civilization worth recording, but which by excess of familiarity had escaped their attention.

Mr. H. G. Wells's ascription of triviality to James demands a sharper protest, for it rests on a perverse misapprehension of the function of the novel. It is a form, we grant,

that may be bent to many legitimate uses, but the more you deviate from its essential conditions the more dangers you incur. If you work outwards from a core of human interest you can be argumentative, didactic, reformatory, sociological and many things besides, but always at the peril of the artistic integrity of your process. James neglects these excrescent attachments of fiction, and concentrates all the powers of his intellect on the artistic presentation of human behaviour under conditions designed to reveal character at the maximum of intensity that situations on the hither side of tragedy may bear. It is by virtue of these abstentions, and by his supreme concentration on the central interest, that we venture to name him the 'essential' novelist. His work is the most rigidly canalized we know, with never a leak in the firm cement of its masonry, and never a deviation in the mathematical directness of its flow. Such Euclidean exactness is teasing to many readers, but while we can understand Mr. Wells's impatience at the supreme concentrative process of the novels and their apparent defect in general interest, we must again insist that their themes are of such importance as to escape his too casual imputation of triviality. At the worst James is occasionally more orotund and magnificent in manner than a slight occasion may warrant, wrapping a simple situation round with a bewildering web of words.

Other criticisms have more sanction in the facts, for every author must have the defects of his qualities. The sheet must always be balanced, and if we get something in abundance we pay for it somewhere else. Thus if we have no stint of the refined subtleties that extreme culture provides, we may be prepared for a deficiency in the raw materials of human nature. Henry James, then, is accused of not being primitive enough, of doing scant justice, for example, to such elemental characters as abound in the novels of George Eliot and Hardy. Such characters are certainly not James's chosen field, and he would

be ill at ease with a peasant or a labourer on his hands, yet he is not utterly deficient in simple types, and he occasionally 'does' them well. They are merely not in his general scheme, any more than the shop-keeper at his counter, or the professional man at his desk. We find the business man bewilderedly roaming Europe, in which lost state he is sufficiently convincing, and there is the study of a professional man, Sir Luke Strett, in *The Wings of the Dove*, that is one of the minor successes of the book. The objection, then, we shall let pass as a valid one, making merely the reservation that if elemental qualities are in question an author sufficiently skilled can discover them beneath all the obscuring folds of civilization. It is a more exacting problem, but James went far towards solving it.

It is in his later books that James imagined himself to have found his true direction. They were the fruit of prolonged observation and ceaseless concern for the art of presentation. But the subtlety which went to their making, and certain stylistic peculiarities which developed when Miss Bosanquet's typewriter was substituted for his own pen, combined to limit the circle of his audience until ultimately his books became the delight only of the curious and courageous reader. His complaints on this ground are comical when they are not pathetic. He knew that his range of observation had widened and that he had learned by repeated experimentation, so he fondly imagined, every technical device for revealing the latent values of a theme. But as his power grew his readers vanished, and this brings us to the very heart of the James problem. Is it possible, we ask ourselves, that a subject may be overworked? Does life leak out when art comes in, and will the novel of the future be lighter in its elaboration and more genially careless in its effects? I do not like to think so. I feel that the public has been too easily frightened, and that the last books are definitely and demon-

strably finer than the first. But also we must realize that Henry James was a pioneer two hundred years after his art had been first established, and if there is something stiff and constrained in his movements his successors may profit by his labours, and gain ease and freedom from his example.

No purpose would be served by dwelling on the early books, which, save for the very earliest, are none the less delightful reading for being somewhat belatedly in the expiring romantic tradition. Transition dawned in *The Portrait of a Lady*, and deepened in *The Princess Casamassima*. After *The Tragic Muse* (1889) came a period when he confined himself to dramatic writing and the composition of short stories. It was during this season of abstention from major novel-writing that his later theories of fiction germinated, and they find their untrammelled manifestation in a half-length novel, *The Spoils of Poynton*, which appeared in 1896. From then onward he was almost painfully conscious of the effect he wished to produce and of the means of producing it. If this new discipline had entailed a loss of spontaneity we might well regret the change, but we find rather an increase of compositional ardour, and an inspirational glow that is lacking in the more naïve works of his early prime. A further interest is engendered by the remarkable variety of method from book to book. A uniform style binds them together, but apart from their rhetoric each book is a new experiment in design. The cunning with which they are contrived demands closer attention than we are usually willing to bring to fiction. There are so many dodges that, even with the commentary of the prefaces, we are likely to miss not a few. Mr. Lubbock comes valiantly to our aid in his masterly analysis of *The Ambassadors*. For the other books we must rely unfortunately on our own more limited insight.

One of these, *The Wings of a Dove*, I propose to go into with some care. For the remainder, I limit myself to the

briefest annotation merely to indicate the variety of attack which differentiates them.

We know that James habitually found his incentive in a theme, and fitted his characters to his subject rather than the subject to the characters. One illustrative figure at the most might be a twin birth with the idea. The genesis of *The Spoils of Poynton* is known. A dinner-table conversation had given him the suggestion of a woman who in her husband's life-time had made his house beautiful with objects that her taste had brought together, and who after his death faces the prospect of losing the things she loved by the marriage of her son with a girl who could not value them. I can think of no other novelist who would have been thrilled with the possibilities of such a theme, but it entered James's imagination and he achieved a minor masterpiece.

We shall not follow all the steps by which it grew. It is sufficient to say that he rejected the subsequent detail which life provided in this particular instance, and allowed himself to be swayed by what he regarded as the superior logic of the imagination. His task was to create the world of people (and the smaller and more workable this world the better) who should allow the idea its unimpeded growth. Mrs. Gereth's identity once firmly established necessitated the inevitable kind of son and prospective daughter-in-law for complicating the action. But it was when he had discovered Fleda Vetch that the supreme precipitation of all the elements was possible. Everything now became drama reflected through her personality, and she blessedly permits the author to retreat into his inscrutable background. It was under such impersonal conditions that James's creative imagination most liberally worked, and these were to be the law of all his future compositions.

To organize a theme round some pivotal centre, to find the requisite balance for all its conflicting forces and by a skilful distribution of emphasis to reveal the harmony that lies at the

heart of complexity, these are preoccupations which can be exhibited only on a miniature scale within the brief compass of *The Spoils of Poynton*, and the next half-length novel, *What Maisie Knew*, is only another short step forward in the main direction. We find more to our purpose in *The Awkward Age*, the deft workmanship of which even James has not surpassed.

This book was something in the nature of a challenge. Some of his converted dramas, *The Outcry* and *The Other House*, we may instance, fell naturally into the conversational mould. We may entertain the view that every subject has its appropriate form of presentation, but *The Awkward Age* was cast in dialogue mainly because James was dissatisfied with the disordered way in which dialogue was employed in current fiction. There seemed no inevitable reason other than this for his choice of the scenic method. He had always maintained the high virtue of dialogue. It is the novelist's main dramatic resource, but its highest effect is gained when it is prepared by all the devices which the novelist, unlike the dramatist, has at his disposal. He was now determined to prove that speech, even deprived of this support, is competent to bear the whole weight of the action, and he chose a drawing-room comedy as his testing medium. His success was extraordinary. It would not be correct to say that there is no deviation from dialogue. There are brilliant thumb-nail sketches identifying the characters, but except for these there is nothing but speech—no narrative, no description beyond the barest indication, no analysis, and no general reflection. Yet the story gets itself in movement, and the characters develop themselves in sharpest outline. James felt that he had never surpassed the presentation of Mrs. Brookenham. The general reader is perhaps more impressed by Nanda, and is fully seized of the characters of Mr. Longdon, Vanderbank, the Duchess, and Mitchy. In sheer cleverness James has never surpassed this sparkling

ironic comedy, but it is doubtful if he has profited by his own example, for the dialogue of his later books, fine though it is, has not the same liveliness or revealing quality.

We must beware of regarding James as a mathematician delighting only in pure form. He cultivates form always in the interest of substance, holding it as an affair of conscience that his human material should have the finest rendering that art can contrive. There is always an interblending of the two aspects, and his meaning is missed when we fail to grasp this fusion. If I have emphasized the formal element in James it is because he valued its heightening possibilities more than any of his contemporaries, who so often are artists as it were by accident. But the human values we must never slight, and one might hazard the opinion that if James had been endowed with a richer sense of life he would have been incomparably the greatest novelist who ever lived. What we have is fine enough to be thankful for, and in a relative way we may say that he has made the fullest use of the gifts he possessed.

And these gifts on the human side are not small. He did not touch life on so many sides as others one might name, but his perceptions within their limitations are still very fine and true. He has not more humour than would fill his sails with the gentlest breeze, but there is in him a blending of tenderness and irony that is almost unique in our literature, so rarely do these two qualities co-exist. *The Awkward Age*, and *What Maisie Knew* exhibit this combination to perfection, but not more perfectly than *The Wings of the Dove*.

Here the tenderness is provided for in the circumstance of James's personal experience. His life abounded in friendships, but, whether he was capable or not of the intensities of passion, the woman once existed whom he might have loved. It was his cousin Mary Temple, whom in his caressing retrospective way he commemorates in his autobiographical memoir, and whom he revives for us in the tragic figure of Mildred Theale.

She was absolutely afraid of nothing she might come to by living with enough sincerity and enough wonder; and I think it is because one was to see her launched on that adventure in such bedimmed, such almost tragically compromised conditions, that one is caught by her title to the heroic and pathetic mark. . . . One may have wondered rather doubtingly what life would have had for her, and how her exquisite faculty of challenge could have worked in with what she was likely otherwise to have encountered or been confined to. None the less did she in fact cling to consciousness; death at the last was dreadful to her; she would have given anything to live—and the image of this, which was long to remain with me, appeared so of the essence of tragedy that I was in the far-off aftertime to seek to lay the ghost by wrapping it, a particular occasion aiding, in the beauty and dignity of art.

So much for the tenderness. What humour there is flows entirely from Mrs. Lowder, whose ponderous effectiveness is lightly rendered. But the hilarity is not excessive and the irony is withheld until the closing pages, when Kate touches the triumph of her treachery to find Milly's pale ghost rising between her and the consummation of her desire.

I have not yet discussed style in its rhetorical aspect. With James this would be a grave omission, for with respect to the choice and manipulation of words, and in the harmonious fall of his periods he is a sufficient master. In qualities of actual writing he bears it away from all his rivals. He is consistently finer than Meredith or Hardy, and there are in him more pages that we dwell on for the sheer beauty of the expression. Infelicities there are, of course, but these are mainly constructional, such as his multiplied parentheses, and a mannerism that grew upon him of wilfully misplacing his prepositions. A grammarian could not analyse, and most certainly could not parse the following sentence from *The Wings of the Dove*:

It was the handsome girl alone, one of his own species and his own society, who had made him feel uncertain; of his certainties about a mere little American, a cheap exotic, imported almost wholesale and whose habitat, with its conditions of climate, growth and cultivation, its immense profusion but its few varieties and their development, he was perfectly satisfied.

There is something more radically wrong in this sentence than a mere suspended meaning. But there is no need to multiply these trifling but teasing peculiarities. His greatness as a writer stands out the more prominently because alone among his contemporaries he had the courage of length. There is a conspiracy of brevity among our writers, and whatever value for beauty there is in the sustained period we have lost. When James is at his best the great wash of his words flows like a tide into all the emotional recesses of his subject, and we are willing then to forgive the occasional heaviness and the not infrequent over-elaboration.

The Wings of the Dove has as much of this verbal music as any of his novels, and the construction of the fable, though less subtle and successful than he had hoped, bears every evidence of the accustomed Jamesian care. The focal centre of the book is the exposition of Milly Theale's predicament. What are the difficulties to be encountered, and what the best ways of circumventing them? She is to be made delicate, because it is of the essence of the book that life shall elude her, and rich and sensitive because she must have at her command all the possibilities that life can offer. Experiences must be invented to reveal her qualities, and characters devised to generate these experiences and reflect her influence.

These conditions James readily fulfilled, but he 'got off' as we say to a brilliant but disastrous start, if a proportional distribution of interest was to be attained. In other words, he built up the Kate Croy and Densher background so elaborately

that he did not leave himself sufficient space to develop the crucial second half of his book. And apart from this loss of the true perspective, he ran the risk of establishing two centres where one was intended. He has, therefore, to labour very hard to keep Milly Theale in the foreground of our interest, and that he has succeeded is as great a tribute to his manipulative skill as his triumph in *The Ambassadors*, where his original plan required no such rectification. Mildred Theale will stand no rough handling, and her creator's solicitude keeps us perhaps at too respectful a distance from her, as the strong arm of the law restrains the curious crowd from too close an approach to the royal presence. He is always remembering and applying the Polonius dictum, 'by indirection to find direction out.' To Mrs. Humphry Ward he wrote of "that magnificent and masterly *indirectness* which means the only dramatic straightness and intensity." And again to Mrs. Ward, with particular reference to the present book:

I note how again and again I go but a little way with the direct—that is, with the straight—exhibition of Milly; it resorts for relief, this process, wherever it can, to some kinder, some merciful indirection; all as if to approach her circuitously, deal with her at second hand, as an unspotted princess is ever dealt with; the pressure all round her kept easy for her, the sounds, the movements regulated, the forms and ambiguities made charming. All of which proceeds, obviously, from her painter's tenderness of imagination about her, which reduced him to watching her, as it were, through the successive windows of other people's interest in her.

This process of indirection is not new with James. He had practised it before in his presentation of the Princess Casamassima. But he is now more confirmed in his use of the method and in his belief in its efficacy. It entails certain sacrifices. We cannot inhabit the mind of a character so treated. Only twice in the book—at Mrs. Lowder's first

dinner-party, and after the second visit to Sir Luke Strett—are we permitted to participate at any length in the operations of Milly's consciousness, and our participations even in her conversations are but sparsely conceded. James has obtained an effect, but whether the greatest possible is another question. Mr. Galsworthy has accorded the same treatment to Irene Forsyte, but she is not central in his picture. "Successive windows" are all very well, but we feel ourselves somehow cheated of the great scene when Densher visits the dying girl, and we are granted only the pallid after-report of the interview. Of all the Jamesian innovations this is the most questionable

SOVEREIGNTY IN CANADA

BY B. K. SANDWELL

IT is unfortunate that in the popular mind the concept of sovereignty has come to be located so entirely in the legal sphere and that of loyalty so exclusively in the realm of morals. Specialists in the study of the nature of the state have, at least since T. H. Green, recognized that the "common will" of which sovereignty is the embodiment, is itself the product of a large number of individual wills whose common characteristic—that in virtue of which they are able to unite to form a common will—is something which we roughly designate as loyalty. So general has come to be the application of this new idea in recent years that many thinkers, impressed with the evidence that the actions of the individual are governed by a number of different loyalties, are unwilling to set up any one loyalty as supreme above the rest, and therefore similarly deny the existence of any one supreme sovereignty; they assign a measure of sovereignty to the state, but a measure also to the church, the trade union, the family or clan, and various other collectivities. But the plain man still sees sovereignty only in that particular "common will" which can exert governmental authority to enforce its commands, and he is apt to think of it as something which the state possesses by virtue of being a state and having a government, rather than as one side of a relation of which the other side is loyalty, a relation which, in these two combined aspects, is the very basis of the state's existence.

We ought never to separate the ideas of sovereignty and loyalty. They go together exactly like the upper and lower sides of a sheet of paper. Neither of them is the cause of the other, yet neither of them can exist without the other.

Sovereignty is that which commands loyalty; loyalty is that which recognizes sovereignty. This is true in every sovereignty-loyalty relation that we can conceive of. It is not confined to those sovereignties which can exert governmental authority; it applies equally to such relations as those of the church, the trade union and the family. But it is particularly evident and important in connection with governments, at any rate in this very nationalistic society in which we at present live. When a sovereign power loses the loyalty of its subjects, it ceases to be a sovereign power in any but a historical sense. When the subjects cease to respect the sovereign power which has hitherto commanded their loyalty, it is because they are well on the way towards setting up a new sovereign power to which their loyalty is to be directed.

For sovereignties and loyalties are not permanent, though there are always persons to maintain about any particular sovereignty-loyalty relation, no matter how moribund, that it is and ought to be permanent. Loyalty is a human feeling, and human feelings have a distressing habit of changing. This is one of the gravest difficulties with which the advocates of universal peace have to contend. For sovereignty-loyalty relations tend to express themselves in laws and constitutions; and when the relations change with a change of feeling, the laws and constitutions remain, and a considerable amount of force is frequently necessary to alter them so that they will correspond with the new realities of the changed sovereignty-loyalty relation. This fact is so distressing to many advocates of peace that they are willing to contemplate the total abolition of all sovereignty and all loyalty, with the possible exception of a vague sovereignty in and loyalty to the entire human race, or, even more disastrously, to welcome a stereotyped perpetuation of existing forms of loyalty and sovereignty without regard to the question whether they still represent the real feelings of the peoples concerned.

The popular idea of sovereignty is undoubtedly still influenced by the old, but long accepted, theory that it was conferred by supernatural authority upon certain selected families. The idea of the divine right of governments has long outlived that of the divine right of kings. It reduces loyalty to an entirely passive attitude, the acceptance of a duty imposed from outside of oneself; whereas loyalty is really extremely active, and includes a strong sense of moral responsibility for the acts of the common will to which the individual is loyal. Now if this sense of responsibility is felt concerning the acts of two distinct governmental agencies, as in the case of a person who is a citizen of what the constitutionalists call a divided-sovereignty state, there will always be some uncertainty as to which of the two sovereignties can command the greater amount of loyalty, and there will always be the possibility that this question can only be solved by force. If the political thinkers who developed the concept of divided sovereignty had had a clear perception of the relation between sovereignty and loyalty—if they had realized that divided sovereignty can mean nothing else but divided loyalty—they would not have been so enthusiastic about their invention. The Constitution of the United States is the outstanding example of the expression of this principle in fundamental law; and the divided loyalty which it necessitated was the sufficient cause of the American Civil War, which ended by establishing the supremacy of the central government in the particular subjects about which the American people were impassioned at the time, while leaving the question of future disputes of the same kind to be settled in the same manner. In other words, the United States is still a federation of States which continue to possess, according to the letter of the law, a considerable measure of independent sovereignty; but these States have been effectually notified that whenever their use of that independent sovereignty becomes offensive to the moral sense of the nation as

a whole, they will be disciplined by force whether the Constitution says so or not.

In the United States a partial sovereignty, artificially established (for the sake of self-preservation) by agreement among thirteen sovereign States which retained a large part of their sovereignty, came, in the course of three-quarters of a century, to attract to itself an overwhelming share of the loyalty of the whole body of citizens of the States. This new loyalty brought with it a sense of moral responsibility for the acts, not merely of the Central Government, but of all the State Governments, even in matters in which these State Governments were not constitutionally under the Central Government's control. When the policies of certain State Governments gave moral offence to the majority in the nation, it became necessary to curtail the freedom of those State Governments, and this was duly done at the cost of a protracted and agonizing war.

If, by the middle of the nineteenth century, the true supreme sovereignty-loyalty complex for the majority of Americans had still been situated where it was towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the individual State, there would have been no necessity for the Civil War. No man is responsible for the acts of a "common will" of which he is not a member. But, in the interval between these two periods, the United States had fought several wars, in which it exerted its force as a united nation; and there is a very strong tendency for the supreme sovereignty-loyalty complex to develop where the control of military force is situated. It is behind the shelter of military force that the common will is free to express itself; it is military force which secures to it that freedom; in a theoretical condition of divided sovereignty, it is inevitable that, whichever one of the rival sovereignties enjoys the control of the military force should ultimately attract to itself the predominant loyalty—not at all because loyalty is responsive to

force, but because the power to exert force carries with it the sense of responsibility for whatever is maintained by means of that force.

The whole experience of the United States in regard to the location of the predominant sovereignty-loyalty relation is of the profoundest interest to Canadians. Few people realize that, so far as the letter of the Constitution is concerned, Canadians have hitherto had not only two but three rival sovereignties among which to divide their loyalty. That such a condition is not likely to withstand any severe strain should be obvious to all who have carefully studied the history of the United States. We have in Canada a certain amount of theoretical sovereignty vested in the provincial government, a larger amount vested in the federal government, and an intangible, but highly important, residuum vested in the Imperial government, which enacted our existing Constitution and which we have not yet relieved of the responsibility of enacting any alterations to be made in it. But should one of these sovereignties clash with either or both of the other two, Canadians will certainly have to make up their mind which of the three is the one that matters most to them. Unfortunately, people seldom or never think these things out for themselves in cold blood and determine in advance what their attitude shall be; and in making the constitutional arrangements for dealing with such emergencies they frequently make mistakes about their own sovereignty-loyalty relation as it will ultimately be determined under the stress of some weighty moral issue.

It has long been the belief of the present writer that the supreme sovereignty-loyalty relation for Canadians will ultimately be found to lie in the Dominion and not in either the Provinces or the Empire. The reasons that have led to this belief are difficult to describe. It is the Dominion which wields the military force; but this argument is not so compelling as in the case of the United States; for it is not the Canadian

military or naval forces which enable the Dominion to pursue its own national ideals unmolested by other nations, but rather the shelter of the British navy; and even if that shelter were withdrawn, the result would merely be the substitution of another sort of tutelage in the shape of the Monroe doctrine. It is the Dominion also which controls commerce, a highly unifying force; but that control has not by any means always been used so as to increase the feeling of national unity, considerable handicaps having been imposed on the more outlying Provinces in the interests of those at the centre. It is the Dominion which functions in foreign relations, an important source of national pride, and manages finance and credit, an important source of national prosperity or the reverse. But it is not these things which give most support to the belief that national loyalty is more important than provincial loyalty in Canada; it is rather such intangible things as the impressiveness of the territory that "stretches from sea to sea", the glorious history of the "Canadian" Expeditionary Force in the late War, and the obvious inability of single Provinces to make a stand against the overwhelming influence of the nation of 120 million people which shares the continent with us.

Nevertheless there are many signs to-day indicating that even if the deep, unconscious loyalty of most Canadians is perhaps directed towards the larger unit, that loyalty has an important rival in the devotion of each Canadian to his Province. This provincial feeling may perhaps be stronger in native Canadians than in those who, like the present writer, were born and received their early education in Great Britain. The British-born were not exposed to the provincializing associations of the educational institutions of Canada, which are entirely under provincial control and have to a large extent adopted (though perhaps unconsciously, and not of course in universities) an exclusive attitude against teachers from other Provinces. They are, moreover, accustomed to a

single sovereignty, and tend to find that sovereignty in the governmental unit which deals with external affairs—a class of public business with which Canadians have only recently had anything to do. In a word, the Englishman or Scotsman who comes to Canada and in course of time ceases to consider himself as primarily an Englishman or Scotsman becomes quite simply a Canadian without ever having been, or had any temptation to be, a Nova Scotian or a Quebecker or a Manitoban.

It seems possible, also, that the native Nova Scotian or Manitoban may have been a little more of a Canadian ten years ago than he is to-day. In the early days of Confederation, of the construction of the C.P.R., of the great migration to occupy the Western Plains, of the “Canada First” movement, there was a pretty broad all-Canadian spirit abroad in the land. Not so much was heard then of Maritime Rights; no party sat in the Dominion Parliament bearing the label of the United Farmers of any particular Province; nobody was writing such “songs of the people” as

Made in Canada's not enough:
Made in Hamilton, that's the stuff!

This all-Canadian spirit was probably already losing strength when the Great War brought the fighting men to the front and gave a new lease of power and glory to the Central Government which enlisted and financed them. Since the War it has died down preceptibly. There are many reasons. Canadians have ceased to migrate so freely from one Province to another. The inhabitants of the older Provinces have developed a suspicion that those of the newer Provinces, largely born outside of the Dominion, are not quite such good Canadians as we thought they were in 1913; while those of the newer Provinces are more than ever distrustful of those of the older, as using their political and economic power for exploitation. And in the reaction from a terrible war, not merely war itself

and its machinery but the very Government which waged it is in temporary disrepute.

The point I wish to make is that this provincialism of the moment may be a passing phase, may not fairly represent the real spirit of the Canadian people, and may be greatly diminished whenever the next occasion arises for Canadians to pursue a common and profoundly cherished purpose as a single national unit; but meanwhile the machinery of the national life is being overhauled in some of its most important sections and is being reconstructed in an extremely provincialist pattern. I have said nothing so far about the third of the rival loyalties which seek to enlist the Canadian in their bonds, loyalty to the Empire, for, if there be any truth in the theory that loyalty and sovereignty are facets of the same thing, then Empire loyalty must be experiencing the same loss of function that Empire sovereignty has obviously experienced, a loss of function which is registered in the devolution of the last vestiges of Imperial power to the Dominions. And this diminution of the Imperial sovereignty-loyalty relation is undoubtedly going on, as much in the minds of the people of the Dominions as in the clauses of the Statute of Westminster. The Empire has become something too vague for us to be loyal to. It has no unity but the Crown, and the Crown has become a whole assemblage of Crowns; we hear of "the King in the right of the Province of Prince Edward Island", and of "the King in the right of Canada", and of "the King in the right of Great Britain", but never of the King in the right of the British Empire. Even the League of Nations has an Assembly; the Empire has nothing but a Conference.

And this diminution of the Imperial sovereignty-loyalty relation, strangely enough, while it could not but slightly strengthen Dominion loyalty, has done vastly more to strengthen provincial loyalty. Canadians seem to have concluded that the Imperial sovereignty was of value to them

chiefly as a buttress and safeguard for the provincial sovereignty, and that, when the former is taken away, the latter must be greatly enlarged to make up for it. The reluctance of Canada to take over the responsibility of managing her own Constitution is not in the least due to a conviction that the business of managing it belongs to Great Britain. It is due to the belief that it ought to belong to the Provinces, and to the difficulty of devising workable machinery by which they can perform it. The Imperial overlordship, we now realize, has been acceptable to Canadians in the past because it afforded a certain guarantee that provincial interests would be maintained, and we are not prepared to entrust their maintenance to the Canadian nation.

It is an astounding fact that the function of determining how the Canadian Constitution shall be amended has been surrendered by common consent, and without protest from any quarter, to a conference of Premiers of the Dominion (one) and of the Provinces (nine). Just how far this conference will go in the direction of asserting provincial control over constitutional changes is uncertain, and will not appear until it has been reconvened at some future date; but Conservative newspapers have published the forecast that absolute unanimity of all the Provinces is to be set up as a prerequisite for amendment "in any important respect", and strong expressions of approval of this policy have been heard in both Ontario and Quebec. If any veto power is to be vested in the Provinces at all, this seems a natural form for it to take, since the special interests which the Provinces are to defend may on occasion be predominant in only one or at the most two out of the nine Provinces, so that a two-thirds vote would not be sufficient.

Now it is a curious fact that the governmental entity established by the Fathers of Confederation under the title of the Dominion of Canada was, in every respect except its subordination to the Imperial Parliament, very much more of a nation

in its powers over its various local authorities than the Dominion of Canada as it has developed in practice and as it seems to be conceived by Canadians of the present day. The powers of the Dominion have been enlarged (mainly in theory, for in practice Britain never much interfered with Canada) by the elimination of the Imperial authority, but they have been greatly diminished on the other side in favour of the Provincial authority. The Fathers, for example, conferred upon the Dominion a general power of disallowing provincial legislation, and made the Provincial Lieutenant-Governors servants of the Dominion, which held precisely the same position in regard to the Provinces as the Imperial Government held in regard to the Dominion. There is sound reason for the loss of the Imperial power of disallowance and the removal of the Governor-General from Imperial control, for Canadians have no voice in the government of the Empire, which is indeed nothing more than the government of the Kingdom of Great Britain. But there is no such reason for the disappearance of the federal power of disallowance; and yet the Dominion has for many years declined to exercise it, and it is very doubtful whether, in the present state of public opinion, it could be revived. The complete freedom of action thus accorded to the Provinces was certainly never contemplated by the Fathers. The obviously necessary federal right to invade the provincial sphere for the purpose of executing treaties (a right the lack of which paralyses the diplomatic intercourse of the United States) has of late been violently criticized by extreme provincialists, and it has even been argued, by a literalist interpretation of the obsolete phraseology of the Section ("Treaties between the Empire and such foreign countries"), that it must not be applied to any treaty made by Canada in her own right and name. As for the idea, also of recent development, that the Provinces should have something to say about immigration, and that there is some connection between that subject and the

control of Crown Lands, it would certainly have astonished the Fathers, who said nothing about immigration because they supposed that it was a natural phenomenon, but gave the Dominion exclusive authority over navigation, quarantine, naturalization, aliens and all foreign relations.

This tendency to enlarge the sphere of the Provinces, to relieve them from any overriding authority in the Dominion Government, and to give them a controlling voice in the making of changes in the Constitution, has gone on during a decade in which nothing but current economic problems, of a not very stirring character, has been occupying the attention of the Canadian people. To ascertain whether this tendency correctly represents the attitude of Canadians on the question of these conflicting loyalties, it would be much better to apply the test of some great and profoundly stirring moral issue. That test can be applied with some success in imagination; it is not imperatively necessary that it should be applied in reality. Let us try to ascertain our real, deep, unconscious feelings about the Provinces, the Dominion, and the British Empire by imagining certain situations. There are two great moral issues in the world to-day, either of which might easily produce a profound moral cleavage between parts of the Empire or between parts of Canada. Others will doubtless crop up from time to time, but let us use these two for examples. One is the clash between the individualist and communist concepts of property, which seems likely to be accompanied by a clash between religion in the European sense and anti-religion in the Russian sense. The other is the clash between advanced and non-advanced races, usually taking form in a clash of colour. It is perfectly conceivable that one of the British Dominions, say Australia, might establish a communistic concept of property and even of religion; it is equally conceivable that another of them, say in Africa, might establish a regime of racial tyranny which would be profoundly objectionable to other parts of the

Empire. What would be the reaction of Canadians to either development? Would it not be very similar to their reaction towards the same development in an entirely foreign country? Canadians have no responsibility for the behaviour of Africa or Australia. They make no contribution to the naval and military forces behind which Africa and Australia are free to carry out whatever concepts of government may please them. To Great Britain, which maintains these military and naval forces, such a development would present a very serious problem, but to Canada none.

Let us suppose, however, that a parallel situation developed in British Columbia or in Saskatchewan. (These names are used merely as examples; the writer has no expectation that these Provinces will be the first to develop moral ideas repugnant to the rest of Canada.) What would be the reaction of Canadians to the decision of Saskatchewan to use its powers over property and civil rights and over education to set up as much of communism and of official atheism as the maximum interpretation of those powers would allow? Would the rest of Canada tolerate such a condition? The answer is emphatically No. No doctrine of Provincial sovereignty, no enumeration of Provincial powers in the British North America Act, would induce the Canadians of the other Provinces to acquiesce in such procedure, and the reason is simple. Canada is sufficiently a nation for every Canadian to feel a sense of responsibility for what is done within its territory, even though it be done by the government of a Province other than his own, over which he ordinarily regards himself as having no control. The same is true concerning secession. Canada would not be greatly disturbed by the secession of South Africa from the British Empire; she certainly would take no steps to prevent it by force. But she would be incalculably disturbed by the secession of either Saskatchewan or New Brunswick from the Dominion, even though those Provinces should remain within

the British Empire as separate Dominions or as Crown colonies. Precisely what would happen in such a contingency it is difficult to tell; but if the seceding Province contained any strong element opposed to the secession it may reasonably be assumed that the British government would decline to recognize the newly-claimed status of the Province, and Canada would be free to oppose, and probably would oppose, the secession by force.

If this is not true—if Canadian Provinces are free to withdraw from the Canadian confederation at their own choice, whether they remain in the Empire or not,—Canada is not much of a nation. It is rather an alliance of separate Provinces each possessing the main essentials of nationhood. For there is in any true sovereignty-loyalty relation a profound instinct for its own continuance. Nations are not eternal, but they must be durable. A nation is an organism, and it is the prime characteristic of an organism to seek its own continuance. The most dangerous aspect of the present state of mind in Canada is that it makes secession and its corollary, expulsion, easy and natural. If the Canadian Constitution is an unchangeable compact between Provinces, then any Province to which that compact becomes, with the lapse of time, intolerable must be free to withdraw from it; and five or six Provinces desiring a change but unable to convince the others must be free to tell those others to get out. But a Canada constructed on any such principle as that is obviously not a nation, and could never gain any respect as such from other nations.

The desire to allow the utmost liberty to local and sectional feeling in order to avoid internal conflict, which is the feeling uppermost in the minds of Canadians in these peaceful times, is a very natural and admirable one. A certain measure of it is indeed essential to the successful working of nationhood in a large territory or with a diversified population. But it must always be subjected to one limitation. It must not be allowed

to paralyse the power of the nation to exercise its will in spite of local opposition, in those matters about which feeling is so deep that compromise is impossible. The United States, because its Constitution was less national than the feelings of its people, had to fight a war in order that the moral convictions of the majority of its people might find their proper expression. The future of Canada would be very much safer if, while the freedom of the local authorities were amply provided for in all ordinary circumstances, some machinery were yet set up by which the national will might exert itself within constitutional forms when the demand becomes imperative. Such machinery was provided by the Fathers; we are going far to render it useless.

Squabbles about which government shall have the right to regulate certain corporations or impose certain taxes or look after broadcasting or develop electricity in a canal are not the sort of differences which excite genuine emotion. They are usually a matter of rival financial interests, and leave the common people unmoved. In one or two exceptional cases in the history of Canada, when emotions were deeply aroused, it is significant that national authority has triumphed over local opposition. One such instance occurred after the Riel Rebellion, another towards the close of the Great War. When such emotions as these are aroused, a strong and profoundly moved majority will find means to attain its ends or will break up the nation; no Constitution can withstand its will, and it is far better for minorities that they should not be given the illusory assurance of constitutional protection. The only true and permanent safeguard of a minority, in a nation which is really a nation and not an alliance based on treaties, is the moral sense of the majority, and the value of that safeguard depends largely upon the skill of the minority in appealing to that moral sense. Constitutional restrictions which the nation itself can modify (of course only after the most elaborate precautions to ensure

that the modification is earnestly and durably desired) are essential to the smooth functioning of the state. Constitutional restrictions which cannot be modified are a mere strait-jacket which the nation when sufficiently overwrought will tear apart.

Canada cannot now escape the responsibility for the making of her own constitutional law. She can evade that responsibility for a time, by declaring that her constitutional law was made in 1867 and is eternal. But the evasion can be only temporary. The evil consequences of evasion may be mitigated and postponed by an elastic power of interpretation in the hands of the courts—which, if they are to function in this highly political and non-judicial manner, must certainly be entirely Canadian. But the time will come when no amount of interpretation by the Supreme Court of Canada will suffice to make the British North America Act mean what the people of Canada desire it to mean on some new subject of contention. And if, when that time comes, the amendment of the Constitution can be held up by one Province against the desires of the people of eight, or even by two against those of the people of seven, it will be a bad day for the peace of the Dominion.

It has been suggested above that the true safeguard for a minority is the moral sense of the majority. It is a curious fact that minorities in Canada should, in this matter of Constitution-making, have pinned their faith so entirely to such protection as they can obtain through a provincial government. Whenever minority interests are by nature territorial, this reliance is reasonable enough, but strictly territorial interests are almost wholly economic, and the existing Constitution scarcely concerns itself about them at all. There is not a word in it to safeguard the interests of Provinces which are almost exclusively producers for export, nor of Provinces which are so detached geographically from the rest of Canada that they cannot advantageously compete for the national market; and it can scarcely be denied that both of these interests have at

times been gravely prejudiced by Dominion policies. But the special interests which the British North America Act does undertake to safeguard are religious and educational; and such interests are not necessarily represented by any Provincial government. The present writer has elsewhere pointed out that the Province of Quebec might cease to be predominantly Catholic, or all the other Provinces might cease to be predominantly Protestant. If the Provinces are the guardians of the rights of religious minorities, what becomes of those rights in such an event? The truth is that both Protestant and Catholic in Canada have relieved themselves, as individual citizens of a common nation, of all responsibility for dealing justly with the members of the other religion, by turning the matter over to the British North America Act and the Provincial governments, with the result that neither party looks on the other party as being fellow-citizens in the full sense of the term. The English-speaking Protestant majority, in particular, is inclined to regard Catholics, and particularly French-speaking Catholics, as a species of interlopers (if a person who was there before one arrived oneself can be so called) who have unfortunately been given certain specified rights in the country and must be rigidly confined to those rights and nothing more. The abolition of the treaty concept of the Canadian Constitution would do more than anything else to establish between these communities a sense of mutual responsibility, a disposition to act towards one another not according to the dictates of a written law but according to the best interests of a common nationhood.

In this matter of taking over the conduct of its own Constitution, the Canadian nation, if there be one, is face to face with one of the greatest opportunities for good and for evil in its history. Yet not one Canadian in a thousand is giving the slightest thought to the question, and it is in process of being settled over our heads by a conference of ten gentlemen,

only one of whom represents the people of Canada as an organized whole. It is quite true that the British North America Act was evolved out of the deliberations of a group of individuals not much more representative and possibly not much more able, with scarcely any assistance from the public opinion of their communities. One can only hope that the decisions of the future sessions of that Conference of Premiers which began its work in 1931 will, under the guidance of Providence, exhibit as much wisdom as the Conferences of Charlottetown and Quebec, but it is impossible to feel very confident about it.

THE LOST CAUSE

BY E. J. PRATT

Although with heart as keen and speed as swift
As ancient courier had or argonaut,
You followed every quest that light had caught
Within its web; yet day with niggard thrift
Withdrew its crimsons, causing grays to sift
Like ashes through your hands, till what you thought
Proud banners in the west were phantoms wrought
Merely of space and its amorphous drift.

Still let the heart take counsel of the feet,
Whose loyal sinews bore it up to greet
The night: for though the frugal game denies
The goal—one flaming pennant from the sun—
It won't refuse, after your baffled run,
The long cool wash of stars upon your eyes.

ROBERT BURNS: A REFOCUSING

BY JAMES A. ROY

The Life of Robert Burns. By Catherine Carswell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Letters of Robert Burns. Edited from the original manuscripts by J. De Lancey Ferguson. Two vols. Toronto: Oxford University Press.

IT is an ironic fact that the memory of Robert Burns should have suffered most cruelly at the hands of his biographers and of those who have charged themselves with the responsibility of editing his works. The interpretation of the mind and the character of one of the most brilliant of our Scottish men of letters lay, for a century at least after his death, in the hands of scholars and pedants who either were in imperfect sympathy with their subject or, through caprice or timidity, deliberately suppressed certain facts of his life which they feared might offend the susceptibilities of their readers, or of which they themselves disapproved. As early as 1799, George Thomson, to whose *Select Scottish Airs* Burns had contributed many of his best-known songs, had tampered with *Scots Wha Hae*. This fact was revealed in a letter from Burns to Thomson, dated about August 30th, 1793, and published in Currie's edition of the *Works* in 1800. The revelation raised such a storm of protest that in his next volume of 1802 Thomson set the words to the air originally selected by Burns, "Hey tutti taitie", the last line reading as it now stands, "Or to victorie", instead of "Or to glorious victorie", to the tune, "Lewis Gordon." Not only was Currie's selection of the

Letters¹ poor,² but the letters themselves were in many instances tampered with almost out of recognition. Their phrasing was altered, significant passages were omitted, and real or imaginary offences against the taste of readers were removed. Currie's seemingly frank explanation of his editorial methods, which was accepted unquestioningly at the time, we know now to have been simply untrue.

The Editor has found some corrections of grammar necessary; but these have been very few, and such as may be supposed to occur in the careless effusions, even of literary characters who have not been in the habit of carrying their compositions to the press. These corrections have never been extended to any habitual expression of the Poet, even where his phraseology may seem to violate the delicacies of good taste.

The result of this selective and repressive policy was inevitable—an erroneous and inadequate estimate of the poet, both as artist and man. Thus, Jeffrey in a review of Cromek's *Reliques of Robert Burns* could write with complacent finality:

Burns's letters seem to have been nearly all composed as exercises and for display. There are few of them written with simplicity and plainness; and though natural enough as to the sentiment, they are generally very strained and elaborate in the expression. A very great proportion of them, too, relate neither to facts nor feelings peculiarly connected with the author or his correspondent—but are made up of general declamation, moral reflections, and vague discussions—all evidently composed for the sake of effect, and frequently introduced with long complaints of having nothing to say and of the necessity and difficulty of letter-writing.

¹Published in *The Works of Robert Burns, with an account of his Life*. London, 1800.

²Currie published 180 Letters, mostly formal communications to patrons and social superiors. The present edition contains 715 in all, of which sixty-four are here collected for the first time.

After Currie's edition of the *Letters*, the first considerable addition to Burns's prose was Robert Hartley Cromek's *Reliques of Robert Burns*, in 1808. Like Currie, Cromek took liberties with the letters, dovetailing passages from different letters into one another, but with this difference, that the actual wording was genuine. Allan Cunningham was the next offender. In 1834 Cunningham published the *Works of Robert Burns, with his Life* in eight volumes, printing, as genuine, poems that Burns never wrote and appending the initials "R. B." to each letter, whether or not it was thus signed in the original. Robert Chambers, whose *Life and Works* appeared in four volumes in 1851-2, published many new letters but suppressed such portions of them as offended his sense of reverence or decency. Scott Douglas's six volume edition, which appeared in 1877-79, was frequently inaccurate and he put forward as authentic conjectural emendations of corrupt passages in the letters. The last attempt to deal with the problem of the Burns prose canon, until the present edition of the *Letters*, was William Wallace's revision of Chambers' *Life and Works* in 1896, supplemented in 1898 by his text of the Burns-Dunlop correspondence.³ But even Wallace is to be censured, for, while aiming at accuracy of text he at the same time omitted a number of letters previously printed, on the score of triviality or indecency.

The new edition of the *Letters* is thus long overdue. All Burns's prose is given in these two volumes, with the exception of the *Commonplace Books* and *Journals*, the *Notes on Scottish Songs*, miscellanea such as the prefaces to his first editions and to certain volumes of Johnson's *Museum*. Professor Ferguson has taken infinite pains to assure accuracy. He has compared no fewer than 170 of these *Letters* either with their originals or with reliable facsimiles. He has re-assigned certain letters, has indicated the merely conjectural dates of

³*Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop*. By William Wallace. Edinburgh, 1898.

others by brackets, and has annotated carefully and judiciously. On his achievement he sets a modest valuation.

The day is still far distant when it will be safe to assert that any edition of the Burns correspondence is complete and definitive. All that can be claimed for the present edition is that it brings that day a little nearer, and that it sheds new light on some hitherto obscure points in the poet's life.⁴

We would go farther than this. Despite Stevenson's assertion that "we have the whole of Burns in our possession set forth in his consummate verses", our knowledge of his life and character without his letters would be meagre in the extreme. "No life of Burns carries more conviction of truth, or frames a more speaking likeness, than the 'honest narrative' of the poet's letter to Dr. Moore in August, 1787," writes a recent essayist.⁵ In Professor Ferguson's two volumes Burns is allowed to speak for himself for the first time—the "giant solitary in a muffled Lilliputian world". That in itself is no mean achievement, and if the correspondence is neither 'complete' nor 'definitive', it will fit the mood and meet the demand of the present generation, which insists above all things on untrammelled liberty and frankness of expression.

Mrs. Carswell's *Life* is complementary to the *Letters*. In many ways Mrs. Carswell is peculiarly fitted to write a *Life* of Burns. She is Scottish born and bred: she has a wide knowledge of eighteenth century Scotland: her great-grandfather was Burns's patron and landlord. Not only has she released a quantity of material which has appeared in no previous *Life* of the poet, but, unlike other biographers, she neither suppresses nor mutilates. The result is that her Burns is an earthy—almost too earthy—Burns. Perhaps the greatest fault of Mrs. Carswell's *Life* is that it is overloaded with detail.

⁴*Letters of Robert Burns*, Vol. I. Introduction, p. xlix.

⁵Dewar. *Introduction to Burns, Poetry and Prose*. Oxford, 1929.

The greatness of the poet is apt to be obscured by the ordinari-ness of the man: the spiritual to be buried beneath the material. The poignant story of Highland Mary is a case in point.

But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my Flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

These lines live by virtue of the truth of their interpretation of Burns's passion and remorse as his best work lives in the hearts of his countrymen—not by virtue of its earthly quality, but because of its truth and beauty. Mrs. Carswell is, however, a realist. She insists on “getting at facts”; and the “facts” in this instance are peculiarly unpleasant. Romance deteriorates into sordid ‘newspaper copy’, and her hero is made out to be a fickle and thorough-paced blackguard. Surely, this was the last thing that Mrs. Carswell could desire. The poetry of Burns, it has been said, interprets the man; not the man his poems. And, if the songs of Burns are his most intimate memorial, there is a danger, in looking behind them to find the man, of losing both. Not that Mrs. Carswell is uncritical; only, there is an obvious danger in her methods.

While all the sins of omission and commission on the part of subsequent editors and biographers of Burns are unhesitatingly ascribed to the bad example set by Currie, it must be insisted that his editorial policy depended on more than mere caprice or prudery. The immediate object in issuing the 1800 edition of the poet's works was the relief of Burns's widow and his family, and the success of such an appeal depended on the manner in which it was received by those in a position best able to respond to it—the fashionable, aristocratic, cultured circles of the Scottish Capital, with their Anglicizing tendencies. As against the Ayrshire countryside and the jovial Crochallans, with their love for the old Scottish traditions and the old Scottish songs, had to be set the culture and refinement of the Capital; and, for the moment, the *illuminati*, with money

and the press behind them, had their way. The poet must show to advantage; he must doff his coarse, native homespuns and dress in the modern fashion; he must drop his Scots and mince his English, and be constantly on his best behaviour. If the general public suspected there was another Burns, they were not permitted to make too close enquiries into the manner of man he really was. A few of his intimates and boon companions were in the secret, but these were carefully muzzled and the way of print denied them.

It is a strange story, this Edinburgh adventure with its tragic aftermath. Jogging into the Capital on November 28th, 1786, on a borrowed pony, practically friendless—and penniless, except for what remained of his £20 profits from the Kilmarnock Edition of his poems—Burns found himself within a very few weeks the literary lion of the season and an honoured guest in the most exclusive circles. Lord Glencairn introduced him to William Creech, the leading Edinburgh publisher. The Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Henry Erskine, to whom the poet had been introduced at a meeting of the Canon-gate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, took him ‘under his wing’. Two days later, Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*, and regarded as the highest authority on literature in Scotland, wrote his appreciative notice of the Kilmarnock Edition in *The Lounger*, thus assuring the poet’s acceptance with “a set of critics for whose applause I had not even dared to hope.”⁶ A letter to John Ballantyne, Ayr, written a few days after this appreciation, gives us some account of the circles to which the poet, “panting after distinction”, had the *entree* at this time:

I have been introduced to a good many of the *noblesse*, but my avowed patrons and patronesses are, The Duchess of Gordon, the Countess of Glencairn with my

⁶Reference to the letter from Dr. Blacklock, in the famous letter to Dr. John Moore, dated Mauchline, 2nd August, 1787.

Lord and Lady Betty, the Dean of Faculty, Sir John Whitefoord. I have likewise warm friends among the Literati, Professors Stewart, Blair, Greenfield, and Mr. McKenzie the Man of feeling.

Burns took his place in Edinburgh society, as if to the manner born, and won, at first, golden opinions by the dignity of his bearing and his intellectual distinction. Lockhart writes:

It needs no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride, manifested in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation a most thorough conviction that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation he was exactly where he was entitled to be.

He impressed Principal Robertson by the vigour of his conversational powers and Sir Walter Scott, then "a lad of fifteen", has left a graphic sketch of his meeting with the literary lion of the moment:

His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. . . I never saw a man in company more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment.⁷

Dr. Hugh Blair, minister of the High Church, whose sermons were full of "sublime grandeur and awful dignity", but whose taste, Dr. Blacklock feared, "was too highly polished and his genius too highly regular in its emotions to make allowances

⁷Letter to John Gibson Lockhart, 1827.

for the sallies of a more impetuous ardour" to approve of "most, if not all," of the poems in the Kilmarnock Edition, invited him to breakfast and was pleased to "make allowances" for him. The Duchess of Gordon, beautiful and gay, the leader of fashion and frolic in Edinburgh, and still in her thirties, declared that the stranger had swept her off her feet. The young ladies permitted him to dance and flirt with them. And, if Edinburgh was enchanted with Burns, so was Burns with Edinburgh. He showed his appreciation of his welcome, not only in the amusing letters which he wrote home but in verses such as "Edina! Scotia's darling seat" in polished English for his polished boots. He praised the gentlemen:

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the Stranger hail:

and the ladies:

The Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky.

The *Address to a Haggis* followed, but doubtless his aristocratic patrons "made allowances" like Dr. Blair. If Burns could write an *Address to a Haggis* it must not be forgotten that he had also written *The Cottar's Saturday Night*. True, there had been vague rumours concerning the morals of the poet, but Sir John Whitefoord had effectively dealt with that matter. As yet, no one in cultured Edinburgh circles suspected Burns of being a satirist as well as a song-writer.

Despite the warmth of his reception, Burns realized from the very first that his popularity could be only transitory. He writes in the contemporary jargon and in his worst manner:

When proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes you may bear
me witness, when my bubble of fame was at the highest,
I stood, unintoxicated, with the inebriating cup in my
hand, looking forward with rueful resolve, to the has-
tening time when the stroke of envious Calumny, with

all the eagerness of vengeful triumph, should dash it to the ground.⁸

He dined with so many lords that he lost count of them, with his unpowdered hair, in his new "coat of blue English cloth with its buff facings and brass buttons, a double-breasted waistcoat of blue and canary stripes, top boots and a cambric neckcloth."⁹ But this open and almost insolent flaunting of his political principles in the face of Henry Dundas, "the uncrowned king of Scotland," was both ill advised and inexpedient, and issued in consequences tragic and sinister to his career.

Having made his great discovery, that humanity is more or less the same the world over and that the great folks in the Captal were just as stupid, ridiculous and vulnerable as the 'bodies' in Mauchline, Burns committed his ideas about many of them to his Commonplace Book and was at no pains to conceal his opinion about others by satiric lampoon or downright rudeness. Creech was "a fool"; Dr. Blair was "merely an astonishing proof of what industry and application can do" with "natural parts such as are frequently to be met with." He called one old gentleman a "damned blockhead" at a breakfast party and unblushingly asserted at the Doctor's own table that he preferred the preaching of his junior colleague, Dr. Greenfield. No doubt, the Lord Advocate would hear some garbled version of the following skit on himself:

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
 He quoted and he hinted,
 Till, in a declamation-mist,
 His argument he tint it:
 He gaped for't, he graped for't,
 He fand it was awa, man;
 But whar his commonsense came short,
 He eked it out wi' law, man.

⁸Letter to the Rev. Mr. William Greenfield, December, 1786.

⁹Carswell, *Life of Robert Burns*, p. 198. "By this costume—the livery of Fox—Burns proclaimed himself a Whig."

Polite society began to bore Burns and he sought his diversion in more exciting if less reputable quarters. He became the very life and soul of Johnnie Dowie's Tavern in Liberton's Wynd, and of the Crochallan Fencibles, who foregathered in Dawny Douglas's in Anchor Close. Among the Crochallans were William Nicol, Robert Ainslie, Peter Hill, Johnson the music-engraver, and Alexander Cunningham, the nephew of Principal Robertson. *The Scots Musical Museum* was the eventual result of his association with Johnson. In this circle the poet had no need to put a guard on his tongue. He recited to them such unprinted pieces as *Holy Willie*, *The Epistle to a Tailor*, *The Contraband Marauder*, *The Court of Equity*, and other "rude and rural rhymes". On April 21st, 1787, appeared the Edinburgh Edition of the poems, with its imposing list of subscribers and its dignified dedication to the Caledonian Hunt, and Burns prepared to take his departure from the city. But it was a vastly different Burns from the obscure but "extraordinary young man" who had entered the same city on November 28th, 1786, to measure himself against the most eminent Scotsmen of the day.

During his stay in Edinburgh, something had been irretrievably damaged in Burns. He had caught a glimpse of the Promised Land—a land which he knew he could never possess; he had come into touch with a culture and a refinement he was to know again only spasmodically, and as an outsider. Appetites had been born within him which he knew he could never gratify.

Why is the bard unfitted for the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

he wrote, despairingly, in a copy of Fergusson's poems. "Why," he demands, in a moment of bitter introspection, should there be in him this "irresistible impulse to some idle vagary" which "shall eternally mislead the poet from the paths

of Lucre" while, at the same time, he has "a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that only lucre can bestow"?

The novelty of a Poet in my obscure station, without any of those advantages which are reckoned necessary for that character, at least at this time of day, has raised a partial tide of public notice which has borne me to a height, where I am absolutely, feelingly certain my abilities are inadequate to support me; and too surely do I see that time when the same tide will leave me, and recede, perhaps, as far below the mark of truth.¹⁰

Already the poet saw the road stretching ahead, blackly into the mists. "I wanted to purchase a Profile of your Lordship," he wrote to Lord Glencairn . . . "As I will soon return to my shades I wanted to have something like a material object for my gratitude: I wanted to have it in my power to say to a Friend, there is my noble Patron, my generous Benefactor." "The noble Earl of Glencairn, to whom I owe more than to any man on earth, does me the honour of giving me his strictures: his hints, with respect to impropriety or indelicacy, I follow implicitly."¹¹ To Lord Glencairn Burns owed an almost feudal allegiance; but Glencairns were few and far between. The influence of his restraining personality removed, the poet gives way to a fit of rebellious despair. "You are right in your guesses," he wrote Mrs. Dunlop, "that I am not very amenable

¹⁰To Mrs. Dunlop, January 15th, 1787.

¹¹January 13th, 1787.

James Cunningham, 14th Earl of Glencairn, 1749-91. "In his patronage of Burns he managed to confer real benefit without injuring the poet's sensitive pride. All references to him, both in the Letters and the Commonplace Book, express the sincerest respect and admiration, and the *Lament for James Earl of Glencairn* is perhaps the best of Burns's elegies."—Ferguson, *Letters of Robert Burns*. Appendix, vol. II, p. 352.

The most touching stanza in the *Elegy*, runs:

In Poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air:
The friendless Bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

to counsel. . . I am determined to flatter no created being either in prose or verse. . . I set as little by kings, lords, clergy, critics, etc., as all these respectable gentry do by my Bardship. —I know what I may expect from the world, by and by; illiberal abuse and perhaps contemptuous neglect.” Despite his social triumphs in the Capital, Burns was conscious of a sense of futility. Looking back on the twenty-two and a half weeks he had spent there, he felt that he had accomplished nothing that might accrue to his material advantage. There had been vague talk of an Excise post; but, nothing had come of it. He had been offered a farm near Dumfries on what, he was assured, were attractive terms. To Dr. Blair, who had insisted on the exclusion of *The Jolly Beggars* from the Edinburgh Edition, he wrote: “I have made up my mind that abuse, or almost even neglect will not surprise me in my quarters.” He had a “fond aged Mother to care for; and some other bosom ties, perhaps equally tender”; but, at the moment, nothing else in sight.

September 16th found the poet back in town, working quietly in the home of his friend Cruickshank, at his new material for the *Museum*. Apart from complimentary verses and anonymous songs, however, he had produced nothing for many months and people had begun to lose interest in him. On November 4th he wrote to Mrs. Dunlop that he expected to leave Edinburgh in “eight or ten days”. On December 1st he was still in the city, and on December 4th, at a tea-party at Miss Nimmo’s house in Alison Square, he met “Clarinda”. Mrs. M’Lehose has been described as “a witty, sociable grass widow, who had read *Werther*, fundamentally sound, with a strong dogmatic religious feeling and a sense of the proprieties.” Be that as it may, in this chance meeting at Miss Nimmo’s originated the most stilted, bombastic amatory correspondence of “truculent nonsense” between two sentimentalists in the whole range of English literature.

On December 30th the poet is ready to hang himself for "a young Edinburgh widow, who has wit and wisdom more murderously fatal than the assassinating stiletto of the Sicilian bandit." "Don't you see us hand in hand," the infatuated Sylvander writes to his Clarinda, "or rather my arm about your lovely waist, making our remarks on Sirius, the nearest of the fixed stars; or surveying a Comet flaming innoxious by us, as we just now would mark the pomp of a travelling Monarch: or in a shady bower of Mercury or Venus, dedicating the hour to love; in mutual converse, relying honour, and revelling endearment—while the most exalted strains of Poesy and Harmony would be the ready spontaneous language of our souls?" Incredible, but worse was to follow. Back in Mossgeil, her image was "omnipresent" to him. "I long to see you. . . To-night at the sacred hour of eight, I expect to meet you at the Throne of Grace." On March 6th he despatched a letter to Clarinda, that was humbly apologetic, religious and affectionate.

. . . Yesterday I dined at a friend's at some distance; the savage hospitality of this Country spent me the most part of the night over the nauseous potion in the bowl; this day sick-headache-low-spirits-miserable-fasting, except for a draught of water or small beer—now eight o'clock at night. . . But . . . when I sit down to write to you, all is harmony and peace. . . Nothing astonishes me more, when a little sickness clogs the wheels of life, than the thoughtless career we run, in the hour of health.—None saith, where is God my Maker, that giveth "songs in the night: who teacheth us more knowledge than the beasts of the field, and more understanding than the fowls of the air." . . .

The following day "the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonizing sensibility, and bedlam passions" wrote to Robert Ainslie about Jean Armour—in a very different strain.

In four letters¹² written on the same day to four different correspondents we have an admirable summary of Burns's philosophy of life: "We ought, when we wish to be economists in happiness; we ought in the first place to fix the standard of our own character; and when, on full examination, we know where we stand, and how much ground we occupy, let us contend for it as property; and those who seem to doubt, or deny us what is justly ours, let us either pity their prejudices or despise their judgment". "An honest man has nothing to fear," he wrote to the dying Robert Muir.

If we lie down in the grave, the whole man a piece of broken machinery, to moulder with the clods in the valley—be it so; at least there is an end of pain, care, woes and wants: if that part of us called Mind, does survive the apparent destruction of the man—away with old-wife prejudices and tales! Every age and every nation has had a different set of stories; and as the many are always weak, of consequence they have often, perhaps always, been deceived; a man, conscious of having acted an honest part among his fellow-creatures; even granting that he may have been the sport, at times, of passions and instincts; he goes to a great unknown Being who could have no other end in giving him existence but to make him happy; who gave him those passions and instincts, and well knows their force.

But in Mauchline Burns had to face stern reality. His letters grew less intense and, instead of marrying Clarinda on her husband's death,¹³ as he had promised, he did the right and sensible thing and married Jean Armour. It was not until 1790 that Clarinda's wrath had sufficiently abated at his "perfidious treachery" to permit her to reopen the correspondence. In December, 1791, Burns spent a week in

¹²These four letters are dated 7th March, and were written respectively to "Clarinda", Mrs. Dunlop, Captain Richard Brown and Robert Muir.

¹³" . . an event which occurred some years after Burns was in his grave." —Ferguson, *Letters*, Vol. II, App. p. 359.

Edinburgh and saw her several times. Clarinda was to sail the following February to rejoin her husband in Jamaica, a reconciliation having been patched up. As her sailing-time approached, Sylvander's letters to her resumed somewhat of their former ardour. He wrote several genuinely moving lyrics inspired by her. Clarinda sailed, but returned on the same ship which had taken her out to Jamaica. She died in 1841, but with her sailing the comedy of sentiment ended.

In Dumfriesshire Burns enjoyed a dubious celebrity. A pamphlet called *Animadversions on some Poets and Poetasters of the Present Age, especially R-T B-S* denounced him as "infidel poet" and "champion for Satan."¹⁴ "My late scenes of idleness and dissipation," he wrote to William Dunbar, "have enervated my mind to an alarming degree." He was conscious of an increasing weariness of life and the thought of death was never long absent from him. In a future hell he disbelieved. The sufferings of the poor, the oppressed, the nervous, the hypersensitive, the too highly-strung in this world of objective reality was hell enough for Burns. But to despair were to play the coward's part. Burns was in a very real sense the poet of the poor. It was among them, he most truly believed, that human worth had its dwelling. In the following passage he re-dedicates himself to the task of interpreting their mute aspirations and unexpressed philosophy:

There is not a doubt but that health, talents, character, decent competency, respectable friends, are real substantial blessings, and yet do we not daily see those who enjoy many or all of these good things, contrive, notwithstanding, to be as unhappy as others to whose lot few of them have fallen? I believe one great source of this mistake or misconduct is owing to a certain stimulus, with us called ambition, which goads us up the hill of life, not as we ascend other eminences, for the laudable curiosity of viewing an extended landscape,

¹⁴Pub. 1788, by J. Maxwell, Poet, in Paisley.

but rather for the dishonest pride of looking down on others of our fellow-creatures, seemingly diminutive in humbler stations.

Not, of course, that he wished to hear no more of "the world of wits, and *gens comme il faut*." "From that port, Sir," he continued in his letter to William Dunbar, "I expect your gazette: what *les beaux esprits* are saying, what they are doing and what they are singing."

Now that Clarinda had passed out of the poet's life, Mrs. Dunlop took her place: but not in the same sense. There was no amorousness, no sentimentality, no poetry, no nonsense in this correspondence. It was through *The Cottar's Saturday Night* that Mrs. Dunlop had made the poetical acquaintance of Burns. She had read the poem at a particularly difficult period in her life, when she was estranged from her eldest son and grieving over her husband's death. *The Cottar's Saturday Night* had rekindled her interest in life and began a friendship which was interrupted only during the last eighteen months of the poet's life, owing, apparently, to his outspoken sympathy with the French Revolution.¹⁵ While there was something about Mrs. Dunlop that amused the poet, he was none the less deeply grateful for her friendship and encouragement in *his* difficult time. Some of the gentry showed him kindness, such as Riddell of Glenriddell; but James Boswell of Auchinleck, then busily engaged on his *Life of Johnson*, ignored his request for an introduction, as Adam Smith had ignored him in Edinburgh. And Mrs. Patrick Miller, the wife of his landlord, snubbed him grievously in her own drawing-room, making him bitterly realize his social inferiority.¹⁶

¹⁵Mrs. Dunlop, who had four sons and a grandson in the army, and two daughters married to French Royalist refugees, was doubtless bitterly insulted by the poet's caustic comment on the deaths of the King and Queen of France, in his letter of January 12th, 1795.

"A letter to her from John Lewars is extant. Written just after Burns's death, it corroborates Currie's statement that the poet received a reconciliatory message from her on his deathbed."—Ferguson, *Letters*, Vol. II, App. p. 349.

¹⁶To Mrs. Dunlop, 16th August, 1788.

By the middle of September, 1789, Burns had begun his duties as gauger. The position meant hard work and a certain social stigma. But the poet was delighted with his appointment. He was energetic, strict and conscientious. After three months' trial, the District Supervisor made a note opposite his initial entry, "Never tried; a Poet". The note was, "Turns out well". But, suddenly, his high spirits flagged. His constitution was unequal to the hard work he had imposed on it. He wrote to Mrs. Dunlop that he was "groaning under the miseries of a diseased nervous system". He was tormented by doubts as to the soul's immortality—sceptical, but eager to believe. He wrote *To Mary in Heaven*, unwilling to believe in the possibility of her complete extinction. One event in 1790 greatly encouraged the poet. In June he had communicated an absurd 'witch' story to Captain Grose, the antiquarian. To his surprise he found it presently jiggling through his head to the tune of rhyme, and *Tam o'Shanter* was born.

The year 1793 was an exciting one in Britain. In January the French King was executed and in February England declared war against France. While there was no doubt as to where Burns's sympathies lay, he was emphatic in his condemnation of war in general. "War I deprecate; misery and ruin to thousands are in the blast that announces the destructive demon." After the Sedition Trials and the sentencing of the unfortunate Reformers by the ruthless Braxfield, the poet, writhing under the bitter injustice of it all and "gagged by his office," wrote *Scots wha hae*. But, from this time on, his decline was steady and inevitable. After the publication of the fourth volume of the *Museum* he collaborated with George Thomson in *A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs*.¹⁷ His strength fluctuated. To Cunningham he

¹⁷ "Utterly conventional-minded, Thomson nevertheless esteemed himself a keen judge of both poetry and music, and meddled constantly with Burns's songs and with the airs to which they were written. . . His masterpiece of stupid meddling was his forcing Burns to re-write *Bannockburn* to fit an air other than the one it was intended for."—Ferguson, *Letters*, Vol. II, App. 9. 374.

wrote: "For these two months I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, *ab origine*, blasted with a deep incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence." On the scare of a French invasion, however, he joined the Royal Dumfriesshire Volunteers, and, as far as his strength permitted, was an enthusiastic and painstaking recruit.

This brightening of his prospects was only momentary. He worried over his debts and resorted constantly to the use of stimulants. He had a second attack of rheumatic fever which was, unhappily, aggravated by the aftermath of a Hogmanay party. On January 31st he wrote a pathetic appeal to Mrs. Dunlop. By midsummer he was very ill,¹⁸ and his friend Dr. Maxwell prescribed sea-bathing, riding, glasses of port wine and iron water. Harassed by the thought of his financial position, he left Dumfries for a miserable little place on the Solway, where he attempted to follow the doctor's orders. And, there, in absolute solitude he came to the realization that he was dying. His friend Mrs. Maria Riddell, upon hearing that he was ill at Brow, sent her carriage to fetch him to the place where she, herself a convalescent, was recuperating near at hand. She was struck by the pallor of his looks. "The stamp of death was imprinted on his features," she writes.

He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. . . He spoke of his death with firmness as well as feeling as an event likely to happen very soon. . . He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him, to the injury of his future reputation. . . . The conversation was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom seen his mind greater or more collected.

¹⁸ "Sir James Crichton-Browne on the evidence diagnoses endocarditis following rheumatic fever, a condition for which the modern treatment is prolonged rest."—Carswell, *Robert Burns*, p. 388, note.

On July 10th, the poet wrote to his brother Gilbert: "It will be no very pleasing news to you to be told that I am dangerously ill and not likely to get better." He wrote a couple of letters begging for money—one to his cousin, James Burness, Writer, Montrose; another to Thomson. "After all my boasted independence," he told the latter, "curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds.—A cruel scoundrel of a Haberdasher to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail.—Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted." One last, despairing appeal to Mrs. Dunlop for one word of kindness to his "poor palpitating heart" and, after that, the curtain was rapidly rung down. On the fourth day after his return, July 21st, he fell into delirium and gradually sank to rest, passing, as Carlyle says, "not softly, yet speedily, into that still country where the hailstorms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load."

The *Letters* of Robert Burns tell a poignant, a pitiful story. They are the record of a man of extraordinary talents, of brilliant intellect, but of a fickle, restless, errant, dissatisfied and unbalanced disposition. From the literary and cultural points of view they are disappointing, and not to be compared as regards style or content with the Letters of Cowper, or Lamb, or Byron, or Shelley or Keats. "I am no dab at fine-drawn letter-writing," he tells Mrs. Dunlop, "and, except when prompted by friendship or gratitude, or, which happens extremely rarely, inspired by the Muse . . . that presides over epistolary writing, I sit down, when necessitated to write, as I would sit down to beat hemp." Actually, however, Burns took great pains to perfect himself in the art. Unfortunately, the models on which he based his style were English models, and English was to him practically a foreign language. This

is more particularly the case when he is writing to his patrons or his social superiors or is seeking to impress the impressionable Clarinda. When he writes to Edinburgh friends like Cleghorn or Peter Hill or Alexander Cunningham, he is more natural, though here he tends to lapse into native Scotticisms. When Burns encountered the poems of Robert Fergusson, the English shackles immediately fell from his limbs and he obtained his full poetic freedom. But no such fortune could come the way of Burns the letter-writer. We have seen the trend of the Edinburgh influence and what his patrons would fain have done with his poetry. What they could not do with his poetry they could do with his prose—and for a very simple reason. “John Knox,” says a recent writer in *The Times Literary Supplement*,

when he foisted an English Bible on the Kirk, succeeded only in discouraging Scottish poetry and driving it underground: he killed Scottish prose. The only field in which the genius of Burns could grow freely and to its full stature was that of Scottish life and the Scottish vernacular, which was revealed to his poetic ambitions by Fergusson—fortunately in good time for the poet to know himself before Edinburgh got him.¹⁹

¹⁹5 November, 1931.

THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE RUSSIAN FIVE-YEAR PLAN

BY DONALD BUCHANAN

QUALITATIVE at the same time as it is quantitative, the organized planning of the Soviet Union forever labours under the burden of its two battle fronts, the one political, the other economic. Directed by an army of inspired idealists or fanatical Utopians, as you will, its communistic goal is not of this day but of the undetermined future. But its gospel, unlike that of the other-worldly religions to which it is so emotionally akin, is of this world, not of the next, and its success depends not only on the mastery of the spirit of men but also on its triumph over their economic environment, in the industrialization of the land and in the proletarianization of the people. Driven by Bolsheviki, instead of Jesuits, it has to take account of the conditions of this world's economy and particularly of the backward natural economy of its Russian surroundings. Yet of mere national economic success it must beware, as the saints resist pride; for its ultimate aim is not the perfect socialist state but the end of all states, that communistic paradise, that perfect community, the so-called classless, stateless, society.

To the European socialists who watch the development of Russian planning with the eagerness of those who wish to see their theories validated in practice, this double aspect of the problem proves both complicated and distressing. To them its economic success appears at times unwantedly jeopardized by its communistic bias. But to the zealous communists, economic success would be as dust if a complete proletarianism did not follow as its concomitant.

Perhaps none but persecuted idealists, united in a rigid and militant yet deliberative and doctrinal testing body, could have guided the two horses of spiritual aggressive communism

and calculating, planning state socialism along the rough and stumbling path of post-war history and through such a divided and backward and disorganized land as was contemporary Russia. To begin with, the unwieldy empire of the Tsars had at the outbreak of war in 1914 only a hot-house growth of mainly foreign-financed industry against a background of almost mediaeval peasant culture. The war effectually disorganized both, and left the capital resources of the country in a terrible state of depletion, with the resulting transportation chaos accentuating the already radical economic division between town and country. In November, 1917, by promising peace to all and land to the peasants, the Bolsheviki or majority party of the Russian socialists, in contrast to the Mensheviki or minority party, were able to secure power and hold it through their possession of these workingmen's soviets in industry which had grown up at the time of the revolution of 1905. But they had to tread their way carefully. Without two such men as Lenin and Trotsky, the one the sensitive administrator and economic genius, the other the war organizer and inspired military leader, they probably never would have been able to keep control.

To Lenin, the problem of the Soviets was one of manoeuvring appropriately within the given social environment. The first step was to capture the key positions and then, with the workers in control, to commence and continue the gradual encirclement of capitalism. The urgent need of economic stability and prosperity meant that "the exploitation of the exploiters" must be slow; care must be taken not to kill at once the geese that were laying the golden eggs of industrial continuity and budgetary taxation. There must be "learning from the capitalists" and co-operation, but co-operation with one's tongue in one's cheek.

Ultimate success depended upon the preservation of the equilibrium between town and country—the peasants must

become a new proletariat, but this by the electrification of the countryside and the development of co-operation, not by destructive compulsion. The communist party, working through the Soviets, as a wolf leading the pack, would direct all this in conjunction with the trade unions and the numerous, already well-developed, co-operative societies. The more centralized industries, such as those of transportation and fuel and metal, were to be immediately socialized. The others were simply to be kept under survey and regulation and only to be gradually socialized as expediency warranted.

Such was the organic doctrine evolved out of the fertile mind of Lenin. As a departure from what the more eager spirits would have called pure Marxism it only gradually obtained success in the councils of the party as a whole, and was only ultimately realized with the introduction of the New Economic Policy (N.E.P.) in 1921. The fire-brands, then, and until they were expelled in that famous purgation which threw Trotsky into exile, wanted nothing less than a speedy attempt at world revolution. They claimed that only some such gigantic upheaval would save Russia for communism. Lenin saw deeper, doubted the possibility of immediate world revolution, and continually urged concentration upon the home front.

Despite sabotage from the owners and anarchical syndicalist tendencies on the part of the workers this mixed system had already been partially commenced during those first few months after the October Revolution. The peace treaty with Germany, however, brought complications that were to disrupt, for the time being, all plans for economic development. The army returned in famished hordes and the problem of its peaceful absorption became uppermost. Most of the soldiers flocked back to the land and automatically became small holders. This meant retreat upon the agricultural front. Then, immediately following upon this, came the great dis-

aster. Russia's former allies attacked her and communism had to fight for its life.

Almost complete economic disorder now reigned. Repeated inflation could not manufacture out of thin air the resources that were lacking. It, on the contrary, acted negatively when, along with grain price fixing it drew the ever suspicious, ever self-sufficient farmer out of the market. Enforced levies, compulsory labour, state-organized barter, over-centralization, and the shock-drive method of production, Trotsky's "war communism", in short, were the improvised expedients which may have saved the revolution for the moment; but the economic chaos which resulted almost wrecked both Russia and communism.

After this foreign and civil war, the New Economic Policy of August 11, 1921, gave the necessary "breathing space", which Lenin had always declared to be so necessary. To some it was "communism in retreat"; to others it was simply the realization of Lenin's policy of "state capitalism", the first stage towards the achievement of ultimate communism.

Veshena, the national economic council set up in 1917, continued, but only as a mere organ of general regulation. As for the Glavki, the state and semi-state administered industries, they were discontinued and replaced by trusts under the control of boards appointed by Veshena in collaboration with the trade unions. Gosplan or the State Planning Commission came into existence and provincial departments of regulation were established in subordinate order under Veshena. The trusts, except for a few supplying government orders only, became financially independent except in so far as they were under the credit control of the state bank. The complete centralization of the war period, with all its attendant evils of red tape, congestion, non-co-ordination between departments, and local discontent, gave way to a simple centralization of

appointment and decentralization of management. This, along with the introduction of private trading, was undoubtedly the essential reform enacted by the N.E.P. Foreign trade continued as a state monopoly, but the war-time state commissariat of supplies gave back to the Co-operative Societies their former food-trading privileges.

The period of N.E.P. lasted from August, 1921, to October, 1928, when the five-year plan was launched. In the intervening period the varied problems resulting from the working and planning of a mixed socialistic system in a country such as Russia were amply demonstrated. The war-time depletion of capital resources, the lack of technicians, and the inertia of an individualistic peasantry, sunk hopelessly in the morass of a mean and primitive system of agriculture, appeared as almost insurmountable barriers in the road of socialist achievement. They were effectively preventing state capitalism from making any rapid progress towards state socialism.

Most urgent of all was the need of new capital. After the defeat of the Labour Government in England in 1924, it was obvious that Russia must continue to suffer for a long time from that financial encirclement which prohibited the raising of large foreign loans. Russia, hence, had to raise out of its own misery the capital necessary to replenish its depleted stock of goods and to enable it to advance in that process of industrialization which the Bolsheviki party and the Soviet Assembly, under Lenin's inspiration, had decreed as necessary for the future achievement of communism in Russia. The approximate equalization of the income of the people after the revolution meant that as a community they saved less than before. Their savings also went with suspicion to the state or co-operative banks, where the principle of the secrecy of accounts was not always lived up to, and went very slowly as loans to a state which not so many years before had been

demanding compulsory loans. Inflation also proved detrimental in its tendency to frighten the peasant away from the market, and in its tendency to put a limit upon the value of bank savings. Thus, while the individual surplus over present needs did not go voluntarily to the state, it could not on the other hand be effectually obtained by direct levies. The general dislocation of industry after the forced loans and shock drives of "war communism" amply demonstrated this. The methods left open then were the taxation of the rich farmer or "kulak" and the taxation of the profits of industry directly and through credit control. To these sources of state revenue there were also added the direct revenues from those essential industries which had been transformed into public utilities.

To produce capital out of industry, industry had to sell its goods much above the cost of production. This solution by high prices had proven itself impossible during the "scissors crisis" of 1923 when agricultural as compared to industrial prices dropped to a ratio of 1:3. As a result the buying power of the peasants had become negligible. The government made an attack upon this problem from both sides. It tried to raise grain prices by encouraging export and by giving credits to the co-operatives, and by stabilizing the currency. Although the currency stabilization in itself acted as a check on industrial expansion and output, the government went still further and contracted the credits to the various industries so that they would be forced to sell goods at lower prices in order to enlarge their turnover capital. It was thus hoped to bring the farmers back into the market. Moreover, a concerted drive was made to reduce industrial costs by a more suitable concentration of industry in certain plants and regions, by the introduction of the three-shift system, seven-day week for machinery, and general rationalization. Rationalization, however, made very slow progress owing to the lack of skilled labourers and to the constant friction between the often indifferent technicians and

the usually technically incapable communist commissaries. Added to this was the ever-hindering, pre-war legacy of hopelessly scattered and poorly planned industries. There was also the difficulty of replacing worn out parts in the foreign manufactured machinery.

For a great many of these problems increased education was the possible solution. Technical training became more and more imperative as the need for engineering and industrial experts grew, while it was only by education that efficient methods of agriculture could be introduced among the rising rural generation.

As always in Russia all economic problems seemed to resolve themselves back to the basic preoccupation of agriculture. In these years with a veritable monopoly of trade through the trusts and Centrysos, the central selling agency, which it dominated, the state by selling restrictions should always have been able to produce a favourable balance for itself in its market operations with the farmers. Trotsky and his school, however, were expelled when they insisted on the use of such a method in their left wing policy of systematically exploiting and levelling the peasant ranks by a system of "war communism". But as has been explained, the temporary overproduction of industrial goods during the sales or "scissors" crisis of 1923 when the peasant had tended to leave the market altogether, prompted the continuance of less drastic measures. Thus until 1928 the slower method of encouraging village co-operation and collectivism was employed. The peasant was to be coaxed into raising more raw products, and the introduction of machinery, the large ten-field system and the use of chemical manures were to lower his costs. In the meantime the "Nepmen" or private traders of the village remained the mainstay of the food supplies and the government showed little eagerness to fight the "kulaks" or rich farmers from whom the needed surplus supply of grain could still be assured.

This interval of the N.E.P., therefore, may be called one of reconstruction. Necessity had forced Lenin's policy of modified socialism upon the sometimes unwilling ranks of his party. By 1923 and 1924 some ninety per cent. of retail trade had gone back into the hands of private traders, whose capital was also strongly entrenched in those wholesale trusts and selling agencies which were among the main "key-positions" in the encirclement of capitalism. Nevertheless the sword always cast its suspending menace over the head of the private trader. When he encroached too far on socialist preserves or whenever favourable economic conditions allowed further state expansion, then he was sure to be subjected to persecution. The method was either to tax him out of existence or to banish him to Siberia on charges of speculation.

In the meantime, the prospect of large foreign loans having disappeared, a drive began to be made to increase foreign trade. The state controlled all the channels of export and import trade. It soon found that it was able to manipulate them in such a way as to ensure a continued importation of those capital goods which were so urgently required for the reconstruction of the country. As soon as conditions permitted, the state, therefore, began to promote the export of agricultural and mineral products. Sometimes this operation involved an apparent loss but never a real loss, since the cost of producing these export goods was always relatively less than the probable cost of producing in Russia those manufactured fixed-capital goods which were now being imported. For this reason it was imperative that there should be an ever-increasing production and export of farm products. The later period of the N.E.P. thus began to be marked by bitter strife on the agricultural front. The battle was to get more out of the farmers so that exports could be increased and at the same time to get them to take less of the costly manufactured goods in exchange.

Such conditions led to the end of the N.E.P. and the launching of the five-year plan in October, 1928. The years of "patience" and "reconstruction" had, at the same time as they revealed their defects and difficulties, wrought their benefits. The extreme misery of the days following upon the final retreat of the "white" armies had given place to a more stable if less socialist economy. Whereas the failure of foreign loans had accentuated the left wing arguments for war industrialization and world revolution, the triumph of the more moderate desire to turn and trade with the world appeared now to imply that a policy of general co-ordinated planning together with a measure of conciliation would be applied on the agricultural front, and that stress would be laid on the continued rehabilitation of industry.

To this end Trotsky had been expelled and the ranks of the party purged. Yet events forced a quicker change than had been anticipated. The harvest of 1928 brought to light a major agricultural crisis. In that year the production of grain nearly reached the pre-war level. The state machinery was supposedly ready and perfected for its collection. But the grain brought into the market was only half the amount which formerly would have been presented. The partition of the land meant that the mass of cultivators were now only able to feed themselves. The Communist party accordingly made its famous decision to interfere more energetically by initiating a vigorous drive towards co-operative and mechanized cultivation. Thus a year later, in 1929, when the output from the socialist section of agriculture was enabling the state to become independent of private supplies, the present decided class war against the kulaks began in bitter earnest. This so-called process of "liquidation" has become the principal political characteristic of the five-year plan. But its more direct economic features, such as the calculated construction of new industries and the planned development of foreign trade, are

undoubtedly those aspects of the plan which in their magnitude have forced their attention most on the world to-day.

From 1917 to 1928 the "key positions" were captured; there was the required "learning from the capitalists". To-day, with the industrialization of the land and the rapid increase of proletarianism among the people, state capitalism has given place to state socialism. To the communists this is but the next stage on the road to their paradise. Whether it will be the final stage or not is something which doubtless depends more upon the psychology of the Russian people than upon economics.

THE SO-CALLED FRENCH CANADIAN PATOIS

BY EMILE CHARTIER

WHEN some of our English-speaking countrymen, who are echoed by a few Americans, call our language a *patois*, their appreciation has nothing to offend a scientist in matters of language. But it seems that, when using such a term, our friends mean whatever French is spoken by whatever Canadian of French descent.

In that case we must call their attention to the judgment lately pronounced by one who has every reason to know the French people and their language. Says Dr. William Henry Atherton in the recently published *Storied Province of Quebec*: "The French spoken (in Canada) by the educated is standard French. That of the less educated is like that of the same class in any other language. Canadian French bears the same relation to the French of France as American English to the King's English. Both are good French and good English. As the English here (in Canada) betrays Northern English origins, so French reflects that of Normandy."

I

The fact is, first of all, that, while French peasants of two neighbouring villages are not understood, not only by educated Frenchmen, but by each other, here in Canada the *habitant* or the son of the *habitant*, whether he dwells in Louisbourg or in Vancouver, in Ontario or in Quebec, has no trouble whatever in grasping the conversation both of his fellow-farmers and of the educated class.

The marvel indeed is that any one of our *habitants*, when he travels through the French provinces where his fathers came from, is perfectly understood by every one of his hosts.

Thus, this notion he possesses of provincial dialects is so far from hampering his knowledge of official or academic French that every Frenchman, even the best educated, who pays him a visit, is also perfectly understood by every one of our *habitants*.

Moreover, the sons of these who, after having gone through college in Quebec, matriculate at the Sorbonne in Paris are not classed among the less successful, although they have in no wise bidden farewell to their family speech.

Again, this family speech one may easily pick up in books, since it was used by the writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, by Rabelais and by Montaigne, by Ronsard and St. Francis de Sales, even by Malherbe at the opening of the seventeenth century. In our own days it appears to be preserved in the works of regionalist writers as Mistral and Vermenouze, Millien, Paysant and Louis Mercier.

So far therefore from being obsolete, notwithstanding its far-off origin, our *patois* is considered by all educated Frenchmen as simply delightful on account of its picturesqueness.

One conclusion follows from these few remarks, and it is this. To grasp our *habitants'* patois, one must be familiar with both the old and the present French idiom, the provincial dialects and the official or academic language of France. Without that keen knowledge, one cannot compare the speech of our country people, which survives from the past, with the language that now obtains among the French and which changes daily.

Some American and even Canadian people call *patois*—and by that term they mean a *jargon* or unintelligible language—the “delicious speech” (*la délitale parlure*) of our *habitants*. Their scorn proves only one thing: that they possess a very slight notion—if any—of old French or that they consider as French only the language at present spoken by the French

and even then only the one used in Paris or at the *Académie française*.

How deeply they are mistaken in all this may be easily shown by a thorough explanation about

- (a) the term *patois* itself;
- (b) its application to the language of the French-speaking Canadians;
- (c) the character of our rural language.

Our times are the day of science. The hour has come to look into the matter from a scientific point of view. What then is the verdict of science concerning this threefold subject?

II

To begin with the word *patois*, philology answers that it is not an artificial or cabalistic kind of speech, familiar to a small set of devotees alone; that is slang or *argot*. Neither is *patois* an absurd mixture of different languages, for which the real designation is *maëlstrom* or jargon. A *patois* is not even the expression peculiar to a minority within a larger group of population, such a language being rather a *dialect*. And it has nothing in common with those barbarous translations spread upon the markets of Canada by some business firms, for translations of that sort are simply horrors.

According to philology, a *patois* is a language that once in the course of time had a literary influence, since it was used by writers, but which has since become merely popular, being now a conversational medium between country people only.

If our English-speaking friends adopt for the word the latter meaning, they are certainly right. There actually exist, in different parts of the world, languages of that character. But if one takes into account the contemptuous look with which some English-speaking gentlemen utter the word *patois*, one

is inclined to assume that they assign to it one of the significations condemned by science.

If such is the case, "they wrong themselves", as Shakespeare puts it, much more than they do the devotees of *patois*.

III

Concerning then the application made of the word *patois* to the language spoken by Canadians of French descent, sociology, another science, has also some explanation to offer.

The language used by those among the French-speaking Canadians who have been educated in France or in the French institutions of Canada cannot be a *patois*. Nothing is taught there but the present academic language of the French themselves. The designation is equally inaccurate if applied to our professional men, whether they practise their professions within cities or in country places. All of them belong to that educated class which we just alluded to. There is no connection either between *patois* and the language that obtains among our working men, be they manual labourers or contractors, especially in our industrial centres. However technical this kind of speech may be, even if it is scarcely understood outside the field of labour, it is pure French or pure English according to where the operations spoken of have originated or where the tools were constructed.

But there is an intimate connection between *patois* and the current language that one may gather from the lips of our peasantry. Much of their conversation is made up of words and forms that were once used by French writers, but that have since become the inheritance of the rural population only, both of France and Canada.

And therefore, if our English-speaking friends call *patois* the kind of French spoken by our *habitants*, they are certainly right. But one has some reasons to fear that many make no

discrimination whatever between the classes of our French-speaking population and apply the word indistinctly to all.

If they do so, "they wrong themselves" again, much more than they do the French *patoisants* of Canada.

IV

The fact that such an archaic language still survives among our country people will astonish only those who are unacquainted with history, which is another science.

Our first colonists, after they migrated from different provinces of France, mixed their physical characteristics through marriage and their forms of speech through daily intercourse. Then, when dealing with the members of the administrative bodies, they were bound to use the Gallic dialect of the centre of administration, the Ile-de-France, as the district around Paris is named. They therefore annexed to their everyday vocabulary, endowed with democratic nobleness only, an official vocabulary, noted for its aristocratic character.

This annexation explains why the language of the French administrators predominated in their speech, while the mixture of their dialects makes for the maintenance within it of provincialisms and for the disappearance of accent in their current conversation.

Lastly, the total absence of intercourse between them and the English or Americans accounts for the survival among them of a language twice noble and twice French, in spite of the fact that, for nearly one century (1760-1855), they had almost no relations with France.

V

To turn now from this historical parenthesis to the characters of our rural language—the subject with which we are mainly concerned—they are easy to perceive, for one who refers to three fundamental sources of the highest value, I mean

the *Essays on the Acadian Language* by Professor Geddes of Harvard (*Congrès de la langue française*, 1912), the *Essays on the French Dialects in Canada* by the Honourable Judge Rivard (1914) and the *Lexicon of the French Language in Canada* (1930).

To begin with the *lexicon* or vocabulary, the essentials of our *patois* are terms dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, 84 of which Geddes has detected in books issued in those days. Of these, 75, according to the same authority, are identical with the terms used, during the same period, by the common people in the neighbourhood of Paris or the Ile-de-France. Such is the basic structure of our *patois*.

To these fundamental elements have been added a certain number of words proper to different French provinces, of which Geddes reckons 59 from Central France, 42 from Normandy, 20 from Picardy and 5 from Lorraine, Manche or Anjou. These branches grafted so well on the trunk that the issue was one language—the true French Canadian *patois*.

Once this vigorous trunk was firmly planted on our soil, new branches sprang from it. I mean that our people added to their *patois* some words required by local necessities or adopted on account of their expressiveness. Such are sporadic cuts at the end of certain terms, such also Indian expressions as “moccassins”, “manitou” and “toboggan”, such again those delightful *canadianisms* as “mouiller (to rain)”, “sucrierie (maple grove)”, “poudrerie (blizzard)”, “écrapoutir (to smash)” and “enfiferouâper (to embarrass)”.

Some words also were borrowed from our English-speaking compatriots; but not without being gallicised through pronunciation, such as “poutine (pudding)”, “litousse (lighthouse)”, “mitaine (meeting)”, “calvette (culvert)” and “néquiouque (neck-yoke)”. But no one should confuse, with those terms of real English offspring, others which have returned to France after having crossed the English Channel,

as "grosneur (grocer)", "barguigne (bargain)", "redingote (riding coat)" and "boulingrin (bowling green)". These are actual French words.

VI

Just like words, the *morphological traits* peculiar to French Canadian *patois* are very scarce and may be traced back to the different French provinces.

Such are the forms "y" and "lui", "a" and "alle" given to the personal pronoun 3rd person *il* or *elle*, as happens in the popular song:

Par derrière' chez ma tante
"Lui" y a-t-un bois joli.

From the same source are derived the confusions between genders and numbers, certain wrong agreements between nouns and adjectives, also a few antiquated conjugations as "j'avions" or "j'étions".

As for forms borrowed from English, they are undoubtedly numerous enough. But our people have always taken the care of Frenchifying their endings, as in "jammer", "loafer", "switcher" and "boumer". And the English, who both write and pronounce

Where everybody's somebody
Nobody's anybody,

have no right to blame our people for shortening a few forms as "laquelle est-ce?", "yousque?" and "qri (quérir)".

On the subject of forms, certain mistakes are only amusing. In any land where railway stations and parishes are denominated after the saints in Heaven, among any people whose want of culture prevents them from grasping foreign words otherwise than by their sound, Somerset would be termed "Saint-Morissette", Inverness "Sainte-Ivrognesse", Sandy Brook's Point "Saint à broussepoil", Central (Falls) "Sainte-Relle" and Springfield "Sprinfiel", just as Cincinnati has

become "Saint Cinnati". The law of analogy and the world have the same age.

VII

It is by this same law of analogy that, here as everywhere on earth, popular phonetics are governed, and also by the law of the minimizing of effort or, as they say in terms of physics, by the law of least resistance. In the special case of our *patois*, a mere reference to dictionaries of the French provinces shows that our people in no wise innovate when they utter as they do single or double letters.

They say "jwal"; the Normans do likewise. With them mute "e" becomes "a", *viz.*, "épidarme"; on the contrary, open "e" becomes "é" closed, *viz.*, "pére, mère"; but the same happens in Picardy. They turn "m" into "b", as in "flambe", and "ou, oi", into "o" or open "è", as in "pomons", "potrail", "crère", in which one cannot differentiate them from the peasants of Central France. When at last they utter "qu" for "t", *viz.*, "chanquier", "piqué", or "eu" for "u", as in "breume", they act after a model, that of the country folks of Lower Brittany.

Scientifically speaking, our *habitants*, in matters of phonetics, are simply just as faithful to their native French provinces as, on the same ground, our English-speaking peasants stand by the portion of England where their fathers first sailed from.

VIII

The truly miraculous aspect of our rural language is to be found in the province of *syntax*. No category of speech could be more easily vitiated than syntax, nor so badly, on account of racial contacts. Yet, how few English-looking sentences have melted into our *patois*!

When one has pointed out "excusez mon gant (excuse my glove)", "satisfait que (satisfied that)", "opposer un adversaire

(to oppose an argument)", "faire application pour (to make application for)", he has almost exhausted the list of such misconstructions.

Others may occur, of course. But they equally may be heard on the lips of cultivated Frenchmen nowadays, as "malgré que", "préférer que", or were heard in former times, as the comparative "aussi pire que" (just as Englishmen would be faulty if they said "as worse as") and the pleonastic terms of the form "forcé malgré lui".

And now, following down the different parts of speech, one must confess that misleading errors of syntax in our popular language are reduced to the minimum. Our *habitant* speaks of "les chevaux à mon oncle". He confounds the indefinite article, when he says "beaucoup *de* livres que j'ai lus". He makes a melting-pot with adjectives of different characters, as in "utile et chéri *de* sa famille", or with personal and indefinite pronouns, as in "*on* n'aime pas qu'*on nous* critique". He mistakes adverbs and prepositions for the corresponding adjectives and *vice versa*, as in the sentences "*sous* votre respect", "cette fleur sent *bonne*". As for the verb, the pivot of language, two or three faults only in it are worth notice, as the well-known "ce *qu'il* a besoin".

But all these errors are not uncommon even in France, and not only among the peasantry, but even among the higher classes both when they speak and when they write.

IX

From this short excursion around the territory of our popular speech what conclusions may be drawn?

One only, and it is this: that the discrimination between the language of our *habitant* and that of the French rural districts even of the present time is exactly equal to the difference — which English scientists themselves observe — between the language of the Anglo-Canadian farmers and

that of the British commoners. In both, the accent is different and faults are common. Both use an obsolete vocabulary and an unclassical syntax. The phonetic peculiarities of each follow the same laws of analogy and of least resistance. And, with both, all these traits are exceptional.

Therefore, as nobody dares contend that our English-speaking farmers utter an Anglo-Canadian *patois*, no one should speak of a French-Canadian *patois*, in the wrong sense of the word.

Those who use that contemptuous expression towards our country folks, or oppose them with their ridiculous *Parisian French*, would be well advised if, in place of spurning our popular language, they followed the example set by two of our most prominent citizens: I mean the President of our provincial Senate, the Honourable Jacob Nicol, and the most sympathetic Walter Sherwood Fox, the President of The University of Western Ontario.

They never spent a copper to learn, in universities abroad, a language which they knew to be found just near by. *Arcades ambo*, while they were students in Toronto, they took advantage of their holidays to ramble with their bicycles about the Sorel district. After graduation, they both had grasped our *patois* as the basis of their delightful pronunciation of the standard French of the province. Since they have climbed their lofty situations, almost every year they spend their leisure time visiting with the auto the *habitants* of the Eastern townships. And they still speak a delightful French.

In place of so often scorning our so-called *patois*, our English friends should become scholars of that kind. Shortly and without almost any expense, they would make themselves familiar, so as to speak of it wisely and speak it easily, with a language which many of them are anxious to master, because it is both a national asset and an international recommendation.

COMMERCE AND THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION

BY GRANT DEXTER

SINCE Confederation there have been upwards of one thousand constitutional law suits. The cost to the taxpayers has been not less than \$1,000,000. The net result of this litigation and expenditure has been to demonstrate in a striking way the inability of our courts to free Canada from what might be termed a constitutional strait jacket. Nor is this, in any sense, a criticism of the judiciary. The difficulty is entirely the result of the tremendous growth of commerce in the past sixty years, and of the existence now of scores of industries not dreamed of by the Fathers of Confederation and therefore not dealt with in the British North America Act.

The business phase of the constitutional question is one which has received little or no attention. Constitutional reform has been deemed to be of interest only to politicians, lawyers and constitutionalists, and discussion has centred on highly important but abstract matters of minority rights and legislative jurisdiction. Yet it is because of the effect of constitutional impotence, if the word may be used, on employers and employees and on business in general, that this question has rapidly become a national issue, and to-day is nearer solution than ever before. For in the constitutional field events have marched rapidly in the past year, and agreement between the Dominion and the provinces upon a method of amending the British North America Act seems at last within measurable distance of achievement.

Before dealing with the effect of the constitutional question on business, it will be of interest to outline recent developments. In the January, 1931, issue of *QUEEN'S QUARTERLY*,

Mr. Norman Rogers brought the record of constitutional development down to December, 1930. On the eve of the Imperial Conference, at which the proposed Statute of Westminster was to be discussed, the Hon. Howard Ferguson, then Premier of Ontario, issued a statement declaring that repeal of the Colonial Laws Validity Act would give to the Dominion unfettered power to amend the constitution. Mr. Ferguson demanded that the provinces be consulted and their assent obtained before Mr. Bennett committed this country to the repeal of this act. He was supported in this position by Quebec, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia. Mr. Bennett, in view of this protest, took the position that the Statute of Westminster be not extended to Canada except in response to a request from the Parliament of Canada, and he announced that, prior to introducing a resolution in Parliament in this regard, he would confer with the provinces. The conference took place at Ottawa in April and the provinces agreed to the enactment of the Statute of Westminster and its application to Canada on condition that a clause was included, as follows: "The powers conferred by this Act (the Statute of Westminster) upon the Parliament of Canada or upon the legislatures of the provinces shall be restricted to the enactment of laws in relation to matters within the competence of the Parliament of Canada or of any of the legislatures of the provinces." Mr. Bennett accepted this condition.

In effect, this meant that the Statute of Westminster, while it would free Canada from the over-riding authority of certain British statutes, would leave the constitutional question unchanged. The reason for this is that the constitutional question is not concerned with relations between Canada and the Mother Country, but with the division of constitutional powers between the provinces and the Dominion.

Then, on May 11, 1931, came a constitutional debate in the Commons on a motion introduced by J. S. Woodsworth,

Labour Leader. The motion read: "That, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable that Canada should have the right to amend her own constitution, but that in proceeding to make any amendment, scrupulous care should be taken to safeguard the rights of minorities." Mr. Woodsworth introduced this motion because the constitutional question stands squarely in the way of many reforms advocated by the Labour group. The debate which followed disclosed a strong body of opinion, irrespective of party, in favour of constitutional reform. An important statement was made by the Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Minister of Justice, who spoke for the Government. Mr. Guthrie agreed that the time had come when the question of amending the constitution must be considered. He said: "I agree with the suggestion that in the near future a conference should be summoned for the express purpose of considering some *modus operandi* upon which we can proceed to secure the right to amend the constitution of Canada." The Dominion, he said, must prepare its case and a special committee of Parliament should be appointed to do this work. Thereafter, a Dominion-Provincial constitutional conference would be called. The committee probably will be appointed this session, and a constitutional conference may be held in the late autumn. The prospect, therefore, of a final settlement of the question in the life of the present Parliament is bright.

In clearing the way for a final settlement, the necessity of relieving business from the evil effects of constitutional uncertainty has been a major consideration. One of the chief essentials to success in the world of business is stability of government control. In Canada this has been lacking. Commercial institutions have been compelled to play the part of the innocent bystander, while the Dominion and the provinces battled over the right to control their activities. As fast as the courts handed down one decision, new statutes were enacted to make possible a renewal of hostilities. What has been going

on in Canada in the past 60 years may best be illustrated by the record in regard to companies of all descriptions, to the insurance business, to water-powers, and to some of the industries based on later inventions, such as the radio and aviation. There is, also, the extraordinary story of the government grading of foodstuffs.

For twenty years, the provinces and the Dominion fought for the control of companies. The prize, of course, was the rich revenues that go with an exclusive right to incorporate. The crux of the dispute was this: Were provinces restricted to incorporating for purely provincial purposes, unable to confer power to do business beyond their boundaries? Did the Dominion possess the exclusive right to incorporate companies desiring to do business in more than one province?

Obviously the companies were not concerned in the rights of this contest. All the business community desired was that the dispute be settled as speedily as possible. There have been three major lawsuits on this question, and the results, to a layman, appear ridiculously unimportant. All three were carried to the Privy Council and the judgments may be summarized in this way. The John Deere Plow case proved that a Federal charter entitled a company to do business in all the provinces and to resist some forms of provincial control. The Bonanza Creek case proved that a provincial charter entitled a company to enter other provinces for business purposes. The Great West Saddlery case confirmed the findings of the John Deere Plow lawsuit.

The upshot, therefore, might be termed a "stand off." Both contenders won and lost. The claim of exclusive jurisdiction, either way, was not supported. The contest was waged with great vigour and in such a manner as to place an unwarranted strain upon all companies. Both parties, but more particularly the provinces, used their legislative powers to enact weapons with which to carry on the fight. In order to

obtain authority over Federal companies, some of the provinces went to the extreme of threatening to enact laws forbidding any company which did not take out and pay for a provincial license to own property. The contest has lain dormant for some years, but may break out again at any time.

Then there is insurance. The constitution does not mention insurance, does not say whether control shall be exercised by the Dominion or the provinces. The record of insurance litigation provides a classic example of the plight of business under the present constitution. In 1868 Parliament asserted Dominion jurisdiction and in 1875 a federal department of insurance was established. This department issued licenses to insurance companies and enforced regulations governing their operations.

In 1876 the provinces entered the picture. Ontario enacted a law dealing with fire insurance. Two years later the first case went to the courts. The Ontario statute was attacked but was upheld by the Privy Council. In 1916 another case was taken to the Privy Council. This time the Dominion Insurance Act was placed in peril, and the Privy Council ruled that the vital "licensing sections" of this statute were *ultra vires*. In doing so, however, the Privy Council expressed the view that it was possible to frame a statute which would achieve the desired result and resist attack in the courts.

The Dominion lawyers wrote a new insurance act which was enacted. This new statute was believed to have eluded all constitutional pitfalls. In 1918 a case based on the competency of the Dominion to license a foreign company to do business in Canada was carried only to the Supreme Court of Canada, so that the decision was never taken as final.

In 1922, Ontario brought into the contest a new weapon in the form of a statute dealing with reciprocal insurance. The Dominion challenged this act, on constitutional grounds, and to aid its case, an amendment to the Dominion Insurance Act

was put through, giving to Dominion officials the right to pass upon insurance agents and brokers. The insurance companies who had endured the uncertainties and confusion of dual control all these years, complained bitterly of this amendment, but the Government refused to withdraw it. The Privy Council in 1924 ruled in favour of Ontario.

In 1926 Ontario carried on a law suit of its own. The question of constitutional jurisdiction over insurance was submitted to the provincial courts. The Dominion declined to accept the challenge, so Ontario paid lawyers to argue both sides. The judgment favoured provincial rights, but the Dominion took no steps to appeal. In 1927 the provincial premiers requested the Dominion either to appeal the Ontario case or repeal its insurance legislation. The Dominion declined to move in either direction.

The next step was the licensing by Ontario and Quebec of companies which had not complied with Dominion regulations. The sole object of this move was to goad Ottawa into a new lawsuit. Once again the Dominion refused the challenge. Then, in 1929, Ontario launched a case, requesting the courts to declare the Dominion Insurance Act *ultra vires*. The Dominion could not allow this to go by default and in due course a galaxy of lawyers representing both contestants argued the question at great length. The case was appealed to the Privy Council, which last October rendered judgment. The judgment reduced the Dominion Insurance Act to ruins. The provinces scored a knock-out.

But knock-outs are of small significance in constitutional contests. All that will happen is that the Dominion lawyers, after studying the judgment carefully, will write a new act which will be passed by Parliament.¹ The litigation then will begin *de novo*. Meantime, insurance companies do not know

⁵An order-in-council announcing that a new Federal insurance act is to be prepared for the present session of parliament was passed at Ottawa December 31, 1931.

where they stand. As a whole, they desire federal control, since it ensures uniform regulations throughout the country, but the wishes of the insurance companies are of no importance in the dispute.

Water-powers, when their development is incidental to navigation, are likewise sadly affected by constitutional ambiguity. The provinces and the Dominion have been wrangling about this question for some years. As hydro-electric power was not known at the time of Confederation, there is no mention of it in the British North America Act. In 1928 the Dominion Government submitted a reference to the Supreme Court of Canada, requesting an opinion as to whether the Dominion or the provinces owned power developed incidentally to navigation. Nearly every outstanding lawyer in Canada appeared in court; the cost was approximately \$175,000, and the result was a decision which boiled down to this—that questions of this kind could not be decided except in definite cases. With the early development of the international section of the St. Lawrence river, this question will become acute, and no doubt a new chapter in the endless story of constitutional litigation will be begun.

In the cases of radio and aviation the conflict between the Dominion and the provinces is, naturally, of recent origin. The Privy Council already has ruled on aviation and, temporarily, at least, the Dominion is victorious. But constitutional battles are never won. If the provinces care to pursue the controversy, they can enact laws, skilfully drawn, to exert control over aviation and thus bring on a renewal of hostilities. The interests of aviation companies, needless to say, will not be considered.

In regard to radio, the Dominion has won a temporary victory from the Supreme Court of Canada, by the narrow margin of three judges to two, and the final appeal is now before the Privy Council. Here again, regardless of the de-

cision, the losing party may forge new legislative weapons and resume the fray.

The story of legislation governing the grading of food products presents a different phase of the constitutional question, and a highly important one. There was no dispute between the Dominion and the provinces in regard to the desirability of grading many food products. The Dominion assumed the responsibility and, under the Livestock and Livestock Products Act, issued regulations fixing government grades for eggs and other products. The purpose of the regulations was to compel the marketing of food products in such a manner that consumers would be certain of quality. Quality, of course, determined the price and the producers, under a nation-wide grading system, would soon see the advantage of improving their product.

One merchant in Canada disapproved of this grading policy. He was opposed to the grading of eggs. He challenged the Federal regulations on the ground that they exceeded Dominion jurisdiction, and single handed he virtually destroyed the Livestock and Livestock Products Act. The argument was enlightening and amusing. It appeared that an egg goes through a number of constitutional "changes" between the producer and the consumer. More particularly, when an egg is laid it is under Dominion jurisdiction. This is so because the British North America Act gives the Dominion over-riding jurisdiction over agriculture. When the farmer sells the egg, however, it becomes a piece of property, and, as such, is under provincial jurisdiction. If the egg is then shipped from one province to another—say from Winnipeg to Toronto—it once again enters Dominion jurisdiction as an article of inter-provincial trade. If sold in Toronto, however, it returns to provincial control.

As grading was believed desirable, most of the provinces passed statutes validating the Federal grading regulations and

in this way the constitutional difficulties were overcome. But to-day it requires at least one year to change the regulations, as the Dominion Government must first act and the change must also be ratified by all the provinces. And in some cases ratification is possible only by provincial statute.

The egg case, of course, placed the constitutional question in a ridiculous position, but it revealed in the prevailing situation one aspect of great significance.

Constitutional disputes are in no wise restricted to governments. Private individuals and corporations can challenge the validity of statutes, and they frequently do so. In scores of cases individuals have upset laws which all governments and the vast majority of the public heartily approved. One case in point is the Industrial Disputes Act. This statute, enacted by Parliament in 1907, provided for compulsory investigation of labour disputes before the occurrence of a strike or lock-out. A board of inquiry, consisting of three members, must be set up by the federal Department of Labour, and not until this board had reported and the report been made public could a strike or lock-out legally take place. This law, admittedly, has been of great assistance in the peaceful settlement of labour disputes, and, of all Canadian statutes, is the one most copied by foreign countries. In 1923 the Toronto Hydro-Electric Commissioners challenged the statute. There was a dispute as to wages and working conditions between the employees of the Commission and the Commissioners. The employees asked for a board of inquiry, which was granted, but the Commissioners took out an injunction to restrain the board from proceeding, on the ground that the statute was unconstitutional.

Long litigation resulted in final decisions which crippled the law, and made it necessary for provincial legislatures to enact concurrent legislation. By virtue of these provincial statutes, the act remains in operation but, as with grading, the

task of making changes is both difficult and long drawn out.

Another case is the British Columbia Fruit Marketing Act, in which a Chinese potato grower tumbled into ruins the grandiose system contrived by the British Columbia legislature to aid the fruit growers and market gardeners. Still another is the law of one province concerning the minimum wage and hours of labour, which was attacked by an employer who desired to use "sweated" labour. The Security Frauds prevention acts which were enacted by most of the provinces as a result of brokerage scandals, have met with constitutional opposition. These statutes, which are practically identical in all provinces, are skilfully drawn and, in the main, have escaped impairment. Their purpose is to give to the provinces a greater measure of control over the stock and bond brokerage business. They were enacted after the scandals of 1929 and 1930, and have been threatened by constitutional litigation in Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia. In Alberta, they have been attacked and the courts ruled the Frauds Prevention Act *ultra vires* in the case of Mercury Oils, Limited, *versus* the province of Alberta. Efforts have since been made to strengthen the acts and they are still in force.

Our constitutional instability enables individuals to oppose, successfully, the enactment of progressive legislation. It also bars the path to such reforms as the enforcement of the eight-hour day. This Dominion is committed to the principle of the eight-hour day, but owing to constitutional impotence is unable to redeem the pledge given to the League of Nations. The whole field of labour legislation lies in the disputed constitutional area. Laws which will improve the status of labour will usually increase manufacturing cost. One province, therefore, dare not proceed alone, and there is an obvious need of uniform legislation for the nation as a whole. The provinces, therefore, do not act, and the Dominion is unable to act because matters of labour, property and the like are not within

Federal jurisdiction. For this reason, organized labour is in the forefront of the movement for constitutional reform.

The way out of this tangle of futile and costly litigation is obvious. The British North America Act must be made readily susceptible of amendment. There is no need to inject into the discussion such matters as minority rights, since no dissatisfaction exists with the provisions of the British North America Act in this regard. But with respect to commerce, there is a constitutional no man's land. Canada has outgrown her constitution. The terms of the British North America Act cannot be applied to many vital classes of business which have come into existence since Confederation. To appeal to the courts is useless, since the courts cannot speak when the law is silent. Moreover, court decisions must deal either with statutes or with specific references, and it is always open to legislative bodies to enact new statutes, to renew each constitutional battle as soon as it is lost.

Where litigation offers some hope of final settlement, there is no suggestion that the courts should not be called upon to decide. But in some cases, where successive appeals have only emphasized the inability of the courts to end disputes, the only solution is a round table conference, an agreement between the contending governments, and an amendment to the constitution. This is the course followed every day in the business world.

There is a body of opinion in Canada, to which the writer subscribes, that believes Parliament possesses, and has always possessed, untrammelled power to amend the constitution. The Government of the day, however, concedes the right of veto to the provinces, and therefore the question has been discussed upon that basis.

ECONOMIC THEORY OF A STATE-SUPPORTED UNIVERSITY

BY H. F. ANGUS

THE problem of deciding who should be allowed to take advantage of the facilities for higher education provided by private charity or public subsidy has long received attention in the older countries, but it is only the pressure of taxation on falling incomes which is forcing the people of western Canada to face it. The practice hitherto has been to make whatever facilities were offered equally accessible to all who could pass a very unexacting test of fitness. For good students of small means there have been scholarships, but for all students good and bad, rich and poor, higher education has been made available at a fraction of its cost, or even for nothing. The result has been that the numbers receiving higher education of some sort have been high and that the B.A. degree as a certificate of a reasonable minimum of achievement has become nearly valueless.

The issues raised by this educational development can be made congenially intelligible to the general public by stating them financially: Are we spending too much public money on educating young men and young women whose education is of little value to the community? Are we misapplying our educational expenditure so that those whom it would be to our advantage to educate thoroughly are receiving a poor education? This form of stating the issues will keep before us the important fact that subsidies to education compete with other public expenditures; with expenditures on public health, on unemployment relief, on the care of the insane, on institutions for reforming criminals, and so forth.

The decision between these worthy objectives has to be made by the legislature and is rarely of sufficient importance

to come directly before the electorate. In a way the same sort of decision has been made whenever private benefactors have endowed institutions of learning. They have had to choose between promoting education, providing hospital accommodation, equipping lifeboats, preventing cruelty to animals, and other charitable purposes. But their problem has been the relatively simple one of finding a useful charity congenial to their tastes, on the assumption that other benefactors would have other tastes. The public funds, on the other hand, must be expended more judicially, and apportioned fairly among various undertakings. The ideal is that the *marginal* dollar spent on education, the *marginal* dollar spent on public health, the *marginal* dollar spent on reforming criminals and the *marginal* dollar spent on every other welfare activity should do equal good, and that this good should exceed the evil inflicted by the last dollar raised by the most unpopular tax.

How are these elaborate comparisons to be made? The reasonable first step is to ask what the usefulness of higher education is from the standpoint of the community. We can begin by pointing out that it would be disastrous if there were no higher education at all and that there is a group for whom the community must procure education at almost any cost if it is to maintain its cultural and even its material existence. It needs doctors, jurists, scientists, engineers and teachers, and the numbers required do not depend directly on the aptitude of individuals.

The size of this group is difficult to determine though the need for it is beyond question. The minimum of trained men and women required by the community is not the same thing as the optimum number, given the social structure of the community and its resources. A profession may be overcrowded from the standpoint of its members long before it is overcrowded from the standpoint of the community. However, there is a possibility of preparing too many for intellectual

work and, even if all individuals had equal ability, the numbers for whom the community would feel it imperative to provide higher education would be limited.

There are other occupations for which training is desirable though not essential. The community has an interest in having well educated bankers, merchants, journalists, agriculturists and so on. The desirability of finding a highly educated personnel in these and other occupations is a matter of degree, and the desire of the community for higher education is, therefore, moderately elastic.

There is a further reason for wishing to enlarge the numbers who receive higher education: the importance of having in the community a nucleus, at least, of men and women of cultural and intellectual training. The numbers to be trained for the more directly practical reasons may provide this nucleus, but it will constitute a minimum below which the numbers to be educated should not fall.

If we are optimistic enough to assume that the opportunities for higher education are being assigned in order of merit, so that those with the best qualifications get the first chance, the desirability of expanding each of the groups to which higher education might be given will be less than on our original assumption that no differences of aptitude existed. As the numbers receiving university training are increased, higher education will be less needed for two reasons: because the posts to be filled are no longer posts for which it is really important; and because the men and women next in line to receive it are relatively stupid or relatively lazy.

When we turn from the desire for higher education to the demand for it, we must remember that demand involves willingness to pay and that this willingness will vary with the prosperity of the community and be less in bad than in good times. It will also vary, as we have seen, with the relative

importance of competing expenditures which are likely to appear more urgent in bad times than in good. As the present times are bad, we must be prepared for a rather sharp fall in the demand of the community for higher education, which is, therefore, relatively inelastic. But the importance of educating the best men and women for the most important careers remains as great as ever.

We can next consider the demand of individuals for the higher education of their children, or of young men and women for their own education, a demand which expresses itself in their readiness to pay fees. The intensity of this demand depends on the importance which they attach to higher education and on the level of their incomes. They will be influenced to some extent by their opinion of the abilities and tastes of the children or of themselves. But they are partial judges, and in practice they are apt to accept the passing of the entrance examination of the university as conclusive proof of suitability for higher education—although a very little reflection would show that it is ill-designed for such a purpose. The willingness of parents to make sacrifices for their children can be stimulated by the state if it makes this education a necessary qualification for careers which are sought after, and it may be possible to rely on private initiative alone to secure and pay for the higher education of an adequate number of young men and young women. But the group selected in accordance with the ambitions and incomes of the parents will not coincide with the group selected by a public examination of fitness, so that there will be some wastage in quality. For instance, changes in the relative incomes of different classes will occasion corresponding changes in the composition of the group capable of paying fees.

Another evil which may occur if private initiative alone provides for higher education is that the education may be paid for by the help of harsh and drastic economies, such as under-

nourishment, which more than offset its value. Hardship, it is true, may strengthen some characters. It may ruin others. And even when it gives strength it may do so at an excessive cost which takes the form of the destruction of aesthetic sensibilities or generous sympathies.

There is a third source of demand for university education, distinct from those based on the self-interest of the community or of the parents. The young man or woman to be educated may be thought of as having a right, against the community so to speak, to self-development. In search of this form of happiness he is to be entitled to opportunities for education at the public expense so long as he meets the minimum requirements for fitness, which are imposed on all students, including those who pay their own way. This claim would be conceded in full only by making higher education open to all free of charge. To do so would be to give the community's endorsement to the individual's claims, so that they were no longer rights against the community but became its own demand. Probably a wish to concede this claim does exist but it is given a very low place among the community's demands and is almost certain to be outweighed by the dislike of taxation.

In actual practice we have a complicated system that obscures the operation of these underlying considerations which in the long run determine it. The state makes a large contribution to the cost of higher education but substantial fees are charged to students. Some of the best students receive scholarships irrespective of their financial position; others receive aid provided that they need it and that they possess exceptional ability. No preventive or penal fees are charged against those with low qualifications, but there is a minimum of achievement below which they must not fall. Finally, the quality of the instruction depends on the resources available.

This scheme has, and claims, no ultimate merit. It has the advantages and disadvantages of a flexible compromise.

Its elements can be varied to suit changing conditions and changing demands. The contribution from the state can be raised or lowered. Fees can be increased or decreased. More or fewer scholarships can be offered. Preventive or penal fees might be imposed. The minimum qualification can be made more or less exacting. The quality of the instruction can be improved or impaired. However, the variations must take place within the narrow framework of a balanced budget.

There are then many variables, and changes in them determine the important question of what higher education is to be and who is to get it: one of the most important questions which a community has to decide. In examining how the decision is made it will be convenient to consider each variable separately.

The amount of the contribution from the public funds is determined by a vote of the legislature. It is safe to say that within very wide limits the amount of this contribution is settled by the members of the legislature without reference to the electorate. More precisely, it is settled by the caucus of the party in power and so may be determined by a minority of the legislature. We have already noticed the difficulty of balancing expenditure on higher education against expenditure on other public objects. To go further and balance the value of an improvement, or of a deterioration, in the quality of higher education against the evil of a small increment, or the good of a small decrease in taxation is almost impossible, and it is improbable that anyone ever attempts it. A compromise between the desirability of university training on the one hand and of economy on the other is likely to be a personal compromise between two small groups of men.

The issue is highly complicated by the fact that education is not the only function of a university. Research is also important. Part of the research work done in the university is so closely related to education as to be inseparable from it;

part is undertaken by teachers in what must fairly be considered as their spare time, or as a qualification for teaching; part is undertaken primarily for results which, directly or indirectly, may have a pecuniary value. These "parts" are not mutually exclusive. There is always a temptation to stress whichever of the three aspects of research seems likely to command most sympathy, and the ability to resist this temptation might prove a form of intellectual honesty fatal to the success of university administrations.

It follows that money voted by the legislature is not voted for higher education alone but for education *plus* some other values. For the most part the financial value of an addition to the world's stock of knowledge is too slight to be seriously considered when a vote is made. But in other cases the financial aspect is emphasized, and a university vote may be made to appear as "grub-staking" researchers, a form of gambling as attractive to the sanguine as the "grub-staking" of prospectors. Perhaps higher education too is something of a gamble involving even greater stakes. It is important to notice that the legislature does not itself apportion its stakes between the two risks. Nor would it be easy to do so, for each risk appeals to different natures and the devotees of each are apt to despise those of the other. No man can serve two masters. But a university president must keep two gaming tables.

Fees are not fixed by the state but by the university. There is greater freedom in deciding them than in fixing the charges for a public utility, perhaps because the university does not work for profit and can, therefore, itself undertake the duty of protecting the public without danger of unfairness. From what has been said earlier in this article it is obvious that the more numerous the scholarships available and the more adequate their amounts, the less likely are increased fees to exclude students of exceptional merit. The exclusion of inferior students may perhaps be looked on as a positive advantage. A

period of financial depression raises quite special problems. The demand of individuals for higher education may be increased because of the difficulty of finding employment and of the belief in their relatives' minds that the university atmosphere is less demoralizing than idleness. Should this increased demand be met by higher fees, on the ground that the traffic will bear them, or by lower fees, on the ground that a period of enforced idleness ought, if possible, to be made one of preparation for the future? This important social problem is likely to receive less consideration than it deserves because of the function of fees in balancing the university budget and so providing what have been described as the stakes for the two gaming tables: higher education and "grub-staking" researchers.

Many scholarships depend on private charity and the donor settles their conditions. But state scholarships may, as has been indicated, be used to mitigate the effects of higher fees. Their natural counterpart would consist in preventive or penal fees imposed on inferior students to offset the dangers of low fees. These are, however, rarely if ever employed, partly from a sentimental dislike of discrimination between tax-payers (though scholarships discriminate), partly because fees are not thought of as dangerously low, partly because to charge deterrent fees would appear to be an admission that minimum requirements in scholastic achievement are too low.

Finally, there is the most important question of all: the quality of higher education. In the main, it is a resultant of the other variables, which have determined the number of students and the funds available. Who and what are the competitors for shares in the fund? There are various forms of higher education and various forms of research. Something has already been said of the latter with their three distinct, though overlapping objectives: instruction, the extension of knowledge, and practical results with a pecuniary value. It remains to discuss briefly some aspects of higher education.

Much of what passes as higher education consists in patching up a defective secondary education. It is a curious burden to impose on a university, but it is a useful function which, if it cannot be conveniently performed by the schools, does enlarge to some extent the class of those who should be admitted to the university.

Much of the university instruction consists in giving some training in thinking and some more or less useful knowledge to men and women whom one hesitates to call students because of the implications which this word once possessed. There is no serious expectation that, whatever degrees they may obtain, they can ever be ranked as members of an intellectual élite distinguished from their fellows by accuracy or subtlety of thought or profundity of knowledge. What they receive at the university may have some value for them and for the community, but it should perhaps be called supplementary education rather than higher education. Often they have done little more than learn enough Latin, or French, Mathematics or Science, to teach these things to school children, and by adding a few easy courses in social sciences have qualified for a B.A. degree.

To acquire the same sort of information, if it is not related to the conditions laid down for a particular way of earning one's living, is of more questionable value. Practically, it cannot be avoided, because no one can ascertain the motives or aims of each undergraduate. To go to the extreme of insisting that every student should select a course which will involve some thorough form of intellectual discipline would, under present conditions, be very drastic. Yet there is much to be said for the view that it is not wise or expedient to use public funds to subsidize this futile diffusion of instruction. In all sincerity, many think it a waste of public money.

There is, however, an answer which is adequate though crude: "My poverty but not my will consents". These under-

graduates fill seats which would otherwise be empty in classes which would be conducted in any case, or in classes which are so large that the fees of the students more than cover the assignable costs of conducting them. The students pay fees and are not in the way. They thus make real education cheaper and give on the whole better value for the money. And there is always a chance of "conversion", of the transfer of an undergraduate from the lower to a higher category. In short they present a problem for the cost accountant to face if he is ever initiated into the mysteries of university finance. He alone could make it clear that the community does not really subsidize these undergraduates but that they help to lighten the burden which falls on the shoulders of the taxpayer.

The point to be made clear is that there is an analogy between different railway rates for the same service rendered to different classes of traffic which can 'bear' different charges and similar fees charged to good and poor students. The resemblance appears if we credit the university with the fees of every good student—say \$125—plus a high proportion of the government grant—say \$1,000. This is what the university earns by educating this student. For a medium student the credit would be \$125 plus perhaps \$500; for the poor student the fees only, for the community is not prepared to contribute towards his education. But just as in the case of railway rates the lowest charges cover assignable expenses and contribute something towards general expenses, so the fees alone pay for the assignable expenses of the additional student and contribute towards the general overhead of the university.

The cost accountant could perhaps substitute careful estimates for the illustrative figures which have been used. A guide to what would be a reasonable credit to claim for the best student might be afforded by the costs willingly incurred in departments where there are at present very few students, *e.g.* the faculty of agriculture, where a per capita cost of more

than \$2,000 is an *average* cost. The type of accounting suggested might help to justify this average by showing that similar high costs are really to be imputed to the best students in larger faculties.

In its simplest terms the problem of financing higher education lies in giving fair value to those who seek some positive minimum qualification for a career, or some reasonably agreeable and useful way of spending four years, and then devoting the sums made available from this and other sources to the training of the best students. A frank recognition of this aim and a clear statement of it would put educational work in a form intelligible to the public. They would be led to see that the low attainments of the poorest graduates which at present bring universities into disrepute should be criticized, if at all, on the ground that these graduates have not been given value for the fees which they have paid and which have helped the university to perform its most important functions.

The alternative is to face the public on the educational value, from the standpoint of the community, of the training which the poorest graduates and those undergraduates who have fallen by the wayside, have received and so to acquiesce in part of the government vote being used in subsidizing their education. To attempt the defence of an untenable position may give an opportunity of displaying heroism, but it used to be considered justification for putting the garrison to the sword.

THE TUNE IN THE STREET

There was a man played in the street like what
you'd hear across still water, clear and thin,
and then, while you are nodding, suddenly hot
as though the bell rang, and the sun walked in.

I've not had time for music these last years
since things have altered from the moonlit kiss,
through doubt, and disillusion to the fears
that not ours only, but all love, is this,

as though love were a bee before the dawn
that left the sleeping hive, and dimly flew,
with wings all wet, into the darkness drawn
by some wild dream of honey in the dew.

And then I heard the tune!—Who is the man,
a thousand times my frightened heart would ask,
that watches men with sullen hatred? Can
my love's smooth face be hidden by that mask?

To live on bread, to work until you break
is nothing, but to change is terrible,
to go to sleep in a brief heaven and wake
in what you know is everlasting Hell—

All that I knew; and knowing was afraid
to tell myself the truth and I was wrong;
for even Hell's disaster can be stayed
if we can find our Orpheus and his song.

It flowered in the street; and when I cried
upon the fiddler for the words, he went,
saying (I thought) "Unless the fiddle lied,
your heart will tell you what the music meant."

WHAT THE MUSIC MEANT

Why am I weeping?

Brown bird in Thrace
your note throws its shadow
over my face;

it has moulded the eyebrows,
and weighed down the lashes
with the immortal
decadent ashes

of love self-defeated.

Philomel,
you should have been quiet.
It was not well

to trouble the heart with
the old blind thrill.
Did you not know, bird,
that the dead lie still?

HUMBERT WOLFE.

WHEN THE RAILWAY CAME TO CANADA

BY ROBERT AYRE

WHEN, in 1832, the proprietors of what they called the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway received their charter from the legislature of Lower Canada, travel in British North America was, except for a few rash spirits like Captain Marryatt, nothing but stark necessity unrelieved by the slightest comfort. In the thirties of the last century, coming to America was an adventure that too often meant tossing eight or nine weeks on the Atlantic Ocean, in storm and stress and peril of destruction; a journey from New York to Montreal was, in winter, ten days on wheels and runners, in freezing wind and drifting snow; and, in summer, long, tedious passages in canoes or heavy boats, or in rigid calèches with no respect for bones, over roads pitted with mudholes big enough to swallow horses and carriage and all and leave no trace except perhaps a beaver hat floating on the puddle. Captain Marryatt, writing of his experiences, may have overestimated the size of the mudholes, but to us of the steam-heated and electric-lighted era the discomforts and hazards of a hundred years ago need not be exaggerated.

In the earliest days, transportation in Canada was, of course, entirely by water. There is something pathetic in the little settlements of man huddling together by the waterways, as if they had not the courage nor the strength to venture inland. The streams were roads ready-made, that required no adventuring deep into the stubborn wilderness, into unknown swamps and thick forests, that demanded none of the arduous labour of clearing the way. Explorers, missionaries and traders, like the Indians, travelled in canoes, in craft light and

handy enough to be carried over the portages. The first land-way was a portage and it was as a portage that the first railroad was built. But before the first rail was laid, birch-barks developed into heavy row-boats and into steam-boats, and coaches and sledges came into being.

River journeys at the beginning of the nineteenth century were made in brigades of flat batteaux, poled and rowed by singing voyageurs, hauled over the rapids by lusty arms, sails spread when the wind was willing, tents up at night on shore. The batteaux were pine boards knocked together into rude flat-bottoms six feet wide and forty feet long, with narrow bow and stern. They ventured forth in brigades of five, each with a crew of four men and a pilot. Sometimes travellers in a hurry or seeking the picturesque, like Captain Marryatt, preferred the skimming canoe. In his American diary, Marryatt tells of his crew of five French-Canadian half-breeds, of eating lake trout, and of sleeping out under Mackinaw blankets, to be awakened when "mosquitoes sound *reveille* with their petty trumpets." By batteau, the journey from Lachine to Kingston took eleven days. To-day, *The International Limited* speeds from Montreal to Kingston in three hours.

Time did not stand still however, even in the backwoods of the Canadas a hundred years ago. Canoes and batteaux, the barge-like Durham boats from the United States, and the sailing schooners on the Great Lakes, shuddered one day at the hoot of the steam-boat. The *Clermont*, triumph of American ingenuity, began its Hudson River trips in 1808, twenty years before Stephenson's *Rocket* jolted an era into antiquity. One year after the *Clermont*, the three Johns—Molson, Bruce and Jackson—built, at Montreal, the *Accommodation*. This forty-ton steam-boat pushed out of Montreal for Quebec on All Saints' Eve, against an easterly wind that sent sparks streaming from its funnels into the darkening sky and scared the wits out of the farmers settled along the shores of the St.

Lawrence. The river, unlighted and without buoys, was dangerous for night travel, so the *Accommodation* tied up at dusk and took three days to travel the 180 miles to Quebec. But three days was a revolution in transportation, for as late as 1822, without steam, the passage could take as long as a fortnight.

The early landways evolved from narrow portage trails to bridle paths and rough coaching roads, which were sometimes planked, and, over the swamps, corduroy. The coaches were clumsy, lumbering vehicles, no better than oblong boxes made of boards, with a window that had to serve as a door, and without benefit of springs. The luckless passengers perched on wooden seats slung from leather straps. They were strap-hangers indeed as the coach pitched and jolted. When the horses staggered uphill, the travellers had to scramble out and trudge through the mud. In the spring the roads were griled with ruts and flooded and it was an everyday event to wrench off fence-rails to prise the wagon out of the mud. In winter, a traveller was obliged to sacrifice ten days to a journey from New York to Montreal. Part of the way was over the frozen Hudson. Writers of the times describe reckless Yankee drivers upsetting their sleighs, horses collapsing and perishing of fatigue and cold or running away in frenzy. In the freezing drifts, all the passengers were pressed into service to help clear the way and push the sleigh out of the snow. The drivers in Canada were French-Canadians, clad in homespun — grey great-coats with peaked hoods, crimson sashes wound flamboyantly around their bellies, trousers thrust into stocking boots with red tops turned over, and their hands buried in great fur gloves. They were picturesque, but their picturesqueness added nothing to the comfort of their passengers. The roads were so rough, Marryatt says, that the sleighs jumped "from hill to hill like an oyster-shell thrown by a boy to skim the surface of the water."

Travel in the eighteen hundred and twenties and thirties was a hazard in more ways than one. Drivers and tavern-keepers were leagued against their passengers and guests. Their charges were preposterous: indeed, the wretched wanderers were entirely at their mercy. Freight rates were fantastic, alike on ocean and on land. Shipped from Montreal to Kingston, a cannon weighing twenty-four pounds was known to have cost \$1,000 in carriage and the rate on an anchor of less than half a ton was more than \$8,000. Because of the freight, struggling settlers were forced to pay as high as \$2.00 a bushel for seed grain, whereas others, within a few miles, but where transportation was better, got it for about eighty cents.

Under such handicaps, a country could not hope to reach full stature for many generations. The railway had to come to help it grow, and come it did. In 1829, the *Rocket* hurtled to victory in the Rainhill race. Three years later, Peter McGill of Montreal and his associates were incorporated as the company of Proprietors of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway. The capital was £50,000 in £50 shares, to be increased to £65,000 if necessary. The railway line was to run from Laprairie on the St. Lawrence to St. Johns on the Richelieu, just above the rapids, connecting with New York boats running on the Richelieu, Lake Champlain and the Hudson. Between Montreal and Laprairie the passengers were to be carried by steamer. Canada's first railway was opened for traffic in 1836. Peter McGill and his colleagues knew that they were putting their money into an important enterprise, for they were men of foresight, but they did not dream that their little portage road of fourteen and a half miles would grow into a vast system of 23,000 miles, spreading across the continent from ocean to ocean, dipping into the south and stretching into the far reaches of the north.

Montreal, in the thirties, was, in the eyes of one English visitor, "a sombre city of dark gray stone houses and edifices

and narrow streets" but capped with "glittering tin roofs." To the famous traveller, Captain Marryatt, it was, next to Quebec, "the oldest-looking and most aristocratic city in all North America." Its streets were narrow but its houses lofty. In 1837 he found Montreal "all alive—mustering here, drilling there, galloping everywhere", knee-deep in snow, every hour bringing "fresh intelligence of the movements of the rebels or patriots—the last term is doubtful, yet it may be correct. . . ." Riding out to St. Eustache with the troops, he saw with his own eyes the suppression of the rebellion, and when he left Montreal by sleigh he was so muffled up with an overcoat and a cloak and a thick wadded dressing gown between them that he was scrutinized with suspicion and nearly arrested. They thought he might be a rebel priest escaping across the border!

Rebellion was in the air in 1836, the year the railway was opened. The Axe Handle Guards were assembling in Rasco's. A bodyguard to the Voltigeurs Volontaires was formed and corps of Volontaires Defenseurs met "armed corps of blood-thirsty habitants". The members of the Doric Club deemed it "incumbent on them, in the present alarming posture of affairs, to declare their sentiments of unalterable attachment to their King and Country, their firm determination to maintain the interests of both at any and every hazard," and could not "too strongly deprecate any attempt to introduce republican principles into our form of government from whatever quarter they may proceed." In the outspoken manner of the times, they urged the recall of the convivial Earl of Gosford, who had come over from Ireland the year before to undertake the difficult duties of Governor and Chief of the Royal Commission appointed by the Imperial Government as a result of the Ninety-two Resolutions. The genial Irish peacemaker was having an uneasy time.

Papineau and his friends and enemies, however, were not responsible for all the stir in Montreal in those days. The

British American Land Company had received its Royal Charter and was bringing immigrants into the Eastern Townships. It was assailed by some as "an incubus on the energies of the people", but it was creating population and it was stimulating bridge-building and road-making and the building of houses. In addition to the Champlain and St. Lawrence, there were plans afoot for other railways; both in Lower and in Upper Canada, companies were being floated and charters applied for. The St. Andrews and Quebec Railway was advertising for "four surveyors capable of making out a railway track" and twelve assistants, to bring their instruments and state the salary they expected—there was little precedent for the salaries of railway-builders.

Politically, the country was in a ferment in 1836, but life in Montreal went on, as life always seems to do, very much as if there was no history bubbling up. Those were the days of dancing "with great spirit and little intermission"—to quote the newspapers—when the balls were graced by brilliant uniforms and the bright dresses of gay ladies, and the refreshments were abundant. When the St. Andrew's Day dinner was held at Rasco's, at twenty-five shillings a head, the less ribald exerted themselves manfully to a Temperance Soirée (only two shillings and sixpence) and celebrated St. Andrew's Day with tea. Perhaps they consoled themselves with the fate of the English immigrant who "died in a wagon which was conveying him and other immigrants from Laprairie to St. Johns in consequence of having indulged too freely in spirituous liquors." At any rate, the Temperance Society, like the Natural History Society, was active.

Those were the days of refinement and gentility and respectability. The great refined, genteel and respectable Victorian age was dawning. A circus which visited Montreal in the summer of 1836 was at pains to reassure the citizens in its advertisement: "It is likewise proper to state that the strictest

attention will be paid to gentility, and neither word nor action introduced that can offend the most delicate and susceptible mind; but such amusements only selected as cannot fail to instruct as well as divert the intelligent and refined of every community. . . ." Respectability and elegance had fastened on the world. The newspapers reported "melancholy accidents" and "affecting scenes" and published long poems like "The Dying Wife", and such articles as "A Moorish Dinner" and "Effects Produced on the Scotch by Their Popular Songs." Duels were described as "hostile meetings". When an important speech was made in the legislature, the special edition of the daily paper was called, in the ponderous dignity of the period, an "Extraordinary". Bulwer and Captain Marryatt were best sellers and the *Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk* were outraging public decency. Yet, in its pioneering days, gentility was having its struggle for existence. Montreal was making pianos but was also shipping Canadian whiskey and brandy to Europe and bootlegging across the United States border was rife. With a grievance still rankling, no doubt, the British government prohibited United States tea in Canada. But the tea-running racket was profitable and three-quarters of the beverage drunk in Canada was smuggled.

Rasco's Hotel, where Charles Dickens afterwards stayed, was advertising, in 1836, its "newly erected establishment and by far the most extensive in the Canadas, having upwards of 100 apartments elegantly fitted up and in readiness for the reception of travellers and boarders who may please to patronize the same." Tonnet, the celebrated confectioner and pastry-cook, removed to Rasco's old place at 92 St. Paul Street, the corner of St. Denis, near the new market. Desserts were a specialty at the Sign of the Golden Apple. Sweetmeats, good wines and liqueurs, barley and other syrups assorted.

The Theatre Royal was entertaining distinguished talent; there was a menagerie on McGill Street; Herr Cline was giving

his Celebrated Depictions; Sinclair's Peristrepthic or Moving Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo, at the Nelson Hotel, was a sensation, and just before the new railway was opened the city was astounded by an Extraordinary Equestrian Novelty. Would wonders never cease? All this on top of Halley's comet, and now the railway!

The Amateurs of the 32nd Regiment, in spite of the rumors of war, had time to appear in such productions as *The Inchcape Bell*, a melodrama "founded on a tale of terror", and the burlesque tragedy *Tom Thumb the Great*, to say nothing of *Modern Antiquities or the Merry Mourners*, "an interlude compressed in one act" This was, of course, modest entertainment compared with the Theatre Royal. There, Mr. Abbott's "personation of Hamlet was beyond all praise." It was a rare intellectual treat and the *Courier* said: "We would in sober earnestness recommend all who have the soul to enjoy theatrical representation of the first order to witness Mr. Abbott in any of the characters upon which his high fame rests." But the fullest house of the season was for *The Honeymoon* and *Mary Stuart*. The critic of the *Courier*, who had been busy with politics since *Hamlet*, found time in a "multiplicity of matters" at last to give "more than a cursory glance" to the Theatre Royal. It was unfortunate that he glanced at *Mary Stuart*. He was forced, though in turgid good humour, to "take a cut at" the manager of the Theatre Royal because the Lord of Lindsay appeared in Hessian boots, sky-blue tights and an inky cloak, and, he protested, ". . . the modest Jack Reeve always plays Cupid in black shorts under his muslin drapery, but we cannot sanction the innovation of corduroy inexpressibles and striped silk stockings under the kilt"! For this unkind cut, the *Courier* was shut out of the theatre, the manager announcing indignantly that he could not "submit to furnish any man with a weapon to be directed against his own person." Later, the *Courier* critic managed to get in, and he

found that the superb Abbott in *Macbeth* was not as good as in *Hamlet*.

Sinclair's Peristrepthic was the movie show of the day. The movements of the Panorama—the Battle of Waterloo, St. Helena and the Funeral Procession of Napoleon (dead only fifteen years) in twelve different views—were accompanied by a military band. But ah! Herr Cline and his Corde Volante! Neat and elegant, he danced in wooden shoes on the Elastic Cord and then, safely surviving his Feats of Daring, he gave his Celebrated Depictions of the Various Passions of the Human Breast, such as Rage, Revenge, &c., illustrated with the most minute exactness by appropriate attitudes copied from the most approved models in sculpture and painting. The which accompanied by music from eminent composers.

And the Extraordinary Equestrian Novelty! It appears that "the extensive rival companies of Messrs. Hall and Co. of Boston and Messrs. Coles of New York having accidentally and unknown to each other arrived in Montreal, arranged to combine." The "united stud" consisted of 130 men and horses. After unprecedented popularity in New York and Boston, the managers had been "induced to comply with the solicitations of influential Gentlemen from Abroad who have witnessed the performances, and will make a rapid excursion through the principal towns in this section of the country. . . Proud of the distinguished approbation and fashionable audiences with which they have been honored they have cheerfully incurred a large expense to enhance still more the attractions for the summer travelling season. . ." There would be room for a thousand spectators, and ladies and gentlemen were invited to "view the arena while fitting up to prove how comfortably they will be seated. . ." This was the circus that advertised its gentility.

This, briefly sketched, was the little world to which Canada's first railway came. It was a world almost isolated

by the rigours and protractions of travel. Mails from Bytown came only three times a week. Overseas news, long stale, was brought in by Liverpool packet and copied in the newspapers from the English journals, or borrowed from New York if the vessels were late. The railway, then, was hailed not only as a novelty but as an instrument to break down the barriers of time and space. Of course, there were some who did not believe in it or who were afraid that it brought the United States too close, but progress walks over the shortsighted.

Construction was begun in 1835, under the direction of William R. Casey and Robert F. Livingston, two engineers from New York. During the winter, the grading was completed and the timbers for the framework and the other materials were distributed along the right-of-way, with bundles of rails dropped at convenient distances. A locomotive was ordered from Stephenson at Liverpool in September and was to be ready for shipment at the beginning of March. A contract was given to Messrs. Wards of Montreal for the completion of twelve freight cars and the casting of eight, with also "a variety of castings of iron work for turnouts, splicing plates, etc." Because of the inexperience of Montreal builders in such matters, Casey went in January to Troy, New York, where passenger cars were "got up in superior style," and gave a contract to Eaton and Robinson of that city for four passenger cars, two with accommodation for sixteen passengers each and two with accommodation for twenty-four. They were to be "complete for the road and finished in style and elegance."

At a meeting of shareholders in May, it was reported that the wharf had withstood the winter without damage and that the ferry would soon be launched, that satisfactory progress had been made with the construction of the station houses at both ends of the line, that the workmen laying the timbers for the iron rails were "improving daily in expertness." A thousand men had been kept busy and 1,200 feet had been laid.

Developments north of the border were being watched with a great deal of solicitude by the United States, and the newspapers commented with flattering generosity on Canada's good sense in making use of American engineers. "The railway system of intercourse which is now so generally preferred in the United States has also attracted the attention of our Canadian neighbors," said the *Baltimore Gazette*. "The Canadians are wisely profiting by our dear-bought experience in calling to their aid talented young engineers who have received an excellent practical education in the science of locating and the art of constructing railroads."

The New York *Star* rejoiced at the "spirit of improvement which begins to show itself among the people of the British provinces on this continent as the surest evidences of a better understanding as well as the best foundation of the growing interests which now connect us in social and commercial ties with our northern neighbors. It is for the common benefit of all parties that these feelings may be cherished and cemented with a people whose means are increasing and whose dispositions are in the highest degree friendly to us."

Commenting on the engineer's report which appeared in February, 1836, the *Star* remarked that the stock of the railway company had advanced immediately upon its publication. "The grading and general progress of the work has received the unqualified commendation of our chief engineer, Judge Wright, and the rapidity and the economy with which it has been done, recollecting the fact that it was the first undertaking of the kind in Canada, where every one of the 1,000 workmen was necessarily unpractised in his business, reflects highest credit on the chief engineer, William R. Casey, and his assistant, Robert F. Livingston, both young citizens of our state and residents of our own city." The railway was in a direct line, it was pointed out, and so level was the country through which it would pass, that the single track would be finished at a cost

not exceeding that of grading similar works in the United States.

"The route has ever been a most tedious one to travellers, requiring in the summer season on the average of about four hours to complete it by stages. . ." "Now," said the *Star*, "thousands of fashionable citizens who have been deterred by the disagreeable routes. . ." It was the beginning of the tourist traffic which was to bring the Canadian people as much as \$350,000,000 a year!

To the cheers of "an immense concourse", the steamer belonging to the railway company was launched on May 12th, 1836. Mrs. Peter McGill, wife of the company's chairman, patriotically named it *Princess Victoria*, after the Heiress Presumptive, who was to mount the throne of England the following year to begin the reign which gave her name to an epoch. The *Princess Victoria*, built with the *Lexington* of New York and Providence as a model, was a beautiful boat and she glided gracefully into the water, with scarcely a roll. Montreal gasped in admiration and pride. She was towed into port to receive her engines and on Saturday, July 9th, the trial trip took place. The ferry was hauled out of her berth near the mouth of the canal. A churlish easterly wind made it difficult to warp her into a space where she could get her paddles into motion with impunity, but once she was started she slid along the water with a speed that was more than gratifying. How buxomly she sat in the river! There was no fault to find with her. Her paddle-boxes jutted up in the centre in such a way as to enhance rather than detract from her comeliness, for in the eyes of her admirers they prevented her from appearing too long. Down the river for six miles she paddled, showing off and trying her mettle. And when she went down to Quebec to be registered, to the amazement of the citizens of Montreal, she made the trip in eleven hours and ten minutes, not including stops and the uprunning tide adding half an hour to her time. It had taken the *Accommodation* three days to go to Quebec.

Due to "repeated applications as to the rates on the railroad", William D. Lindsay, the active commissioner under whose direction the work was being carried forward, announced in the press that the passenger fare to St. Johns from Montreal, including baggage up to sixty pounds, would be five shillings. Freight rates would be: ashes, two shillings a barrel; beef and pork, one shilling a barrel; flour and meal, sixpence; and boards and planks, five shillings the thousand feet, board measure.

Before eleven o'clock on the morning of Thursday, July 21st, 1836, the *Princess Victoria* was crossing to Laprairie, packed with three hundred passengers. "The numerous and respectable company", as the newspapers described it, included the Earl of Gosford and his fellow-commissioners, Sir Charles Grey, who was afterwards to become Governor of Jamaica, and Sir George Gipps, whose destiny was to make him Governor of New South Wales. Members of the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly, soldiers and merchants and many "respectable strangers" embarrassed the little ferry with their numbers so badly that she could not be trimmed properly and the crossing took fifty minutes. However, the sky was fair, and the society was agreeable, the "fine band of the 32nd Regiment enlivened the company with their superior excellence in the performance of many admired overtures" and there was promise of luncheon.

The excursionists landed and walked to the cars, to wait while the locomotive steamed up and down with the tender in two short trial trips. There had been an accident—history does not seem to vouchsafe what it was—and the damage had not been completely repaired. All went smoothly this time, but only two of the passenger cars were coupled up to the locomotive for the first run to St. Johns. The other cars, with the rest of the passengers, were drawn by two horsees. The rolling stock, according to the *Courier* report, was "comfortably fitted up and elegantly painted outside."

"The locomotive," said the *Courier* reporter who attended the opening of the railway, "the locomotive, with its complement, soon shot far ahead of the other cars, which passed along the road, just as fast as the nags, which were none of the fleetest, could drag them."

Those who made the trip behind the locomotive described the motion as easy, and they arrived at St. Johns "in excellent mood for the cold collation in the railway station house." The fourteen and a half miles took nearly two hours. But the foundations were laid, the foundations of a railway that would think nothing of 120 miles in two hours!

The station house at St. Johns was cool and pleasantly decorated with green branches, and the champagne and madeira flowed freely. Nor were the speeches kept bottled up. The Hon. Peter McGill, as head of the railway, toasted King William and the President of the United States (Andrew Jackson), Lord Gosford and the ladies. Seizing the occasion to ply the rôle of peacemaker, the Governor enlarged on the great natural resources of the country and urged a spirit of unanimity and accord in their development. On behalf of the United States, Timothy Follett pressed the Canadians to be influenced by the same enterprise and energy which characterized the American people and which would, he promised them, result in the same prosperity. Commissioner Lindsay presented a gold medal to Engineer Casey, and on behalf of his colleagues, Overseer McMahon addressed Mr. Casey in "terms of eulogium for his generous conduct" to the workers. The foreman goes into history as an orator, for his "remarks were somewhat extended and delivered with ease and fluency and indicative of much sound sense and judgment." They were "repeatedly and deservedly cheered." It was an historic occasion and freely flowed the champagne and the madeira.

As if cheered by the brilliance of its reception, the tiny locomotive acquitted itself magnificently on the return journey

to Laprairie and hauled four cars. But the great day was not to end without mishap. The locomotive made the trip in good time and the passengers flocked aboard the *Princess Victoria*. It was late afternoon, with a strong easterly wind blowing. Low in the water lay the little steamboat, weighed down by the burden of more passengers than she was ever likely to have at one time again. Struggling to shake free of the wharf, she grounded. She was ultimately cleared, amid much merriment, and the harrassed captain sighed with relief as she pushed resolutely into the river. But the steamer had hardly left the wharf before the cheers turned into excited shouts of "Man overboard!" and the poor captain groaned and gave the order "Lie to." One of the passengers, who had probably "indulged too freely in spirituous liquors" at the celebration, had toppled into the water. By the time he was fished out it was so late that the captain, tried too far, refused to go on. He would not risk passing the rapids in the dark.

So the *Princess Victoria* put back to Laprairie. Then there was a scramble for beds! The little village was ill-prepared for three hundred unexpected guests and the few beds it had to spare were put at the disposal of the Governor and the more distinguished of the visitors. The others, the great majority, stayed up all night. To keep them in good spirits, a dance was organized at the hotel; those who could not sleep and did not care for dancing played cards or sat about spinning yarns.

As soon as morning light appeared, the *Princess Victoria* cleared the wharf decisively, and the belated passengers were landed at six o'clock in the morning.

On Sunday, the locomotive puffed from Laprairie to St. Johns in forty-five minutes, with four passenger carriages and two loaded freight cars. The return journey took only thirty minutes. The regular schedule began on Monday, July 25th.

the steamer leaving Montreal three times daily, 8 a.m., 2 and 4 p.m., connecting with the locomotive leaving Laprairie at 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.; in the other direction, the locomotive leaving St. Johns at 8 a.m. and 2 p.m., and the steamer sailing at 6 and 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. The locomotive thus made two round trips a day.

A week after the opening of the railway, the *Courier* was saying: "By advantage of the railroad line, the time it has heretofore taken to convey mail from New York to this city has been reduced about five hours."

The locomotive continued its round until bad weather made steamer travel impossible. The St. Lawrence could be ugly in those days. In May of that year, for example, two batteaux with from twelve to fifteen passengers each, which left Montreal at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for Laprairie, were swallowed up in thick fog. The crews found it impossible to steer and the boats were separated. At nightfall, one found itself back at Montreal and the other bumped into Nun's Island, where the nuns offered a night's shelter to the luckless travellers. Gales on the river in October prevented the *Princess Victoria* from running, and mails were delayed, but as the weather improved the transportation system resumed operations and there are records of the locomotive still running in November. Freight was not carried in any amount until October.

For a decade, the little railway jogged along, in the midst of tumultuous history-making, the only railway in Canada. It had its troubles. The iron straps which were spiked to the wooden rails came to be known as "snake rails" because they developed the bad habit of curling up and striking the bottoms of the cars as they passed along the line. On one occasion, the head of a spike at one of the joints was snapped off and the rail sprang up and pierced the water tank of the locomotive. It had to be towed in, disabled. But such accidents as these might be expected in a pioneering enterprise.

By 1852, the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway had been extended north to St. Lambert and south to Rouse's Point, growing from fourteen and a half miles to forty-three and connecting with United States railways. It ultimately became the Montreal and Champlain Railroad and shortly after Confederation, after having been leased since 1864, was bought into the Grand Trunk system. With the coming of the Grand Trunk, one day to be a basis for the Canadian National, the history of transportation in Canada took a gigantic stride toward the twentieth century.

THE DUCK

BY ERIC DUTHIE

WILLIAM stood at the edge of the pond watching the duck. His hands were behind his back, and his head was a little to one side. Ice had come upon the water overnight, but a few yards out it lay floating in small pieces—broken by the boat of the park-keeper who looked after the water-fowl.

From the fringy edge of an island, the duck swam slowly, careful for its comfort, paddling with lazy motion. Its brown feathers sprinkled in the frosty air, and the blue-black wedge on its wing shone like ink. The boy whistled loudly, then pointed his tongue at the duck to see what it would do. But the duck, unalarmed and unhurried, drew nearer.

“Andy,” said William, “come and see this duck.”

“Tum-a-rum-tum, pom-pom!” said Andy. He slouched forward, hands in pockets, and looked at the duck with indifference.

But the calm face of William was thoughtful. His eyelids drooped as he watched the duck. He was thinking of his last summer holiday, and of a certain farmer’s hen. He remembered how they had chased it out of the hen-run through a field and over a little hill to catch it at last among the wild raspberry canes in the hollow; and how it had squawked horribly under his jacket until the men had looked out of the hay-field at them; and how in his fright he had pulled the head of the unhappy bird clean off from its body to end the row. An unnerving moment, but exhilarating. . .

Andy glanced up sharply. His eyes beneath their overgrowth of red hair grew bright and unholy. He looked at

William with soft expectancy, as Mephistopheles might have looked at his master.

Very deliberately, William felt in his pockets.

"Got yer catapult?" burst out Andy, his Adam's apple choking with eagerness.

"No," said William after long searching. "Left it in my other jacket!"

Disappointed, they were silent. Meanwhile the duck, conscious that the pair might prove a source of crumbs, had approached as closely as it dared, and now, resolved to hang about, it bobbed hungrily at the edge of the ice-fringe. Its small reptilian eyes gave darting stares—now one eye, now the other—with perfect lack of emotion. But in the very persistency of its presence was expressed the lust for food.

William looked round cautiously. Throughout the cold park no one was in sight. The gardener's rake against an elm tree alone gave sign of man's nearness. In haste he stooped; picked a stone from the path. Then with quick violent gesture, he sped the stone at the waiting duck. There was a stifled "Qua-a-ack-ack-ack-ack", a lengthy flopping of damp wings, and with lolling neck and twitching feet the duck keeled over, its head caved in.

"Done it!"

They permitted themselves a flash of exultation, a look of unspeakable triumph, a number of inarticulate exclamations indicating extreme valour, then with busy minds and shaking limbs set to work to retrieve their game.

"If you step on the ice you can reach it," said William. "I'll hold your hand."

The lighter of the two, Andy laid tentative foot on the ice. But the ice swayed and cracked; water oozed over his sole.

"No good," he said, and jumped quickly back.

William looked frantically around him, his face white with determination.

“Get the rake!”

They secured the municipal rake and bent dangerously over the brink of the pond, but the recumbent duck still floated beyond the wavering iron teeth.

A shout startled them. They dropped the tool and scuttled with thumping hearts for the nearest gate, aware of two old and angry gardeners settling to pursuit. There was something terrifying and delightful in the spectacle of old men running so fast; old spluttering corpses with grey-black faces, charging over the grass like emaciated wind-mills, and making the park hideous with their shouts for blood and vengeance. Most terrifying was their fearful concentration of purpose which made them run so much faster than old men have any right to.

Andy almost sobbed with excitement as he felt the power of their adversaries, but William shipped little seas of laughter that made him wallow in his stride. Through the park gate and into the roadway they fled, then round the corner and down a street of dwelling-houses. A glimpse of their pursuers sobered them, and for a quarter of a mile they raced steadily down an incline with mirth on their faces and fear in their hearts. More hopefully they heard the clamour die, and again they turned and gazed back, and crowed a little, and laughed the laugh of cavaliers and dangerous men. Not a pursuer in sight. Only a car, a dog and a solitary cyclist. They put another corner between themselves and misadventure—red-cheeked with their surfeit of excitement.

“Wish we’d got the duck!” said William.

Andy was about to echo this when his mouth fell open. The grating of bicycle brakes, fiercely applied, smote them with panic, and the solitary cyclist’s hands descended like doom on their thin shoulders.

"Oh, Ah know him fine!" commented the policeman at the nearest station as he indicated William with his thumb. "Ye're Dr. Burchell's laddie. So ye didna kill the duck? Ho, no. Ah suppose ye didna tak' the grapes frae the Broon's hot-hoose neither! Nor brak' the Tivoli's lamp wi' yer point two-two! We've seen ye afore and we'll be seeing ye again. Rin awa' hame, baith o' ye! Ye'll hear mair aboot this."

Three weeks later, two heavy-hearted small boys faced their accusers.

"So you didn't kill the duck?"

"No!"

"But you were throwing stones?"

"We were *skimming* stones."

"*Skimming* stones?"

"Yes. Skimming them on the water."

"O-oh, so you were skimming stones! I see. Quite. And you didn't try to hit the duck?"

"Well, one of the stones *might* have hit the duck. But I don't think so."

"What do you mean by 'might have hit the duck'?"

"One stone might have skidded off the ice and hit the duck. But I don't think so."

"You think not!"

"One stone *might* have, but I don't think so," said the boy firmly. "I don't see how it could 'uv." He hiccupped, and looked brightly and trustfully at his questioner.

"One might have, but he doesn't think so!" murmured the lawyer, and gazed cynically at the sealed glass jar which a policeman held up for the court's inspection. Motionless in the jar, carefully preserved in spirits, its eye staring even in death, was the battered head of the duck.

"It is beyond me to know," said William's father severely, (he was the poorer by three pounds and his reputation had suffered) "how a boy like you, professing such love for animals, could do a heartless, cruel thing like this. I simply don't understand you."

The boy looked tired. There were dark rims under his eyes. His mouth was open to speak, and the tip of his tongue hovered nervously on dry lips. He almost sighed.

"S'pose one of the stones must 'iv hit that duck," he said. "'N yet," he added with a touch of bewilderment, "I don't see how it could 'uv." He looked up, anxious but brave, to meet his father's eye, and even permitted himself the shadow of a shrug. A sound, shattering, brisk and flat, like the slap of an open palm, spoilt the gesture. Noiseless little devils flew gleefully about the room, and the atmosphere tightened and quivered. William's hand was at his head, but he did not cry. He stood, not daring to move, a ripple of worry on his brow, his hair tossed into startled tufts by the blow and rising indignantly all over his head. For horrid moments of insecurity his father hung over him, all eyes and jowl, then slowly the parent moved away, his eyes as he retreated still on his victim—still hating the boy, but his mind and hand already groping for a cathartic pipe.

William stood still. An enormous weight within him shifted uneasily, and started very slowly to lift from his stomach. For nearly two minutes he stared dully at the window. He saw the dusk and the falling flakes and the general misery and sorriness of life. Then his left leg uncoiled itself from his right, and his nerves grew lax.

The gleam of his meccano crane caught his eye, and he felt a ray of sickly interest. The crane stood on the floor in a corner, and, soothed by the rustle of his father's newspaper, he lowered himself cautiously to the rug. The depression that had edged his days with black was thinning to mist. Already

it was no worse than being in church. His fingers stroked his crane, but he was without appetite for play. Strangely, he was content and quiet, and content to be quiet. A marvellous feeling of assuagement and comfort and recovered safety stole over him.

Suddenly he knew he was hungry. . . And happy again.
And to-morrow was Saturday!

There might be sledging with the fellows on Richmond Hill. . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING HERITAGE

BY REGINALD G. TROTTER

GEORGE Washington's career was a vindication of the principles of independence and political liberty which are cherished to-day by the citizens of the British Commonwealth as well as by the inhabitants of the American Republic. Some of us may wish now and then that Washington had vindicated these principles by a method less drastic than the dismemberment of the old British Empire, the political bisection of the English-speaking world, but there is much to be said for the view that in the eighteenth century the obstacles in the way were insurmountable by any other course than that which he pursued, the violent path of revolution. Moreover, independence as a principle of liberty was thus brought to the attention of mankind in an intense and dramatic fashion. The famous shot heard round the world certainly created more stir in the chancellories of Europe and among the masses of mankind than seems likely to be produced by the recent passage of the Statute of Westminster, famous as that document has already become.

The Statute of Westminster came as the culmination of a long process of imperial evolution in which the essentials of independence had been already gradually secured by the Dominions step by step through more than three-quarters of a century; indeed the statute marked little more than the legal recognition of an accomplished fact. Nevertheless the formal laying aside of all claim to paramount authority over the Dominions makes this time peculiarly appropriate for Canadians, and for all British subjects, to join in celebrating the

memory of Washington as a vindicator of the principle of independence for British peoples overseas.

It does not need to be said that our independence, only so recently full grown, is not in all respects just like his. The Dominions wear their independence with a difference. Canadian allegiance does not supersede or replace the imperial allegiance, but, however paradoxical it may be, the two exist side by side. Canadians still keep, and were never more determined than now to preserve, their imperial connection, with the common life and common loyalties and political co-operation that it involves.

Yet the whole English-speaking world also has in a unique sense a common life, common purposes, and common ideals. Among its political ideals none is more prominent or more characteristic than this of national independence or, to use Wilson's better term, self-determination. It need not nullify or preclude co-operation—we are all pulling together in many common purposes as never before; but it does abjure all subordination of one nation to the paramount imperial power of another. The fact that full acceptance of the ideal was reached in the Republic and in the Commonwealth in different centuries and by diverse roads is of less significance than that to-day it is a vital and ruling principle in both.

Had the old empire and the new been established simultaneously, they might have found identical independent or national status by similar methods and in the same period of history. But different times breed different manners. The century and a half from the founding of Jamestown and the wintry landing of the Pilgrims to the Declaration of Independence was very different from the later century and a half extending to the Statute of Westminster from the migration of the Loyalists to Canada and the sailing of the first transport into Botany Bay. The problem of national self-determination for growing colonial communities had to be solved, if solved

at all, under very different conditions in the days of the old empire and in those of the new. The question is not infrequently raised as to whether a grant of dominion status as we know it to-day would have harmonized the imperial discords in the eighteenth century. It might. On the other hand dominion status could hardly have come to-day, had not many circumstances changed fundamentally in the meantime.

On the eve of the troubles out of which the Revolution grew, the old colonies, with two million free inhabitants, were no longer merely transplanted communities of Europeans, an overseas fragment of the British nation. They were developing a character of their own, something very close to a national consciousness. The representative institutions which from the beginning had played so large a part in their political life had nourished that native spirit of independence inherited in strong measure from their immigrant ancestors and strengthened by recent arrivals. For it must be remembered that the old colonies were populated mainly by settlers who came to the new world to escape conditions in the old which had proved for them too hard, or at any rate too unsatisfactory, to be borne any longer. They largely represented the extremes of dissent against old world authority. A century and a half of life under new world conditions had given to their society a distinctive character, and of this potent fact they were becoming increasingly aware. They had, however, during most of their history, been kept alive to the value, indeed the necessity, of British protection by sea and help by land against the rival empire of the French in North America. Thus a growing spirit of independence was counterbalanced by a consciousness of dependence, and, while the imperial connection sometimes chafed, it was obvious that to cut it would be far from practical politics.

And then, rather suddenly, the situation underwent radical change. The British conquest of Canada removed the backdoor

menace of French rivalry. In their new sense of security the English colonies could afford to be impatient of irksome restraints. As fate would have it the imperial government, blind to the fact that these overseas English communities were now bound to demand larger liberties appropriate to their larger life and their lessened dependence upon England's strong right arm, chose this time for an attempt to enlarge the imperial supervision and control of American life, to limit western expansion by confining the frontiers of settlement, and to encroach upon the traditional monopoly which the colonial legislatures had enjoyed of imposing taxation for revenue purposes. This royal and parliamentary policy envisaged no eventual enlargement of self-government, no national status to be attained in future; its measures of coercive control were not defended as transitional safeguards; imperial authority was to be permanently enlarged and its effectiveness increased.

Thus the stage was set for a straight clash over the issue as to whether one English nation was to be held subject to another. Despite Edmund Burke's assertion that an Englishman was "the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery", the general trend of colonial theory in the eighteenth century and the oligarchical character of English government at home were by no means favourable to the American position. George III and his government of King's Friends were in accord with the ruling spirit of their day and generation when they chose the blind path of coercion. Under the circumstances, if the national spirit of the colonial population was to find adequate opportunity for its political expression, resistance to this coercion was the only course left open for what we may call the national party in the colonies.

Despite all the ramifications of the lawyers' arguments on both sides of the controversy, and all the blurring fog which war-time emotions flung around it, the essential issue remained clear cut in the view of the indubitably great leader to whom

his revolutionary countrymen entrusted their cause. He held his followers together with heroic tenacity, till success brought assistance that made possible the conclusive climax at Yorktown. Then was fulfilled the word that Burke had uttered in Parliament, more than a year before the Declaration of Independence: "We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates."

George Washington is one of the best examples history affords of the Englishman carrying his English principles into execution far from England. For though born and bred in Virginia he had the virtues if not the defects of an English gentleman. One may not agree entirely with his politics, one may even feel that some at least of the angels were on the side of his opponents the Loyalists, and yet one cannot but admire wholeheartedly the determined quality of his stand for liberty as he conceived it, his championship of the cause of independence against such an imperial domination as Canada would not endure to-day.

But what of the new empire, which, as we look back over the brief generations since the Revolution, seems to have risen phoenix-like from the embers of the old? It was, in fact, three-quarters of a century before any of its communities reached, in numbers of population or in economic development and social culture, a stage comparable with that of the old colonies on the eve of their independence. For that reason, if for no other, the growth of distinct national sentiments in its far-flung communities, the blossoming thus of the English spirit of independence, was likely to be slow, as indeed it was. But more than that is to be said in comparing the old empire in its maturity with the new empire in its youth. In the latter there persisted a strong sense of dependence on British support and protection. In Canada, Loyalists and French alike remained thoroughly awake to the reality of their dependence

upon the British connection, if they were to maintain their no less cherished independence of the expanding republican neighbour on their south, while the French further came to fear that without Britain's guarantee of their peculiar position and minority rights they would be given short shrift by their English-speaking fellow-Canadians. In still younger colonies, such as those in Australia and New Zealand, isolated and remote on the far side of the coloured continents, the sense of dependence was no less strong, however different might be some of its causes.

No doubt the prolonged immaturity and the conscious dependence of the colonies of the new empire upon imperial support largely accounted for the fact that many years went by before very serious friction developed over the existing colonial system, which was essentially a perpetuation of the old, for while the North American colonies enjoyed representative government such as had existed in the old colonies prior to the Revolution, this marked the extent of their participation in government. This much they had early demanded, but they neither received nor for some time expected any more. Imperial control was not relaxed in the years following the Revolution. It is true that the shortlived and disastrous experiment of levying taxation to raise imperial revenue was not again attempted, but the mother country's supervision of colonial life was made more effective than before. The immediate lesson drawn from the loss of the old empire was that the new must not be allowed to get out of hand as the old had done. Before long the influence of the French Revolution further aroused the forces of reaction in England, breeding a distrust of the doctrine of popular rights whether in the colonies or at home in Britain.

But the conservative reaction from the two Revolutions could not last forever. In the long run the influence of democratic ideas from across the Atlantic and from across the

Channel so strengthened the native English movement for reform that just a century ago the first of the great Parliamentary Reform Acts started Britain on the road to the democratization of her government. By that time, in the overseas colonies, particularly in the rapidly maturing provinces of British North America, in which democratic and national sentiment were constantly and variously stimulated by the near neighbourhood of the United States, restlessness was becoming acute in the face of the imperial restraints and the local privileges that were involved in the continuance of the old colonial system.

The Canadian rebellions, as outbreaks of radical minorities, called sharp attention to the critical nature of the problem, but they could not become revolutions, for the majority of the colonials were restrained from supporting violent radicalism by their old traditions of imperial loyalty and their feeling that they still needed the British connection. Revolution was by no means necessary to secure the essence of that which was desired, nor was it believed to be so by most of the colonial reformers. When Robert Baldwin, son of an Irish immigrant to Upper Canada, and Joseph Howe, son of a Nova Scotia Loyalist, sought the extension of the liberal principles of the British constitution to their respective provinces, they pled for it as a means of preserving the connection, which they believed would only be imperilled by continuing the irritations of the old system. Their arguments were not at once accepted as conclusive nor their prayers immediately granted, but they were not spurned. Durham gave them his whole-hearted backing. In the course of another decade of controversy, discussion and experiment, not without a good deal of mistrust on the part of many and of opposition from various privileged quarters, some of which were colonial, the political leaders of Britain and the colonies felt their way through to the practical realization of colonial autonomy in the form of responsible government.

It is difficult to imagine the solution being found so quickly or so satisfactorily, if the influence of the Crown and the powers of the old aristocratic oligarchy in the mother country had been still what they were three-quarters of a century earlier, when they called forth the American Declaration of Independence. Democratic progress in Britain goes far to explain the different solution of the later crisis. But that is not by any means the whole explanation. Profound changes had recently taken place in British opinion concerning the advantages of imperial control and the justification of its costs and its inconveniences. Commerce with the United States was as profitable as it could ever have been if they had remained in political subjection. What advantage then in retaining control, or even possession, of the newer colonies? The American vindication of independence was now taken as conclusive evidence that in similar colonies self-government could not permanently be withheld. Some therefore argued that the colonies which had now begun to make trouble might as well be cut loose first as last. Or, if they must go, they had best be advanced towards self-government as speedily as possible, in order that they might be dismissed with a blessing, ready to look after themselves and carrying into future relations with their parent state the maximum of goodwill. Others, with faith that the empire might be held together, argued that it could only be done by the paradox of reconciling colonial autonomy with imperial unity, that the colonies could only be retained by giving them within the empire the essentials of that independence which otherwise, being unwilling to forswear their English birthright of liberty, they would insist upon seeking by the path of secession. It is obvious that all these views promoted English readiness to admit colonial self-government. And it is most noteworthy that all of them found chief support in arguments based upon the history of those old colonies which were now the United States.

The growth of self-government in the widely scattered territories of the British Empire, during the next three-quarters of a century, was implicit in the initial acceptance of the principle of responsible government in these British North American provinces in the 1840's. It is true that the rapidity of its extension to other colonies varied with circumstances. It is also true that the enlargement of its scope to include wider and wider ranges of government, until to-day international as well as internal matters are controlled by each Dominion, has only just been carried to completion. Yet throughout the three-quarters of a century, this development has pretty well kept pace with the growth of each community towards maturity and the progress of the democratic movement alike in mother country and in colonies. That the Dominions have reached the goal of national self-government without the necessity of seceding from the imperial commonwealth is due in considerable measure to the example of the United States. In that sense Washington's achievement in dismembering the old empire for the sake of the principle of national independence may justly be looked upon as a corner stone of the new empire within whose bounds that same principle now rules.

Despite the fact that we live in a world which is rapidly being driven to a realization of the essential unity of its life and interests and welfare, and indeed in some measure because of this very fact, there is everywhere a growing recognition of the importance of satisfying national aspirations. Without the self-respect and confidence, the vigour and initiative, that a pride of national independence makes possible and indeed ensures, the currents of social progress are troubled and their streams are wasted in the deserts of self-distrust and futility. Only the man who can hold his head high as the citizen of a free state is capable of his best endeavours, and only such a citizen is worthy to aspire to world-citizenship. We are in dire need of a genuine world order, but it must be one that will preserve

and not crush human freedom. That can not be built on the practices of old-fashioned imperialism but only on principles of free co-operation. Its foundations must be deep laid in ideals of independence and liberty alike for nations and for the men and women who comprise them. For such ideals George Washington strove; to such ideals the nations of the British Commonwealth have pledged their faith; and in such ideals they base their hopes of the future for themselves, for their common empire and for the world.

THREE CENTURIES OF EMPIRE TRADE

BY A. R. M. LOWER

I

ALTHOUGH the historian who allows himself to regard his subject merely as a tool for shaping action is guilty of a serious offence against the rules of his craft, it cannot be denied that when human affairs are viewed in large enough sections, some continuity may usually be traced and sometimes even projected a little way into the future. It is always legitimate to examine our past in order to throw light upon our present situation. If history can afford no aid in the solution of our problems, it is indeed in danger of becoming a dull and antiquarian pursuit. Trade relations have been among the most constant concerns of the Empire and the cumulative experience of some ten generations of our people in dealing with them forms a rich well of knowledge from which all may draw if they will. Before we act, it is the part of wisdom to examine this experience.

The English-speaking peoples have been building empires for just over three hundred years. It has been an absorbing and a profitable pastime. Fortunately for its continuance, there has been up to the present so much building material lying about that when one house has come toppling down, it has been possible and even easy to build up another.

The first house came tumbling down in 1783. The first Empire, as it is often called, came to an end with the treaty which acknowledged the independence of the United States. It had endured a century and a half and had come to include some two millions of white colonists and settlements of every nature, from the tropical West Indian islands to the hardy fishing villages of the North Atlantic. When in the early

seventeenth century the first gallant efforts to found a new society in Virginia were being made, England was still a rather remote northern nation of the second class. When the British flag was hauled down at New York in 1783, she had become mistress of the seas.

Her position was not entirely unrelated to the success with which she had played the game of empire-building. She had hustled the Dutch from what is now New York, and had driven the Spanish from Jamaica, the French from India and America. Her merchants had known how to profit from the opportunities which lay to their hands and not a little of the wealth of the mother-country was derived from colonial sources.

Nor had the state limited its intervention to the fields of arms and diplomacy. In the century or so which preceded the Revolution there had been gradually forged a code of law and regulation which was as formidable a defence to the fortunes of those British merchants concerned in overseas affairs as the very "wooden walls" themselves. This was the celebrated "mercantile" or colonial system, reared on the foundation of the Navigation and Entrepot acts of the early years of the reign of Charles II. By those acts, the carrying trade of all English colonies was put exclusively into English and colonial hands and all the exports and imports of every colony, with minor exceptions, were made to pass through English ports. The general effect of the system was to injure the carrying trade of the Dutch and to establish something very closely approaching a self-contained empire. For this the old empire was well suited. The mother-country required tropical and sub-tropical products, such as sugar and tobacco, which the southern colonies were able to supply: the colonies required manufactured goods, which the mother-country could supply more cheaply than any other European nation. Ships could go from England with clothing, hardware and the innumerable

articles needed in plantation life,¹ carry them, say, to Virginia, load with tobacco and return home, their cargoes being sold in England or bonded and distributed by the London merchant throughout Europe. In the important West Indian trade a ship could fit out with trade goods, run down to the west coast of Africa, take aboard a cargo of slaves, carry them across to the Caribbean and there for sugar and rum dispose of them to be taken to England. This was the famous triangular trade in praise of which so many seventeenth and eighteenth century hymns were sung.

One group of colonies did not fit into the picture. New England was a stern land, hardly yielding enough food for the maintenance of its own inhabitants, who were in consequence forced to take to the sea and become fishermen and sailors. They soon turned to the great West Indian market and built up a triangular trade of their own, even more neat and logical in its foundations than that of the British themselves. The New Englander could build his small ship from native woods, send her off to the Banks for codfish, and thence returning, load her up with a miscellaneous assortment of home products, lumber, shingles, door and window frames, an occasional horse, dried and pickled fish, above all white oak staves for sugar, molasses and rum barrels. He could then send her down to Barbadoes or Jamaica, where her size rendered her convenient for penetrating the creeks and bays of the Caribbean, and for carrying a peddling trade to the doors of the planters. Returning she would bring back mostly molasses. In New England this molasses, the cheapest obtainable, would be made into rum and the God-fearing Puritan would then send ship and rum to the West coast of Africa, where slaves would be purchased with it and brought back to the West Indies. There more molasses to make rum would be taken on board, and so on *ad*

¹George Washington never had an American-made suit of clothes in his life until the War of Independence—all his clothes came out to him from his London tailor.

infinitem. There was an inexhaustible demand for both slaves and rum, and for the same reason—because the stock on hand of both these commodities was so easily exhausted.

As successful slavers, fishermen and traders, as incipient manufacturers of woollen clothing, the New Englanders were not pleasing to the English merchant; the New England colonies were in consequence black sheep. They were the only group of colonies in the old empire which closely resembled the country of the St. Lawrence valley, which was to form the backbone of the new.

The length to which the government was prepared to go in perfecting and rendering logical the ideal to which it had set its hand is amazing to the modern mind. Thus, after the tobacco monopoly had been set up, it was found that tobacco would grow quite well in England and some extensive plantations of it were made. These were ruthlessly rooted out by *ad hoc* acts of Parliament and the industry ceased.² It was but fair that if England were to have the monopoly of the distribution of tobacco, Virginia should have the monopoly of its growth. Again, about 1750, some iron works had been set up in Massachusetts. These too were forbidden by the "Iron Act", passed at the instigation of certain English interests. Of course, when, in the eighteenth century, the spacious and leisurely days of the Hanoverians had arrived, many ways were found of evading the most vexatious of the mercantile regulations. Smuggling in New England became an honourable profession. It was George Grenville's unfortunate conscience and his zeal for efficiency, which in attempting to force regulation to the letter, was no small factor in producing the Revolution. Old Sir Robert Walpole had been wiser. When proposals for making the provincials take the acts more seriously were made to him at the time when Captain Jenkins was blowing up a

²See G. L. Beer, *Origins of British Colonial Policy*.

war with Spain and Walpole's stock was going down, he is said to have replied, "I have old England on my back now and have no like to have New England there too". In the eighteenth century, at least, the bonds of empire rested on a comfortable basis of corruption, bribery, inefficiency and, above all, neglect.

II

After the Revolution, there were few people who did not believe that the sun of Britain's greatness had set. The Empire was gone—the few odd scraps that remained could be of little importance—and with it had gone the source of renown and of wealth. No one believed that trade could go on with the revolted colonies as it had done before. They would inevitably devise their own trade-system and from that system Britain would be excluded. They would hand their trade over to France, for was not trade a substance that could be handed about at will, as one hands at table a dish to this one or to that? Only a negligible group of men saw that whatever the ex-colonists desired to do about trading with the mother-country, circumstances had so ordained it that trade with her they must. Old connections and demands, credits and associations are not to be broken by a mere revolution.

But that is another story. What emerges from the aftermath of the Revolution is the fact that Englishmen were thinking of their empire almost wholly in terms of trade. There was no talk of daughter-nations, of other Englands—save from Edmund Burke. If there had been, there might have been no Revolution. The talk was all of customers and markets. Contrast the colonial attitude, even that of the old colonies on the eve of the Revolution. To Washington and to Franklin, England was still "home". It is no longer so to us. The ties that bound the colonist were ties of love and affection, filial ties.

The Revolution impressed itself on most Englishmen as a business disaster, and, like sensible men, they set to work to repair the damages. In the reconstruction the opinions of such men as Lord Sheffield, who insisted on treating the late colonists in every respect as foreigners and may be regarded as the spiritual ancestors of that modern group which would have "no truck nor trade with the Yankees" (it does not object to having their money) triumphed over the more liberal attitude of William Pitt, and just as George III and others of his kind had elbowed the Americans out of the political empire, this group insisted on their being elbowed out of the commercial empire. Consequently the ports of the British colonies were closed to them and an attempt was made to train upon them the formidable legal enginry built up through the preceding century. At the stroke of the parliamentary pen a new self-contained empire was to arise. Nova Scotia was to take the place of the old colonies in the supply of the West Indies and the old triangular trade was to go on as before. The former colonists were to look on, like jealous and ruined Adams expelled from Paradise.

Unfortunately for the success of the new Eden, it was found that all the most delectable fruits were on the wrong side of the wall. Nova Scotia could not feed herself, still less the West Indies. She had no white-oak for the all-important barrel staves and her resources in general were quite inadequate to the task set them. Consequently with the prohibition of American trade the West Indies languished and starved. Financial doctors in London assured them that they would soon be as healthy as ever, but before the medicine had worked its miracle, the patients unfortunately died and they have never achieved a resurrection. In the old Empire the West Indies, the "sugar islands", were the most prosperous and the most remunerative colonies; in the new, they became negligible assets. So much for the first dose of theory which did not fit the facts.

It is obvious that the conditions of the new empire were radically different from those of the old and the attempt after 1783 to continue on a self-contained basis was bound to fail. The continental colonies remaining were immature, and even when they had grown strong they were not complements of the mother-country as the southern colonies had been, but rather potential rivals, as New England had been, producers of wheat, traders and incipient manufacturers. Unless they could send some desirable and much needed staple to Great Britain—and wheat was not such a staple—and could take British manufactures in return, the old structure could never be restored. But it took many years for this simple proposition to make itself evident to statesmen. Ship-owners and others with vested interests were strong and, as always, eager to perpetuate a system which, though it harmed others, benefited themselves. It was therefore not until the doctrines of Adam Smith became widely disseminated, that new views of Empire arose.

This first phase of post-revolutionary colonial policy lasted until the reforms initiated by Mr. Huskisson and his colleagues, beginning in 1822. During this phase the old forms of mercantilism were maintained intact. They were in fact more than maintained: they were increased and enforced with a degree of thoroughness unknown in the thirteen colonies. Customs officers now broke all precedents by actually collecting customs and the Imperial Government obtained each year a considerable income from imports into colonial ports, both novelties in colonial experience.³ Save on the inland waters, where circumstances rendered prohibition impossible, no trade was permitted with the United States, still less with any other countries of the outside world.

³The customs officials though resident in colonial ports were imperial officials and duties were collected under imperial, not local, acts. These duties were duly turned back into the treasury of the colonial government, in accordance with the act of 1778, but they provided revenue over which the assemblies had no control.

One new strand was added to the mercantile fabric during the wars with Napoleon, when it was found impossible in England to get the usual supply of timber and lumber from the Baltic countries. Lack of wood meant lack of ships and lack of ships meant defeat. This cessation of the wood supply was indeed only temporary, a fortuitous consequence of Napoleon's attempt to prevent English exports from reaching the continent, but the alarm in England was great enough to cause her statesmen to look elsewhere than to the Baltic for their wood, and they naturally turned to their own colonies, from which they had for some years been getting their supply of masts. To encourage the export of North American timber to England an enormous preferential duty was granted to timber from the colonies, a tariff wall being erected against Baltic supplies which only the finest and choicest grades could climb over. Protection on square timber and deals mounted to over one hundred per cent. When Englishmen in those days made tariffs, they made them with an abandon which was charming.

Under the stimulus of these "differential duties" a large lumber industry soon developed in Canada; the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa began to be stripped of their choicest timber. This industry was so exotic as to do Canada more harm than good. It despoiled her of her best wood, her white pine, and as the capital engaged was virtually all English, left her poorer than she would have been without it. The ill-effects of the industry were in direct proportion to the protection it enjoyed in the British market; health and some degree of sanity came only on the abolition of protection.

But it looked to the mercantilist of the early nineteenth century as if wood had restored the self-contained empire: the colonies could now buy English manufactures and send England limitless supplies of their new-found staple. Wood was to be the cotton, sugar or tobacco of the North. Moreover,

as a bulky commodity, it employed a large tonnage of British shipping and consequently enlisted on its side the powerful interest of the ship-owners. Hence the mercantile system received a new lease of life, and when Huskisson came to lay hands on it in the eighteen-twenties he did not venture to disturb the timber duties.

III

The second period of Empire trade in the post-revolutionary empire runs from the Huskisson reforms to the reforms of Peel in the eighteen-forties, a period of approximately twenty years. In 1820, five years after the great wars, England was experiencing conditions very similar to those which now exist. Exports were falling off. Foreign exchange was unfavourable. Farmers were giving up their farms, The unemployed were legion. Something had to be done. Under the pressure of such men as Thomas Tooke, Parliamentary Committees of investigation were appointed, and within five years British trade and fiscal policy had undergone a revolution. The man whose name most deserves to be associated with these changes is William Huskisson, President of the Board of Trade in Lord Liverpool's Tory cabinet, a disciple of Adam Smith and a man of liberal temperament and outlook, strange bedfellow indeed for such crusted Tories as Eldon and the Duke of Wellington. No wonder that Wellington on becoming Prime Minister in 1828 promptly kicked him out of the political four-poster.

The two great Colonial Trade Acts of 1822 and 1825 swept away many of the restrictions of the old Navigation system and allowed the colonies to send their exports where they liked and to buy their goods in any port. But the door was not opened wide, for no foreign vessel was yet permitted to engage in the trade between one part of the empire and another. Since the trade of the colonies was in any case

chiefly with Britain, the concession of a free trade⁴ was not as valuable as it appeared on the surface. Again, while the old system of absolute prohibition was ended, the Imperial government substituted for it a system of colonial tariffs imperially enacted. The trade of the Empire was to be regulated from London and Parliament was to enact appropriate tariffs for each colony without allowing the colony concerned any voice in the matter. An all-wise, all-seeing Jupiter was to sit on the Olympus of Westminster and in the form of specific and *ad valorem* duties to hurl down upon colonial mortals the inscrutable results of cogitation.

The new system had a mixed reception in the colonies. Certain enlightened persons welcomed it as greatly extending colonial freedom, but most colonials shouted for a return to the blessings of the older system of slavery. There were three reasons for this attitude, so notably different from that of the colonists of the first Empire. The first reason was that the changes were immediately followed by the severe depression of 1826, when colonial shipping rotted in harbour. The second was that the mercantile system in the forty years since 1783 had gradually been warped into a system of monopoly not for the mother country as formerly, but for the colonies. Thus the colonies had the virtual monopoly of the English sugar and timber trades, or at least the English merchants resident in colonial ports had, and to the colonist this was the same thing. By 1820 it was not so much a case of England exploiting her colonies as the colonies exploiting England. They could not be expected to see this happy condition end without protest. The third reason is contained in what one might call the sentimental attitude to empire.

⁴It should be noted that "free trade" in those days meant something quite different from what it does to-day. It meant the absence of the absolute prohibition of trade. After 1825, France, for example, was free to trade with Canada and French ships could come up the St. Lawrence but they could not land their goods duty free.

As has been said, Englishmen in England for the most part regarded the outer empire either as a mere market or as so much real estate; they did not see in it a far flung galaxy of daughter states. The colonists did. Empire sentiment was (and continues to be) made in the colonies. It is not difficult to understand why. Colonists went out to found new homes but they carried with them fond memories of their old homes. To them England continued to be the centre of the world. To England the colonies were the circumference, distant and shadowy, and when not an active nuisance, unimportant. Hence, if Englishmen objected to Huskisson laying irreverent hands on the ark of the mercantile covenant, that was because they thought the ark had made them rich. Colonials objected to his doing the same thing because they thought he was tearing up the fabric of Empire. Their conviction was unshakeable that only commercial ties bound the British peoples together and that if they were cut, all was over; it remained unshakeable even while they themselves were giving the plainest proofs that the empire rested on the base of filial affection. A quotation from a pamphlet by Chief Justice Halliburton of Nova Scotia embodies the two currents of thought:—

“The inhabitants of British America have no desire to change their national character and will feel disposed to cling to the mother country as long as she fosters and protects them. Does not sound policy then require that she should do so? . . . Let us remember the declaration of the greatest warrior and politician that France has produced for ages, that all he required to render that country powerful upon the ocean was Ships, Colonies and Commerce: and as the result of his observations upon the wants of France is confirmed by the experience of the advantages which have resulted to Great Britain from such possessions, let us support and cherish them with the utmost care. . .”

But the colonists were not long in discovering that one of the chief results of Huskisson's reforms was more freedom for

them and no diminution of privilege in the Imperial market. Hence they soon became as zealous supporters of the new type of mercantilism as they had been of the old. While it is true that Imperial control of colonial tariffs sometimes gave cause for complaint, in that British exports to the colonies were heavily favoured above those of other countries, the preponderant importance of those colonial articles which continued to enjoy enormous preferences in the British market easily reconciled colonists to the continuance of the system. Hence throughout this second period of post-revolutionary mercantilism it is still the colonists (along with British vested interests) who advocate its continuance, while there is a steadily growing party in Great Britain becoming more and more bitter against it. This party is made up of such men as Poulett Thomson, afterwards Governor-General of Canada, along with the left wing of the Whigs, of the Philosophical Radicals, of journals such as the *Edinburgh Review*, which are for throwing overboard the colonies *in toto* as useless sources of expense and of political friction, and of the vested interests in trades discriminated against by colonial preferences, such as the Baltic timber merchants.

During the remainder of the twenties and throughout the thirties these groups continued the attack on timber, the most glaring of the colonial monopolies, but no breach could be made in it. The Whig governments of the thirties were occupied with political and social reforms and could pay little attention to fiscal reform. It required the combination of a business depression and a change of government to centre attention once more on finance. Consequently when Sir Robert Peel came into office in 1840, his first concern was with matters of trade. Peel is usually credited with having, at one stroke, given England free trade by his great measure of 1846, the repeal of the corn-laws. But this was only one of his steps towards free trade and by no means the first. In 1842, he

made his first attack on the colonial timber and sugar monopolies. The preference on timber by the tariff of 1821 had been some \$23.00 per thousand feet, a good deal more than the actual price of the timber in the port of Quebec. This was now substantially reduced. There was the usual cry from vested interests; the commerce of the colonies was being destroyed; their ability to buy British manufactures was being ended; British shipping was being ruined. Sentimental colonists once more asserted that they were being treated not like sons but as strangers and that Peel by destroying monopoly was dismembering the Empire. However, he persisted and by 1846 had completely revolutionized British fiscal policy. The major monopolies, at home and in the Empire, had been wiped out and free trade, buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, had triumphed. After a generation of subjection to her own colonies, the mother country had at last revolted.⁵ The decade of the 'forties may with substantial justice be called, "The English Revolution from the British Empire".

There is no doubt that England's declaration of independence hit the colonies hard, especially as it was accompanied by other circumstances which accentuated its effects. The Canadian milling industry, built up on British preference, went completely to pieces and the timber trade experienced a profound depression. The severity of the times was reflected in a sharp decline in the population of Montreal. Little wonder that the revolution was followed by the Canadian annexation manifesto of 1849. One of the most persistently and vociferously Tory⁶ groups in the colonies had been the

⁵In Miss Ellen Wilkinson's phrase she "was standing up to the Dominions." See report of her speech in *Manitoba Free Press*, Winnipeg, Saturday, Nov. 29, 1930.

⁶"Tory" in its historic meaning, the "Tories" prior to 1854 being the party which stood out against responsible government and against concessions to the French Canadians.

English commercial element in Montreal. For half a century it had breathed fire and slaughter against French-Canadian nationalism and in season and out of season had asserted the passionate warmth of its attachment to the mother country. After three years of hard times it was ready to turn its back on Britain and join forces with the United States. Its members were obviously the spiritual ancestors of those statesmen of our own day who believe that if the Empire has not a cash value, it has no value.

IV

The net effect of Peel's fiscal revolution was completely to destroy the official regulation of trade by tariffs or monopolies as a basis of Empire. Henceforth colonial products were to have no preference in the markets of the mother country (with minor exceptions) and the corollary was soon to be developed that the mother country was to have no preference in the markets of the colonies. Each was to stand squarely on its own feet. According to the old school, the empire was dissolved.

But was it? On the contrary, the period during which official trade relations between its various parts were non-existent—some fifty years, lasting down to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's British preference of 1897—was the very period in which the spirit of cohesion in mother country and daughter states rose to its zenith. Shall we ever again witness such a genuine burst of devotion as that which characterized the celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897? That was the very year in which the system of trade preferences began to grow again. One might say with perfect truthfulness that, as the regulation of Empire trade increases, Empire sentiment declines.

It is impossible to trace in a limited space even the major developments of this third period of Imperial trade, 1846-1897. It must suffice to recall that its first decade saw the former

great object of monopoly, Canadian timber, now under virtual free trade more firmly established in the British market than ever, with exports, despite Baltic competition, rising to new heights every year.⁷ Evidently a closed and protected market had simply acted as such markets usually do on producers, as a drug to lull them into lethargy and sloth. The first decade also saw prosperity re-established in Canada and entrance into our natural market, the United States, obtained through the reciprocity treaty of 1854. Despite the absence of any official commercial Empire and the presence of this direct incentive to close relations with the United States, no one seems to have questioned the solidarity of the political Empire and loyal sentiments flourished in Canada as luxuriantly as before. Under the stimulus of profits derived from the Americans even "Tories" were once more loyal.

Everyone knows the high lights of the remainder of the period; how the Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated because of American irritation with the British attitude during the Civil War and in part because of Galt's incipient protection of 1857; how the effect of the repulse from the south was to turn us inward upon ourselves and eventually to give rise to Sir John Macdonald's policy of economic nationalism; and finally how the fervency of the Imperialistic sentiment of the 'eighties and 'nineties — really budding national patriotism at one remove culminated in Laurier's symbolic act of 1897, the establishment of British preference. We all felt that bursting emotion must find concrete expression of some sort and so we gave the old lady a cheque—and since 1897 we have spent considerable ingenuity in trying, through this bank or that, to stop its payment.

This third phase in Imperial trade relationships saw the high tide of *laissez-faire* ideas. The status of the white colonies

⁷Until the commodity to be exported, pine timber, became virtually exhausted, when, of course, the timber trade ended.

widened continuously and the original grant of responsible government in local affairs became the basis for colonial nationhood. The Empire was growing up and the parent state was welcoming every fresh sign of maturity exhibited by its daughters. They had received their original privileges in part at least because they had been unwelcome Cinderellas and the sentiment of large sections of the English public had been openly hostile to their retention. As the young people passed through the awkward stage of adolescence they became more personable in the eyes of their parent and half-way through the period certain Britishers at last discovered that Great Britain had an empire. Thenceforward, the production of Imperial sentiment was not entirely confined to the colonies and by the end of the period there were men in England who had got to the point of thinking that something ought to be done about it. When, therefore, the colonies at last began to resume cash dividends, when Canada voluntarily accorded a preference, still more when all the Dominions sent troops to South Africa, the *laissez-faire* attitude toward Empire promptly ended. Unfortunately those English statesmen who were most convinced that something ought to be done could devise nothing better than the old idea of a self-contained Empire.

V

The high priest of this British Sinn Fein was Joseph Chamberlain. By a little juggling with such things as tariffs he undertook to bring forth the perfect political organism, iron-clad against all attack, self-contained and self-sufficient. But the election of 1905 gave the Liberal free traders a majority of some three hundred and many years of office. Englishmen were not yet ready to return to the days when they had been bled for the sake of colonial monopolists and this time the "colonies", now grown up and known as the Dominions, were

not prepared, even for the sake of a monopoly of the British market, to make themselves into mere producers of primary products for the sake of the British manufacturer. In the old days colonial timber, wheat and wool went over, British manufactures came back and everybody was content. Those days had gone and that dream of mistaken theorists and materially-minded idealists, the self-contained Empire, was much harder to make into a reality than it had been two generations before. Chamberlain's dream therefore faded, but from 1902 until the present day the echoes of his drum have never died away.

During the long period of *laissez-faire* the colonies had been growing up and with their political nationhood they yearned for economic nationhood. Here was a new factor in the Empire and one which Chamberlain apparently never understood. It is doubtful indeed if any British statesman had more than an intellectual understanding of it until the Imperial Conference of 1930. That is presumably the reason for the tendency towards at least a sympathetic hearing for the overseas case for a preference in staple commodities such as wheat. Until the last few years British statesmen have never fully appreciated the determination of the Dominions to round out their own economic fabric without regard to that of Great Britain. But it is obvious that economic nationalism shatters forever the ideal of a self-contained Empire.

Again, since Chamberlain's day, certain staple crops, our own wheat, for example, have greatly increased in bulk of production. For us, then, the trader's ideal must be the old one, the monopoly of the Imperial market. Once we had that monopoly in a commodity that was just as important to us as wheat now is, and probably just as injurious, wood; and we think we should be in Paradise if we could get it again. But even if by any unlikely chance we were to get it, circumstances would soon arise, as they did in the last century, which would

impel England once again to make her Declaration of Independence. These considerations obviously render a return to the old idea of Empire impossible. But until the present, no advocate of Empire trade has liked to admit, even though he knew it, that it was impossible, mainly because advocates of Imperial trade arrangements have been of two classes: either they have been people whose interest it was to persuade the other parties to a bargain that the old ideal was practicable, or they have been sentimentalists who believed despite the lessons of history that the existence of the Empire depended on official trade relations.

The veil has lately been torn from our eyes. The people of England have been very definitely told that we do not want empire trade for the sake of Empire but for the sake of cash. We all now know exactly where we stand. By and large, it is where we have always stood, that is, on the solid base of self-interest. But this base is for the first time officially proclaimed and its proclamation undoubtedly marks a turning point of Empire. It marks the completion in the economic sphere of that evolution with which the last Prime Minister had a good deal to do in the political sphere, the evolution of nationhood.

Is the proclamation for better or for worse? Some facts are better left unfaced. Open confession is not always good for the soul. The material out of which any political entity is compounded always contains a liberal proportion of—dare one appropriate Mr. Thomas's term?—"humbug". Our sentiments never exactly fit the facts. In the political world clarity of thought is like high explosive and perhaps the greatest statesman is he who recognizes the essential common sense of humbug. We have been told that if we do not grasp the present economic opportunities offered to us—whatever those may be—our Empire will go the way of the empires of the past. This may be a simple prediction, in which case it is

likely to prove false; or it may be a threat, in which case the last nail is being driven into the coffin whose construction was begun by the Tory Annexationists of Montreal some eighty years ago. No one can prove that the existence of Empires depends on official trade relations between their component parts. Indeed history suggests that if any general principle emerges, it is just the opposite, that empires go to pieces from the irksomeness and the injustices of official interference in trade and from the greed for which they are the transparent cloak.

IN A CAFÉ

BY ROWLAND THIRLMERE

Beauty spake in music, then
In a painted Magdalen
Youth awoke and flamed again.

Words, that cleft my thoughts apart,
Left that crowded hive, her heart,
Winged with ecstasy of art:

Like a singing swarm of bees,
Seeking shelter, swiftly these
Housed amid my memories;

While masked sorrow, half-expressed
By that woman golden-tressed,
Made love's ruin manifest.

IN DISPRAISE OF ADVERTISING

BY J. H. SIMPSON

I

ADVERTISING, as it exists to-day, uses four main media: newspapers and periodicals, radio (though only in unfortunate North America), direct mail, and billboards or, as the English term them, hoardings. Only the last medium has been subjected to general criticism, and such criticism has been æsthetic rather than economic. The insidiously insulting direct mail campaigns seem to be tolerated with a truly democratic inertness, and the radio groans and shrieks against only the passive defence of our acquired inattentiveness. The *New Republic* rises in its accustomed wrath to point out that something will have to be done "and done quickly, to rescue radio if its use is not to be confined to invalids, lonely ranchers, and others who will turn to it only in desperation when there is absolutely nothing else to do", but in the meantime the radio—in common with the billboards and direct mail—epitomizes the unlimited license which we have accorded the advertiser. Few protest, and nobody seems to worry about the cost.

The press—at once the source and the controlling force of public opinion—is void of criticism because, as Professor Daniel Starch says in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "approximately three-fourths of the income of a periodical is derived from its advertising space and in this sense the newspaper and the magazine is practically a by-product of advertising." It is a law of the jungle not to bite the hand that proffers food.

The absence of critical literature on the subject has led many people to assume that there is nothing to criticize. In the eyes of such, advertising, like electric light, is one of the phenomena of progress and they no more question the thing than they question the white glare which, for all we know, may

be making us a race of spectacle-wearers. Advertising, to-day, demands, and almost receives, the respect of all mankind. Once disreputable, it now claims the status of a profession; in its written word it has become literature and in its painted scene, art. Publicists regard it as an economic force and as a power for good; by means of it we are exhorted to remember our mothers (on Mothers' Day), to telegraph our Christmas wishes (twenty-seven wishes to choose from), to be courteous to our fellows and kind to animals (during the respective weeks for the exercise of these virtues), to go to church (on Go-to-Church-Sunday) and, of late, to spend our money—no matter on what, so long as we spend it.

That advertising has its function in the economic system which we describe as that of *laissez faire* cannot be questioned. The burden of my complaint is simply that modern advertising has so vastly exceeded its function.

Fifty years ago, when a merchant in the city of Toronto received a shipment of cottons from Manchester, he advertised the fact somewhat along these lines:

“TO THE TRADE: Messrs. John MacPherson & Co. have received a consignment of long-cloth sheetings from England. These goods are on view at the Warehouse of the Company, 1111 Front Street. Prices range from so much to so much.”

This sort of advertisement is the subject of jibes on the part of the advertising fraternity of to-day. “Professors of marketing” invite their classes to note the comparison of such “archaic advertising” with the full-page coloured displays which you can see in magazines on sale from Athabasca to Atlanta. And in the noting something is inevitably said about progress.

But, as a matter of fact, the advertisement of John MacPherson & Co. remains, to-day, the standard of what an advertisement should be. Let us examine it.

It assumes, first of all, that somebody wants to buy sheetings, and that the impetus must come from the buyer, not the seller. The prices are plainly stated. No claims are made as to the excellence of the quality of the sheetings; it is assumed that the buyer, having an intelligent knowledge of his business, will discover such excellence for himself. All that is desired is to get the buyer to come and look—the goods will sell themselves if they are saleable. John MacPherson & Co. place their sales-hopes not in their selling methods but in their buying methods—in their skill as mill-buyers of good goods at fair prices.

It might be argued that the change in our way of life has definitely outmoded such advertisements, that the very appeal "To the trade" is obsolete. I do not deny this; but I do lament it. "The trade," to-day, buys not the article which is best but that which is advertised the most. This is the end at which we have arrived as a result of the type of advertising known as "national"—happily not so prevalent in Canada as it is in the United States, but prevalent enough. It is said to cost North America six hundred million dollars a year. Such advertisements are not labelled "To the trade"; they purport to appeal direct to the consuming public. But when a manufacturer so advertises he has in mind, not the consuming public but the jobber and the retailer. In placing his product on the shelves of retail stores his advertising is one of his selling points. He impresses the retailer, in other words, not so much with the virtue of his product as with the virtue of his advertising. The actual goods sell themselves. They always do.

The least wasteful modern advertisement is unquestionably the advertisement of the retailer. As a general rule he features price. As literature his advertisements may not amount to much; as art they amount to still less; but they do possess value to the retailer himself and a certain amount of social value. As regards their individual efficacy, such adver-

tisements have a definite appeal which the so-called national advertisement can never have. They are read, not by the idly curious but by the people who have both the desire and the power to buy. Their social value, of course, lies in the control which they exercise on prices. On the other hand the artistic, full-page displays of the national advertisers are read not so much by an active purchasing public in search of bargains as by the general public for pure entertainment. How often we see advertising praised on this quite extraneous ground! Even the critical Aldous Huxley appears to have been carried away with the sheer joy of the thing:

“The art of advertisement writing has flowered with democracy. . . The advertisement is now one of the most interesting and difficult of modern literary forms. Its potentialities are not yet half explored. Already the most interesting, and, in some cases, the only readable part of most American periodicals is the advertisement section.” *

II

Let us glance at the sort of advertising that Mr. Huxley refers to, as exemplified in one of our own periodicals. I have before me a specimen copy, published last summer, of a leading Canadian magazine. Disregarding the half-page and column advertisements I have analysed the full-page spreads provided for our entertainment. There are fifteen of them and the products which they advertise cover a varied field:

Motor cars	3	pages
Gasoline and tires	3	“
Breakfast foods	2	“
Soaps and creams ..	3	“
Cameras.....	1	page
Railways.....	1	“
Bathroom fixtures	1	“
Advertising	1	“

* “Advertisement” in *On The Margin*, by Aldous Huxley.

It is interesting to observe that, with the exception of the three last mentioned, the products advertised are all American—albeit manufactured in Canada. The American's faith in national advertising is larger than the Canadian's; the latter is more inclined to count the cost.

What benefits accrue to the advertisers themselves?

Of the strictly Canadian advertisements that of the railway is perhaps the most justifiable. This is odd, because as a general rule railway advertisements are peculiarly unjustifiable. In the western United States city in which I live at present, there are three railway lines running to Chicago. Each of these has for the past several years been endeavouring to out-advertise the other two, featuring equipment (although the equipment of all three is of standard excellence), running-time (although all three get you to Chicago in almost exactly the same time), and scenery (which is almost identical). Even their city ticket-offices are competitively furnished in mahogany, Persian rugs and Chesterfield suites. This, of course, is *laissez faire* at its stupidest; the three should be one, with a single service to Chicago, without advertisement. For if a man has occasion to travel from the Pacific Coast to Chicago he may elect to drive his car (in which case the railway advertisements would have no effect on him whatever); otherwise he would most certainly take a train.

But the Canadian advertisement has to do with one of the railway's summer resorts, and, whilst the expense is regrettable, and perhaps excessive, it seems unavoidable. You cannot build a resort hotel and not inform people of the fact—a summer resort does *not* sell itself.

Then there is the advertisement of advertising, from which the following is an extract:

The next twenty years, or even ten, will see an almost incredible advance in our mode of living and in

the services, comforts and pleasures at our command. Advertising and advertised products will march proudly side by side with progress . . . aiding it, justifying it, pointing the way.

This is reminiscent of an article by Wilson Follett in which he whimsically works up a case for his contention that advertising, like pedagogy (the teaching of teaching) is now concerned largely with self-propagation. As Mr. Follett sees it:

Advertising began by advertising commodities, as an adjunct and extension of the machinery of distributing them. Later it set up its own plant, for the production not of commodities but of advertising. And it has ended by advertising itself and its plant. The great industry of the future is the advertisement of advertising. The high-power salesman of to-day, the man of prophetic vision, is selling salesmanship. All the truly redoubtable promoters have taken to promoting promotion.*

An interesting argument, but decidedly dated. Mr. Follett wrote in the halcyon days—for the advertiser—of 1929. The “selling salesmanship” racket is not what it was then and it seems strange to us now to find the “high-power salesman” termed the man of prophetic vision. Yet we cannot dismiss Mr Follett’s fantasy as an entire absurdity whilst full-page advertisements of advertising continue to “point the way.”

The advertisements of the bathroom fixtures, soaps and creams, and breakfast foods are of the class already referred to—nominally intended for the public but actually inserted for their effect on jobbers and retailers. This kind of advertising has replaced the word-of-mouth advertising of the old-time commercial traveller, who is now merely an order-taker. There is no need for him to expound the virtues of his product; the retailer has read it all in the papers. The separating of

**The Tenth Muse*, by Wilson Follett, in *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, July, 1929.

the advertising from the order-taking has clearly involved the manufacturer in a duplication of expense.

Perhaps no class of advertising has been so overdone as that of the oil companies. Gasoline is as standard a product as copper or sugar, and after all the millions have been spent on display, no experienced motorist really believes that one brand of "gas" is any better than another. Why should this "competitive wrangling" go on amongst the oil producers and not amongst the sugar producers? During the past year the oil companies might well have asked themselves this question; the fact must surely have become plain to them that advertising does *not* stimulate their business. But they still keep on with it, apparently from sheer force of habit.

The advertisements of motor-cars achieve a high level of futility. The North American is now thoroughly car-conscious. There is no need to create a desire; he is fully aware of the advantages of motor-cars; indeed he overestimates them. Robert and Helen Lynd, in their devastating study of a small United States city, *Middletown*, found that people would rather do without warm clothing, even without good or sufficient food, than without their cars. All automobile advertising therefore boils down to the question: "Can I out-superlative my competitors' superlatives and collar their markets?" With the highly-organized system of distribution which the industry enjoys or rather suffers from; with the intensive personal contact of salesmen; with the "trade-in" feature which weds a motorist to a continuance of his present make of car; and with the most potent advertisements rolling around the streets in the shape of the cars themselves, it is indeed questionable if the national advertising, the billboards and the radio hours pay for their keep.

III

But what of the larger question, the benefit to society? Who pays the piper?

Even the proponents of advertising themselves admit that the consuming public pays, and this, at first glance, appears to be the most serious indictment against it. But it is not quite that, or rather it is only indirectly so. Whilst a recent estimate of the cost of all advertising in the United States was a billion dollars annually and whilst Hartley Withers puts the English bill at a hundred million pounds, we are assured by the proponents that the actual cost, per unit of sales, is not excessive. This fact, if it is a fact, is due to the impact of mass-production and, in the case of the larger luxuries, to the incidence of instalment buying.

The Harvard Bureau of Business Research estimated the percentage of net sales expended for advertising by three hundred and one departmental stores in 1921 at 2.4 per cent. Professor Starch assures us that the cost of advertising a widely-advertised breakfast food selling at fifteen cents a package is only three-tenths of a cent per package. The general average of all advertising costs, passed to the consumer, is said to be only four to five per cent. The proponents of advertising point triumphantly to these figures and say: "You see! If there were no advertisements at all you would still have to pay ninety-five cents for a dollar article." Taking into consideration all the costs which occur between the first stage in the manufacture of an article and its ultimate passage into the shopper's bag, it must be admitted that this is not much of a burden.

But are these estimates correct? The three-tenths of a cent figure on the breakfast food is certainly glaringly at variance with the boast (or perhaps you would call it the confession) of Claude C. Hopkins in his autobiography, *My Life in Advertising*:

"I looked over the line and I found two appealing products" (Mr. Hopkins is referring to the "line" of a company manufacturing breakfast foods). "The first

was selling at ten cents then and the second . . . at seven cents."

He then relates how he suggested a more tempting name for one of the products and how, applying a well-known advertising principle of the late New Era (the principle that an article, not selling at a low price, may be made to sell at a higher one) he prevailed on the company to raise the prices of the two products respectively from ten to fifteen cents and from seven to ten cents. A mere matter of fifty percent!

"This", explains Mr. Hopkins, "added an average of \$1.25 per case to the billing price. That extra gave us an advertising appropriation . . . it made [the two products] the largest money-earners in the field of breakfast foods."

Whatever the actual passed-on advertising cost may be (and I doubt if any accurate figure is obtainable), it is even more important to ask: "Does advertising create an ephemeral, an artificial, demand for products—a demand which cannot be sustained and consolidated into a permanent economy? And does it create desires in the heart of the average citizen which cannot, save temporarily perhaps, be satisfied, thus causing discontent and unhappiness?"

The "Success" school of modern literature attempts to blind us to the inevitable answer. We read about the wonderful success of a given brand of ginger ale, of cigarette or of tooth-paste, but we do not read of the rival manufacturers of these products who, in the meantime, go bankrupt. Still more serious, we read of the great strides onward made by an industry, but we do not read of homes wrecked by instalment debt and of marriages ruined by futile attempts to keep up with the Jones's. People seem slow to appreciate the extremity of individualism which is inherent in advertising; or to realize that whilst it may create desire, it does not create purchasing-power except ephemerally; that it does not "create new markets".

I am reminded of a public utterance by a man very prominent in the life of the city in which I live:

“I would like to express the thought that lawyers, doctors and dentists forget the ‘ethics’ idea and that they advertise to get business. More business for them would put more money in circulation and mean more business for merchants.”

Is it not clear that if *all* doctors, dentists and lawyers advertised, their net incomes would be collectively reduced by the cost of the advertising? And if only half of them flaunted their shingle, would their action not have the socially harmful effect of increasing their incomes—presumably already sufficient—at the expense of their more “ethical” confrères?

IV

The point at issue in considering the social effects of advertising is not whether it furthers the sale of Brown’s Tea, which it might well do at the expense of Smith’s and Robinson’s teas; or whether a series of advertisements placed by a combine of tea-growers furthers the sale of all teas, which again it might well do at the expense of the growers of coffee and the shakers of malted milk; the point is: does advertising further the sale of *all* goods? And if so, how?

The answer brings us to a consideration of instalment selling. For a while, advertising *did* further the sale of all goods. Advertising created, or at least helped to create, a temporary and fictitious prosperity comparable with the temporary prosperity of the war years. Just as the shipbuilders battened on the reckless pyramiding of governmental debts during the War, so have the motor-car manufacturers battened on the reckless pyramiding of individual debts after the War. The analogy may be carried further. The aftermath of the Great War is a mass of defaulted and depreciated government securities; the aftermath of the “New Era” is a shambles of

worthless stock certificates and first mortgage gold bonds. Gulled by their own advertisements, and blind to the existence of a saturation point, the manufacturers of the New Era bought newer and greater machines and rushed into enlarged plants, which are now operating at ten to fifty per cent. of their capacity. They made the fatal mistake of gauging the extent of their markets not by the visible or even potential purchasing power of the public but on the promises of their advertising specialists that, by sufficiency of display, their particular brand of cigarette, chewing gum or candy could be made to outsell their competitors' brands.

As an example of the effect of this short-sighted policy, which masqueraded at the time as "optimism", Stuart Chase instances the sad case of the United States boot and shoe industry. The United States market for shoes, with the exception of a small Canadian outlet, is purely a domestic market, and even in the days of their wildest prosperity the Americans did not consume more than three pairs of shoes per capita per annum. In other words, the known limit of the American shoe market is 360,000,000 pairs. And yet Mr. Chase points out that the United States shoe manufacturers' faith in their respective ability to out-sell their competitors led to a maximum plant capacity of 900,000,000 pairs per annum!

My case rests not on the five per cent, or whatever it is, added to the cost of goods, but on humanity's dashed hopes, on the forced retirement, with heavy casualties, from the advanced economic position to which we were cheered on by Captain Advertisa.

You remember the cheering. The Lynds, in *Middletown*, remarked:

"Meanwhile, advertisements pound away at Middletown people with the tempting advice to spend money for automobiles for the sake of their homes and families.

'Hit the trail to better times!' says one such advertisement.

Another depicts a grey-haired banker lending a young couple the money to buy a car and proffering the friendly advice 'before you can save money you must first make money. And to make money you must have health, contentment, and full command of all your resources. . . I have often advised customers of mine to buy cars, as I felt that the increased stimulation and opportunity of observation would enable them to earn amounts equal to the cost of their cars.' "

That was written at the height of prosperity. In February, 1929, still at the height, Howard W. Dickinson published his book, *Crying Our Wares*, which contained this prescient passage:

"Are we building up a false prosperity? Are we pyramiding our sales and purchases to a dangerous extent? Where is it all going to end? It is the opinion of this writer that it is not going to end. . . We have about decided that panics are unnecessary and wasteful, and have taken steps to prevent our having any more. Advertising is one of those steps."

And one of the most highly paid journalists in the world said in December, 1929, after the first stroke of paralysis struck Wall Street:

"Nineteen thirty will be a big year. . . Don't worry about prosperity but get what you need. One thing is a new car to double the value of your time and double self-approval that stimulates effort."

The "psychology" of 1929 was born of faith in Captain Advertisa.

V

What of the present? Have we learnt our lesson?

Here one finds hope for Canada. Canada was never quite so "sold" on advertising as were the United States. Canadians

have a stronger realization of the importance of export trade and do not delude themselves with the notion that they can restore prosperity by lending themselves money.

Under the existing gold-economy of the world prosperity can come to a nation only in two ways, by digging gold out of the earth and by selling goods or services to foreigners. The United States do not seem to understand this. Perhaps it is the existence of so much individual wealth in that country with the resultant chance of the advertiser digging it out of a competitor's pockets—Florida *versus* California; cigarettes *versus* sweets—that blinds Americans to the larger perspective. The financial writer, B. C. Forbes, wrote as recently as November, 1931:

“What will start prosperity?

Buying.

What will start buying?

Selling.

. . . . I was last week, in Detroit, taken into the confidence of several powerful motor corporations and I learnt definitely that they are primed to unleash the most intensive sales effort ever conceived. More money will be spent than ever before, more promotion channels will be utilized, more brains will be employed.”

It will be interesting to watch the experiment. But the motor magnates had best have a care. If only two or three of them “unleash” the dogs of high-pressure warfare, they *may* prosper over the dead bodies of their competitors, but if the industry as a whole looks to advertising for salvation it is leaning on a slender reed. The industry may, of course, advance along the whole front during 1932, but, if it does, the advance will not be due to advertising but to constructive steps which, taken by governments individually or in concert, will have automatically helped world trade to recover.

Meantime, the confusion of cause and effect which exists to-day is one of the most depressing facts of the depression.

Consider, for instance, Henry Ford's theory that United States prosperity was attributable jointly to prohibition and high wages. So far he has abandoned only the second position, but it surely must be obvious now that both high wages and prohibition were effects, not causes, of prosperity. Manufacturers increase wages after profits increase, and governments abandon the revenue from such heavily-taxed trades as the liquor trade only when budgets do not need that revenue.

And so it is with advertising. Prosperity made possible huge appropriations for advertising campaigns. Many corporations, in fixing their advertising budgets, were influenced by the desire to avoid excess-profits taxation. Advertising follows prosperity; it does not lead it.

As a specific example, consider the position of a steamship company advertising its cross-Atlantic services. There was some point to these advertisements in 1929; there is no point to-day. In 1929 hundreds of thousands of North Americans were making the trip, and eagerly they read all the "literature" of the travel companies. To-day there are only depression-proof travellers, the very rich and the commercial. Both of these have well-established preferences, and it is doubtful if the advertisements influence them in the slightest. Travel advertisements, even more than most advertisements, are designed for the ignorant.

I find that, save for a lukewarm acknowledgment of its place in the general scheme of *laissez faire*, I have said nothing in even faint praise of advertising. And yet there is this great point to be considered. It is a going concern and as such it is giving employment to an estimated total of over six hundred thousand men and women in North America. Like standing armies and navies, it may be useless but none the less difficult to scrap. We have got so far away from Mother Earth, our whole social structure is so artificial and its props so interdependent that one cannot remove a prop unless one has

another to put in its place. If we have created something which is fundamentally useless, or say nine-tenths useless, and have incorporated that something into our social and physical being, calling it wealth, eating and drinking from it, supporting homes on it and having children by it, the thing can hardly be done away with.

The best we can do is to control it, recognize its limitations. We hear much in these days of a "plan", and even captains of industry, traditional apostles of *laissez faire*, such as Mr. Gerard Swope of the General Electric Company, are advocating an approach to the social control of industry and a planned economy. In such an economy it seems obvious that advertising would have a recognized, but limited, place—a place similar to that which it occupied in the days of John MacPherson & Company. It is time to sound the retreat.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS—A NOTE

BY T. W. L. MACDERMOT

The article by Mr. Leslie Bishop on "The Rhodes Scholarship System" in the last issue of the *QUEEN'S QUARTERLY* was a very interesting series of personal impressions, and in the main they were orthodox enough to be of service in explaining the Rhodes Scholarship system to many who are interested but uninformed on the subject.

Many questions raised by Mr. Bishop are of course matters of opinion and some of his generalizations do not apply generally, as for example the description of the academic status of the Rhodes Scholar; and his allusion to the "new regulation—to permit them to spend this third year at *any* approved university outside their own country" is misleading. But it would be impossible and perhaps undesirable to undertake a full-dress analysis of Mr. Bishop's article.

It does seem desirable, however, to attempt to correct his misrepresentation of the nature and purpose of Rhodes House. This institution is *not* intended, nor is it used, for Rhodes Scholars, as such. They may call on the Oxford Secretary as they have always done, and he lives in the east wing. They may attend seminars, lectures, students' societies' meetings in other parts of the building, as other Oxford students do. As research students in the political, economic and social development, past and present, of the British Empire and the United States of America, they may—with other similar students—use the library, which is a department of the Bodleian, and sit under the Beit and Harmsworth Professors of History. But Rhodes House is not a meeting place specifically for Rhodes Scholars, and was not intended by the Trustees to be an antidote for Scholars' "loneliness". If some of them meet there in clubs instead of, for example, on the coffee-laden premises of the Cadena Café, there is no fear that the Trustees will allow Rhodes House to become the headquarters of a Babylonish captivity.

CURRENT EVENTS

HOPES AND HISTORY.

Cynics and pessimists and bears and gangsters and kid-nappers are having a big day but the sand in the glass is running low for them. Creeds have been challenged, optimists have been laughed almost out of court, the pegs have been removed from market prices, the law has been mocked and parental treasures have been desecrated and were it not for one insurmountable obstacle this race to which we all claim a relation might ask for a final liquidation. That obstacle, that dam against the swift and muddy current which has dangerously corroded our financial, our political, our religious banks is a faith that somehow clings to this humanity and is best expressed in those closing lines of Browning who

“Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, tho’ right were worsted, wrong would triumph”.

This preachment is neither empty nor irrelevant. Even “hardheaded economists”, so-called, have taken to the pulpits and are proclaiming the transcendence of moral values. Even those who at midday have to concern themselves about what the rate of exchange will be the next day, about the machinery either for preserving or restoring the gold standard, about the price of wheat, about the availability of credit, about the security of public utility investors, are employing a new phraseology, using strange terms and causing the man on the street to rub his eyes and ask how this can be. It is no trick for the theologian or professional moralist to draw the lesson, but it is of supreme importance to this sorely beset world of 1932 to have the economist pointing away from dollars and cents.

All this leads up to two memorable addresses delivered in the Parliament buildings at Ottawa this session, one from

Rt. Hon Winston Spencer Churchill and the other from Sir Josiah Stamp, both, in their respective fields, probably the most distinguished men of their time. Both addressed full assemblies of the Canadian legislators and both had much to say about world conditions, in general, and about the coming Imperial Economic Conference, in particular.

No one would be rash enough to call Churchill an idealist. He might be a dreamer and Lloyd George might be quick to say that the son of another distinguished Churchill talks in his political sleep, that his philosophy is expressed in a drab practicality, an unadorned pragmatism, but it was refreshing to hear this man, who is impatient of whimpering and apologetics, telling the Canadian legislators that the here and now of this Empire were not to be thought of but in the terms of the British Commonwealth that is to be a half or a whole century hence. He pleaded, with all the fire of his imagination and the warmth of his feeling, for the long view on Imperial problems, and, what is more, he warned Canadians against the peril of building a bargain counter for the coming Conference.

Did Churchill and Stamp compare notes before they came to this continent and this Canadian capital or was it just one of the happy tricks of chance that these two men, both impelled to give to Canada the whole truth about Britain's attitude toward the Conference, should have employed the same arguments and once or twice used almost identical language? For Sir Josiah Stamp, now the "brains" of the Bank of England and, therefore, of Britain's economic machine, challenged Canadians to take the long view about the Conference, warned them against attractive and one-sided bargains, placed a bell-buoy over "economic agnosticism", and pleaded for more, not less thinking and for clear thinking.

Premier Bennett, of course, was there and heard both speeches at close range, for on both memorable occasions he

presided and in a manner that can hardly be surpassed, for the present Prime Minister, at a social or academic function, shines with a real brilliance. Those who deride his perilous fluency in Parliament are apt to forget that there are few men in the Dominion as widely and thoroughly informed as Mr. Bennett. His knowledge of men and affairs the world over, his reading in fields outside the law, his sense of humour, which is seldom provoked in the House of Commons, and an abundance of enthusiasm for things not political make him an excellent toastmaster, and his felicitous introductions of the two eminent Britons could hardly be surpassed.

Mr. Churchill and Sir Josiah Stamp, in two or three of their passages, were talking more to Premier Bennett and his colleagues than to the Commoners and Senators. They told the Prime Minister in so many words that if the various delegations sat in at the coming Conference with fixed formulas and quotas and historic notions about preferences and also with the seller's ambition rather than the buyer's patience there could be little hope of success. They both told Mr. Bennett and his Ministry that the outstanding fact of 1932 was that the economic integrity of the Empire had been challenged, that the moral worth of the Empire had been questioned, that the walls of the Imperial preference had been assaulted, as much from within as from without, and that compromise, give and take, must preside at the July deliberations if anything durable is to be achieved. What is still more important both Mr. Churchill and Sir Josiah Stamp, usually thought of as men looking to the advantage of the moment, entered their strongest plea for the grandchildren of the present Empire. This plea means that the motto over the Conference room is not to be "Today" or "Tomorrow" but "Fifty Years Hence".

There was a buoyancy in the spirit of those two Britons that recalls one of the finest tributes ever paid to the English race, and that from a New Englander, a downright Yankee.

As long ago as 1847, when Britain's cotton industry was having as bad a time as it is now experiencing, Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke at the annual banquet of the Manchester Athenaeum. Evidences of industrial ruin were all about him, but this dismal picture, instead of dispiriting the introspective Sage of Concord, inspired him to paint a notable picture of "the moral peculiarity of the Saxon race". He informed his audience that he was told in his childhood that the best parts of Englishmen were slowly revealed, that their virtues did not come out until they quarrelled, that you could know little about them until you had seen them long, "that in prosperity they were moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand".

Another bit of history is worth recalling. As long ago as 1895 Joseph Chamberlain was the principal guest at a dinner given in London by Walter Peace, Agent-General for Natal, in celebration of the completion of the Natal-Transvaal Railway. Mr. Chamberlain's toast was proposed by Sir Charles Tupper, then Canadian High Commissioner in London, and Mr. Chamberlain spoke on the old and familiar question of "The Future of the British Empire". "That Empire", he said, "that world-wide Dominion to which no Englishman can allude without a thrill of enthusiasm and patriotism, which has been the admiration and, perhaps, the envy of foreign nations, hangs together by a thread so slender that it may well seem that even a breath would sever it". He saw no peril, though, of severance, and his faith in the essential integrity of the British Commonwealth of nations is found in this sentence: "As the possibility of separation has become greater, the desire for separation has become less".

His dream of a community of self-governing Dominions has come true. His scheme of an Imperial tariff, though subjected to some modifications, is working, but another incident of that speech has taken on peculiar significance. It was the

celebration of the completion of a railway built to lay the basis for a more closely knit South Africa, but now that it has become a United South Africa and a British United South Africa those in the saddle down there seem determined to bring about severance or accomplish so close an approach to severance as to make allegiance a mockery. Moreover, how could Chamberlain have even dreamed that South Africa would become united and all-British and that then the delegation from that Dominion would come to the Imperial Conference in Ottawa with plans and doctrines and demands that are odoriferous of severance and independence? A separate currency, an anti-British tariff, a preference to The Netherlands and a severance flag?

Hertzog and his South Africa are not all. (What a personal tragedy that that master mind of Empire, that splendid pacificator, Smuts, should be obliged to remain in the political discard when Imperial economic opportunities are approaching their zenith!) There is De Valera also and an Irish Free State out for severance. With Hertzog or his representative and De Valera sitting about the commodious table in July the forces that threaten the slender thread of Chamberlain's phrase are to be articulate. Then Australia and New Zealand are not in the best of humour, although whatever recalcitrance may have been breeding in the Antipodes last year has been tremendously reduced by cold applications from the Sino-Japanese conflict and the grave implications of that clash. Anglo-Saxon ideals and interests in the Antipodes have been made to take notice of a peril not so remote as it was ten years ago, of a challenge not to be restrained even by the existence of the League of Nations. This threat from the North is bound to find expression in a greater eagerness on the part of the British Antipodes to develop even closer economic lines of communications with Canada and the United Kingdom.

As for Canada and the Empire much has yet to be disclosed. There is still fresh in the minds of Canadians the words of Premier Bennett at London in 1930 when he unfolded his scheme whereby the Imperial preference pact should be used more for a defensive alliance against the rest of the world than for mutual advantage within the Empire. At least, this is the criticism of Liberals, and the very fact that the 1930 parley ended without approval of this plan indicates that British statesmen desired more time to think over the implications of this scheme, especially in the light of the necessity of Britain protecting and preserving her heavy investments in foreign countries and her substantial foreign trade. From these significant speeches of Sir Josiah Stamp and Mr. Churchill and from other expressions of the British viewpoint it is evident that the British notion of this meeting next July is that if anything worth while is to be accomplished it will not be on the bargain counter but about the round table.

There have been whimperings that the Dominion Government is not busying itself sufficiently with preparations for the Conference. Thus far about all that can be done in that direction is being done. Canadian manufacturers and exporters and importers are gathering and compiling data as to what they think they can buy from the other Dominions and the Mother Country and what more they hope to sell. This information is to be placed at the disposal of Federal officials within a short time and it will form the basis for the formulation of a scheme or policy with which the present Ministry will seek to play its part in the Conference. It may be guessed that Premier Bennett will not be so insistent in July about the approval or disapproval of his 1930 plan as he was when that plan was first presented. He himself has since in more than one utterance shown a deepened appreciation of the imperative need for something which all the Dominions and the Mother Country can accept, that unity and economic

integrity is paramount and that the demands of Canadian interests must be subjected to a downward revision if this country is not to be held responsible for another impasse. What is even more apparent is that the Canadian people are really beginning to see that this coming Conference, whose scope is not to be restricted by the word "economic", is too big for party or race or creed or for any one part of the Empire. The very existence of every part of the Empire is at stake; the challenge of the outside world must be met.

There are many other pressing problems to distract the attention of the Bennett Ministry and the Canadian Parliament from the Conference. How to balance the budget by increased taxation without exhausting the source; how to keep the wheels of the economic machine in Canada turning until that just-round-the-corner prosperity can be encountered, is a heavy and unenviable task. The best devised Budget has few friends. Liberals will denounce this first and creditable document of Hon. Edgar Rhodes because of the complete erasure from the customs tariff of the free list by the imposition of the 3 per cent. excise import tax. True, it was 1 per cent. a year ago but the Opposition now declare that a 200 per cent. increase in this impost, under the guise of a revenue measure, would disturb the slumbers of some statesmen long past. Progressives would like to see more emphasis on income taxation, while the neglected taxpayers generally must rest content with a hard swallowing, then a tightening of the belt, a stiffening of the upper lip and a loosening of the purse strings.

Shibboleths and slogans and proper names are not what they used to be. Not only have they lost much of their pristine significance but many have fallen into a dismal disrepute. There is little faith in them. Sir Josiah Stamp said that the American people had even lost faith in slogans, truly an ominous sign. What valour and endurance is recalled by

“Waterloo”, what downright heroism in “Trafalgar”, what picture of British astuteness and foresight in “Suez”, what scientific achievement in “Panama”, what a political imbroglio and financial mess in the latest word, “Beauharnois”. Two or three years ago “Beauharnois” connoted a quiet, mind-its-own-business town on the south side of the River St. Lawrence; today it is a by-word on Parliament Hill.

When that vast power and navigation canal is completed over \$50,000,000 will have been spent on it, but the problem now is to find money to complete it. Nearly \$10,000,000 more has to be provided. Premier Bennett has already taken steps, in the 1931 session, to secure the investors against the destruction of the enterprise, and he has promised them that in some way he will see it through for them. By the time this issue is before its readers he will doubtless have made his final statement to Parliament as to how completion is to be accomplished. Further comment or speculation on the project or the episode, therefore, is hardly warranted.

A heavy responsibility rests upon the Government to see that this tremendous engineering feat is not lost through political conflict. The money for its completion can be found when, in the first instance, the various private interests in Montreal can agree as to which of them shall control the power from the canal, and, in the second instance, when Premier Bennett can agree with that private interest as to ultimate control.

F. C. MEARS.

IRELAND AND THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH.

Through the seeming impenetrable cloud of gloom and depression which hangs like a pall above the entire world there comes a cheering ray from Ireland. Here, at least, there appears a prospect of a return to the good old days.

For nearly ten years Ireland has not adorned the front pages; the association of shillelaghs and shotguns with the land of Erin had all but vanished. During the peaceful interlude with which the name of William Cosgrave will always be connected, much solid, constructive work was accomplished and the foundations were laid for such a measure of prosperity as had not been known for many years, and this has enabled Ireland to weather the storms of economic adversity with probably greater success than any other part of the Empire. Whence, then, this sudden change, and the resumption of an ancient and traditional rôle in relations with Britain? Eammon de Valera, American-born son of Irish and Spanish parentage, is the symbol and representative of the new forces directing the policies of the Irish Free State. Much of Irish history is caught up in the Republican movement—a movement with which Mr. de Valera has been identified for nearly two decades.

After the execution of the leaders of the Insurrection which reached its climax in Easter, 1916, de Valera was chosen as leader of those who sought separation from Britain and the creation of an independent republic. He became the head of a *de facto* government, republican in form, which obtained the allegiance of a large portion of the Irish people, and, in the South, of a substantial majority. This new government was responsible to a representative assembly—representative at least of the republican element—designated the Dail Eireann. From 1919 until the summer of 1921 Ireland was rent by civil war; on one side, the Republican Army controlled by the *de facto* government, and on the other, the Royal Irish Constabulary augmented by the “Black and Tans”, the Auxiliaries, and certain units of Regulars. For a considerable part of this period Mr. de Valera was in the United States endeavouring to secure financial assistance for the Irish Republic and, if possible, its recognition by the

government of the United States. The Resolutions Committee of the Republican Convention which met in Chicago in 1920—the Convention which nominated Warren Harding for the presidency—was willing to recommend the adoption of a “plank” recognizing the right of the Irish people to determine their own government freely, but this was withdrawn when Mr. de Valera would have official recognition of the Republic or nothing. The mission to America was not supremely successful but proved to be of vital significance in that during Mr. de Valera’s absence from Ireland certain of his associates who were bearing the heavy burden and assuming the serious risks of leadership in war were laying the foundation for recognition as the real leaders of the republican movement.

During the summer of 1921 Mr. Lloyd George opened negotiations with the leaders of the *de facto* government in Ireland, negotiations which led to the signing in December of a treaty providing not for a separate and independent all-Irish republic but for a Free State within the Empire with the status of an autonomous dominion, from which the northern counties of Ireland were excluded. Mr. de Valera refused to accept this double compromise but, despite his opposition, the Dail Eireann accepted the treaty, although by a small majority. Mr. de Valera then resigned as President of the government of the Republic and was succeeded by Mr. Arthur Griffith, the founder of Sinn Fein and the leader of the Irish delegation in the negotiations in London. The defection of de Valera led to a fratricidal warfare even more bitter than that which had been waged against the English. As contemplated by the treaty, a provisional government was formed—under the presidency of Mr. Griffith—to carry on the administration of public affairs, to conduct a general election, in which inevitably the acceptance of the treaty should be the main issue, and, should it be accepted, to receive from the British government the control of the agencies still in its

hands. The election revealed a substantial majority in favour of the treaty but the civil strife still continued and it became the duty of the provisional government to assert its authority in the country and to demonstrate its ability to maintain order and to protect life and property. Mr. Griffith surrounded himself with a group of young men whose abilities had already been put to a severe test during the conflict with the British government. Most prominent among these were Michael Collins, who had rendered very valuable service in the Republican army and now became Commander-in-Chief of the National Army, William Cosgrave, who for several years had been a Sinn Fein member of the Dublin Corporation, Kevin O'Higgins and Richard Mulcahy. On August 12th, 1922, Arthur Griffith died after a brief illness and ten days later Michael Collins was caught in ambush during a tour of inspection and was killed. The presidency of the provisional government then devolved on Mr. Cosgrave, who had been Mr. Griffith's choice for the office of vice-president, and thus became the first President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State when that government became established under the terms of the treaty.

In 1923, after the new constitution had been devised, another election was held which gave Mr. Cosgrave a small majority over the Fianna Fail, Mr. de Valera's party of openly avowed republicans. The members of this group, however, refused to take the oath of allegiance prescribed by the treaty and therefore were unable to take their seats in the Dail Eireann. During the next four years Mr. Cosgrave's ministry enjoyed virtually absolute power by reason of the fact that it encountered no effective parliamentary opposition. It became the task of this government to complete the establishment of good order by organizing an adequate police force, to improve the system of local municipal government, to provide better highways and to place the finances of the state on

a solid foundation. The administration likewise embarked on a courageous scheme of hydro-electric power development by harnessing the water of the Shannon River. The possession of such extensive power, however, seemed to encourage a tendency to bureaucracy and to remove the government from intimate touch with the people. The election held in June, 1927, reduced the government's following and although it still possessed the largest group—46 to 44 for de Valera—it controlled less than a third of the members of the Dail. Of the smaller groups the more important were the Labour Party and the Nationalists led by Captain William Redmond, son of John Redmond, whose sudden death has just recently been announced.

Mr. de Valera's party still refused to take the oath of allegiance. Suddenly, however, the situation was changed. On July 10th, 1927, Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, the Vice-President and admittedly one of the ablest of the ministers, was assassinated. The horror which swept the country following this act seemed to Mr. Cosgrave to justify much more strenuous measures than had been taken hitherto. A public safety act was passed creating the right of arrest on mere suspicion and suspending the normal processes of trial. To draw his chief opposition into the open Mr. Cosgrave passed an act requiring all candidates for election to the Dail to declare their willingness to take the oath in the event of their election. Threatened with the loss of representation by his followers, Mr. de Valera decided to take the oath, but declared that an oath forced on him and his colleagues under such circumstances could have no binding effect on their consciences. The seating of the Fianna Fail members created a deadlock within the Dail from which escape was sought by a new election. Both major parties increased their following at the expense of the smaller group, but Mr. Cosgrave, though possessing the largest group, still fell short of a clear majority. With

an unsteady support from the Farmers' Party and from a group of Independents, Mr. Cosgrave was able to continue in office but was confronted by a strong and determined opposition in the Fianna Fail and Labour groups.

The Cosgrave party and the Republican groups agree in the determination to provide Irish nationalism with an adequate vehicle of government for its expression. They differ in the method to be adopted to that end. Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins were willing to accept the treaty and the oath in 1922 as the first step in a movement which would ultimately reach independence. Mr. Cosgrave and his ministers have departed somewhat from this position and are convinced that a greater measure of freedom can be obtained by remaining within the British Commonwealth than by breaking away from it. Against the Cosgrave government were ranged the malcontents of various hues, including the Republicans of the left who desire complete severance of the connection with Britain and the establishment of an independent state. Mr. de Valera, apparently, does not go to that extent but will be content with the abolition of the oath of office mentioned in the treaty which he regards as having been imposed by duress and as symbolising a certain subordination to Great Britain.

In the elections held in February last the issues were clearly defined. Since its introduction the oath of allegiance has been a serious stumbling-block to the extreme Irish Nationalist. Mr. de Valera advocated its abolition and pledged himself to effect this end should he become head of the government. He advocated also withholding payment to Britain of £3,000,000 paid annually and representing monies advanced chiefly in Britain to Irish farmers to enable them to pay for their land bought under schemes of purchase introduced prior to the war. The British government stands in a dual relationship with respect to these payments; it is the collecting agent for the holders of the securities representing

the loan and it is the guarantor of the repayment of the monies so advanced. The election gave Mr. de Valera the largest group though not a clear majority. With the aid of the Labour Party which supported him in opposition he was elected to the presidency by a vote of 81 to 68 and immediately formed a new ministry which, however, did not include representation from the Labour group.

The new president lost no time in announcing his program with respect to the oath and land annuities. The issue of the oath is of central importance, but, apparently, its significance has not been clearly understood in certain of the Dominions. Back in the summer of 1921 when a truce was arranged between the British and Irish forces in Ireland Mr. de Valera went to London on the invitation of Mr. Lloyd George to discuss the possibility of a settlement. The proposal then made involved giving Ireland the status of a Dominion in the British Commonwealth. This, however, was rejected by Mr. de Valera and his ministers. "A certain treaty of free association with the British Commonwealth group, as with a partial League of Nations, we would have been ready to recommend . . . had we an assurance that the entry of the nation as a whole into such association would secure for it the allegiance of the present dissenting minority, to meet whose sentiment alone this step could be contemplated." Thus wrote Mr. de Valera to Mr. Lloyd George. These negotiations broke down and when an attempt was made later to revive them Mr. de Valera insisted that the Irish delegates should go as representatives of an independent sovereign state. This, of course, was impossible and Mr. de Valera was obliged to back down. After further negotiation a conference was arranged with Mr. de Valera's concurrence "with a view to ascertaining how the association of Ireland with the community of Nations known as the British Empire may best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations".

Five delegates were selected by the Cabinet of the Dail Eireann, including Mr. Griffith as chairman and Mr. Collins but not Mr. de Valera. The decision of the President to remain in Ireland and not to participate in the negotiations with the British government was of deep significance and marked the beginning of a split in the ranks of the Irish Nationalists. The present impasse over the oath may be traced to this decision. Had Mr. de Valera gone to London with his colleagues it is doubtful if their counsels would have been divided whether for or against accepting the conditions proposed by the British delegation. The fatal rupture between the extremists and the moderates might conceivably have been avoided.

The negotiations in London were threatened with complete failure by reason of the difficulty in reaching agreement on the form of the oath to be taken by the members of the Parliament of the Irish Free State. The form finally adopted was suggested, it is said, by the late Lord Birkenhead, then Lord Chancellor, and, as embodied in article 4 of the treaty, was as follows— "The oath to be taken by members of the Parliament of the Irish Free State shall be in the following form—

"I do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established, and that I will be faithful to H.M. King George V, his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

This formula, devised after long discussion and accepted by all the Irish delegates, was intended to remove all tinge of subjection to Britain. It did not, however, so impress Mr. de Valera and the extreme Republicans who saw in the allegiance to the king an end of the republican ideal. During the

course of the negotiations in London Mr. de Valera made his position clear. The Dail Ministry presided over by Mr. de Valera decided unanimously "that Ireland shall recognize the British Crown, for the purpose of association, as symbol and accepted Head of the combination of associated states, and Mr. de Valera himself drafted a form of oath which he regarded as satisfactory as follows— "I do swear to bear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of Ireland, and the Treaty of Association of Ireland with the British Commonwealth of Nations, and to recognize the King of Great Britain as head of the Associated States."

Although Mr. de Valera began as an avowed Republican, it is clear that in 1921 he was prepared to accept a position of complete autonomy as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It does not appear that today his position is different. The interpretation of his request for the abolition of the oath as involving separation from the Commonwealth, it is submitted, is wholly without foundation; protests from other Dominions based on this construction are largely futile. The essence of the connection is the recognition of the Crown as the Head of the Free State and such recognition has not been brought in question. The suggestion that the adherence of Canada to the Empire depended on the swearing of an oath of allegiance by the members of her parliament would not be entertained seriously. In the opinion of a great many Irish people, as expressed in the last election, the oath in its present form at least, is objectionable; it is alleged that it cannot be taken by many people without mental reservations. Such a condition would undoubtedly interfere with the free operation of representative government. If its maintenance is not essential to continued membership in the Commonwealth and if its modification or removal would enable a larger number of citizens to participate in the activities of government, there would seem to be a *prima facie* case at least for a change of some kind.

Accepting this assumption, there is ground, however, for disagreement with Mr. de Valera regarding the best method of bringing about the change. There is a radical difference between the Irish and the English views of the significance of the treaty. The British Government maintains that the treaty makes the oath mandatory and that a change can be made only by the consent of the parties to the treaty. The view of the present Irish government is that the treaty does not require the oath to be taken but merely prescribes the form of oath which shall be taken should the Constitution of the state require the subscription to an oath. The constitution as originally adopted did require the taking of an oath by members of the Dail. That, in Mr. de Valera's view, is the mandatory authority and not the treaty, and he proposes by amending the constitution to remove the necessity for subscribing to the objectionable oath. In this view the treaty is not being modified; the Irish people are merely changing their constitution by a method prescribed by law and in accord with a definite mandate from the people expressed in the general election.

This issue, it is suggested, is preëminently of the character to be settled by consultation with the Dominions. The political association of Ireland is with the Commonwealth, not with Great Britain alone, if the forms of the treaty are not utterly meaningless. Certain "incompatibilities of temperament" manifested in a long tradition of misunderstanding make it difficult for Irish and English to agree. This is a case in which the Dominions, if they will but refrain from prejudging the issue, may be able to render invaluable service both to Ireland and to Britain. The attitude of the Canadian Prime Minister has been thoroughly correct and proper. The invitation extended to the Irish Free State to attend the Ottawa Conference assumed, as was justified, that the Free State wished to remain within the Empire. From

the experience of the Dominions it may be possible to demonstrate to Mr. de Valera that the ideals and aspirations of nationhood, economic, political, cultural, may be realized within the British Commonwealth. If, as incidental to the deliberations of the Ottawa Conference, the Irish Free State delegates could be persuaded of this fundamental truth, the Conference will have been amply justified.

Mr. de Valera is confronted with a difficult task. It will not be easy to hold his own extremists in check. The removal of the oath, or its modification, may conceivably contribute substantially to this end. It is still the ambition of the Fianna Fail to achieve a union of all the Irish People. The new government cannot afford to drive a wedge between the North and South. Ulster will probably provide a brake on political and economic extremism and may supply that moderating force which will make compromise possible.

D. McARTHUR.

BOOK REVIEWS

THEOLOGY

The Kingdom of God. By Ernest F. Scott, D.D. Macmillan.
8/6.

The Dilemma of Religious Knowledge. By Charles A. Bennett, Yale University Press. \$2.00.

The Present Day Summons to the World Mission of Christianity. By John R. Mott. Student Christian Movement Press. 7/6.

Youth and Sex. By Meyrick Booth. Geo. Allen and Unwin.
5/6.

Pastor Invictus. By Walter Johnson. Quality Press Ltd., Montreal. \$1.50.

Pride of place must be given to the new book by Dr. Scott, one of the most distinguished of those who have taught theology at Queen's University. It may without exaggeration be called a masterpiece. Lucid, interesting, never shallow, never diverted into bypaths, almost without footnotes it deals with a question of burning controversy and of an almost unparalleled literary complexity. No wonder Dr. Scott has the reputation of being a prince of lecturers! He deals here first with the historic background of the idea of the Kingdom of God, then with this idea as central in the teaching of Jesus Christ, and finally with the later development of the idea. Naturally the book gives conclusions rather than arguments. Scholars will appreciate best the balance, the learning and the insight of the book, and it may be commended whole-heartedly

to all those who desire to know where scholarship stands on this historical question which is at the same time a vital interest to all educated Christians.

The late Charles A. Bennett was an Irishman who after studying philosophy at Oxford migrated to America and fell under the spell of Josiah Royce. He became professor of philosophy at Yale University and died on May 1, 1930, at the early age of forty-four. *The Dilemma of Religious Knowledge*, though complete in itself, is in a sense but a fragment, a moving indication of what Dr. Bennett might have accomplished had he lived longer. "Religion professes to apprehend the supernatural, yet can give no finally valid account of it; claims to possess truth, but in the next breath declares its truth to be inexpressible. It is then inevitable that these pretensions should become suspect. The question becomes urgent: Is religion a source of cognitive insight?" This is the problem of the book. Dr. Bennett considers the answers given in the symbolical theories of Feuerbach, Sabatier and Santayana, in the Sociological theories of Durkheim and his school, and in the psychological theories of Freud and others. The last chapter is entitled "Metaphysical Respiration"; "the horror of the so-called scientific nightmare is that the universe is not hostile: it is *indifferent*. Hostility a man can do with. . . But if all one has to confront is *the silence* of those infinite spaces, then even one's heroism is empty histrionics and has only the force of a pathetic gesture. . . The claims of human dignity and human sanity are not to be satisfied that way. . . God is the final judge, the ultimate test; before Him one is thrown back upon whatever literal substance one has. Here is the means for the self to discover what it ultimately *amounts to*. This fundamental need for a self-respect which rests upon self-knowledge is something that is frustrated by any subjectivist philosophy." The book is written with much charm, and it should appeal to many outside the ranks of technical philoso-

phers; it is a remarkable vindication of the spiritual intuitions of man against those who would explain away religion.

In 1910 Dr. Mott was chairman of the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh; in 1928 he was chairman of the International Missionary Council which met on the Mount of Olives and represented all the great Churches of Christendom except the Roman. Few would dispute his right to be acclaimed the outstanding religious statesman of this generation. *The Present Day Summons* is not merely a trumpet-call to the Christian Church; it is a detailed, unrhetorical, convincing summary of the world-situation and of the task and opportunity of the Christian Church. The newspapers give us a survey of the world from the point of view of politics or business; here is a survey of the world from the point of view of those who believe that in Christ alone is the satisfaction of man's social as of his individual needs. This is essentially a book for laymen; it is written in their language; it is addressed to their insight; it is a plain (and extraordinarily interesting) statement of facts, needs and opportunities.

"We find ourselves in one of the fighting trenches on that immense battlefield which now divides the forces of Christian tradition, centring upon Rome, from the hosts of organized materialistic communism whose capital is Moscow. The one side in this world-wide struggle . . . stands for monogamy supported by religious sanctioning, and the other proclaims the ethic of complete sexual freedom based upon the purely naturalistic view of man's nature and moral duties, which is the upshot of physical science as applied to the sex problem." This is the main burden of Dr. Booth's short and untechnical but learned and very important book. It is probable that most Christians have hardly any idea of the widespread, fundamental and passionate repudiation of monogamy by almost all non-Christian thinkers to-day on both sides of the Atlantic; they are living, not indeed in an unreal world, but in a world

out of relation to the life into which their young people are plunged when they find themselves "on their own" in our great cities. The Christian Church must know where it stands in this matter and why, and must proclaim its teaching in the light of the modern situation. *Youth and Sex* contains much admirably sound advice to parents and teachers, and to husbands and wives; it also deals wisely with such difficult matters as co-education and the preponderance of women teachers in our educational system.

Pastor Invictus suffers inevitably by comparison with *Maria Chapdelaine*, but as a picture of Quebec and of an abbé in the critical November of 1837 it is of interest to Canadians and to those who love Canada; would that there were more such vignettes!

N. M.

* * * * *

Science and Religion. A Symposium with foreword by Dr. Michael Pupin. New York, Scribners, 1931. Copp Clark, Toronto. Pp. 175. \$1.75.

The British Broadcasting Corporation under the direction of Sir John Reith does a fine service for the British public. Would that something like it existed in our own country! This small volume contains twelve addresses given to the public of Britain over the wireless between September and December, 1930, by Professors Julian Huxley, J. A. Thomson, J. S. Haldane, Malinowski, Eddington and Alexander, along with the Bishop of Birmingham, the Deans of St. Paul's, London, and Canterbury, Canon Streeter, Father O'Hara of the Jesuit order and Dr. L. P. Jacks. The names are a guarantee of the best that Britain has. Dr. Michael Pupin writes in the foreword:—"After reading this book one cannot fail to recognize that Science and Religion are the offsprings of the same fundamental belief that there is an

eternal truth which is intelligible and that the longing is deeply planted in the soul of man to search for the morsels of this truth in every nook and corner of the physical as well as of the spiritual universe”.

All the addresses contained in this volume are marked by a most admirable frankness, and by an entire absence of dogmatism and contentiousness. Truly both Religion and Science have changed their tone since the pugnacious days of Huxley and Dean Burgon. There is a kind of “sweet reasonableness” here, though probably Dean Inge would resent such a description of himself. Science has travelled a long way when we find Professor Haldane saying “Science is a search for truth, hallowed by the presence of God in the searching As to the nature of that Reality there is, however, as it seems to me no room for any sort of compromise. The only ultimate reality is the spiritual or personal reality which we denote by the existence of God”. And the creed of Bishops has not always been so simple as this from his Lordship of Birmingham. “I hold that a man can rightly call himself a member of the Christian Church when as he surveys the pathway to the religious confidence in which he rests, he can say ‘Christ passed along this road’ and add ‘The Master went further than I have gone, yet I will follow Him’ ”.

One of the most moving addresses of all is that of Professor Malinowski who frankly avows himself an agnostic, but a very different kind from that of fifty years ago. “The typical rationalist says ‘I don’t know and I don’t care’. The tragic agnostic would rejoin: ‘I cannot know but I feel a deep and passionate need of faith, of evidence and of revelation’. Personally, to me and to those many like me, nothing really matters except the answer to the burning questions ‘Am I going to live or shall I vanish like a bubble? What is the aim and the sense and the issue of all this strife and suffering?’ ”

Dr. L. P. Jacks has the last word: he pleads that all people should lift up their eyes. "I feel that we would get ourselves best corrected by a steadfast look at the stars "above our heads—Orion driving his hunting dogs over the zenith, or Andromeda shaking out her tresses over the immensities of space—and asking what it all means. It would correct our sense of proportion. It would give us a truer perspective".

And we may all subscribe to his last sentence, "Courage will be our only security both for Science and for Religion."

H. A. K.

* * * * *

CRITICISM

Shakespeare versus Shallow, by Leslie Hotson. Boston, Little, Brown and Company, 1931. 375 pp. \$4.00.

The *New York Times* of January 5th, 1930, commenting on the enterprise of Mr. Leslie Hotson, who by the way is an Ontarian, in discovering lost letters of Shelley, expressed the hope "that he may yet prove to be the man to give us added and authentic information about Shakespeare." In "*Shakespeare versus Shallow*" that hope has been fulfilled. Not only have we in this interesting volume added information about Shakespeare, but, more important still, we have the removal of a stain upon his character.

This work deals with a tradition on the one hand, and on the other with two passages in Shakespeare's plays. The tradition, which Adams rejects, and Lee regards as credible, is that Shakespeare was caught deer-stealing in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy. The passages are said to be a full-length portrait, or rather caricature, of the much-respected baronet.

When we read of the "*luces*", which the Welshman (Merry Wives I. 1.) translated into "*louses*" in the coat-of-

arms of Robert Shallow, justice of peace, and remember that Sir Thomas Lucy bore on his arms "three luces", we are not surprised, as Sir E. K. Chambers put it, that "Some hit at Sir Thomas is probably involved"; but we are disturbed by the idea that Shakespeare should make him a theme for sustained ridicule (2 Henry IV.), a long-treasurer and unworthy revenge.

Until the investigations of Mr. Hotson the best that could be said under the circumstances was said by Chambers: "Such portraiture seems to me at least quite alien from the methods of Shakespeare's art." But now to our relief Mr. Hotson has proved beyond all reasonable doubt that the "three luces" refer to a Mr. Justice Gardiner, a new figure in Shakespeare biography, and a new candidate for the Elizabethan rogue's gallery.

Mr. Hotson's identification reads like a mystery novel, but the documents (over two hundred pages of them) are published in this volume, and give the reader ample material for reaching his own conclusion.

The volume is a feather in the cap of the Guggenheim Fellowship, which enabled Mr. Hotson to make so laborious a research.

S. W. D.

* * * * *

HISTORY

The Legacy of Islam. Edited by Sir T. Arnold and A. Guillaume. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1931. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. xvi, 416. \$3.25.

Familiarity breeds no contempt, nor does variety bring satiety where the *Legacy* Series is concerned. The *Legacy of Islam* is a companion study to the *Legacy of Greece*, the *Legacy of Rome*, the *Legacy of the Middle Ages*, etc.—a companion no less stimulating, informative and charming than

its predecessors. It treats of the arts and sciences which adorned Moslem régimes, and of the contributions they made towards the sum of European progress. As indicated in the initial essay by Mr. J. B. Trend, these cultural bequests came mainly through the channel of Spain: "while Europe lay for the most part in misery and decay, both materially and spiritually, the Spanish Muslims created a splendid civilization and an organized economic life. Muslim Spain played a decisive part in the development of art, science, philosophy and poetry, and its influence reached even to the highest peaks of the Christian thought of the 13th century, to Thomas Aquinas and Dante." In the tenth century Cordova was the "most civilized city in Europe, the wonder and admiration of the world," if only for its 70 libraries and 900 public baths. Hither came Christian scholars like the great Gerbert (Pope Sylvester II) and hence went into exile the Mozarabes (Arabized Christians), carrying into Castille their Islamic lore and custom. The reconquest of Spain by the Christians opened wide the door of Muslim learning to all Europe. Another medium for the transmission of Islamic culture to the West was the Crusading movement in the East. Dr. E. B. Barker denounces in a brilliant essay the current view that represents the Crusades as the sole important factor changing the Europe of 1300 into the Europe of 1500; he adopts an attitude of judicious caution with respect to the extent of the contributions made by the Orient to the Occident by way of Palestine and Syria. Sicily and South Italy were other bridges over which Islamic culture passed into European civilization, notably under the virile King Roger II and the versatile Emperor Frederick II.

Other distinguished English and continental scholars describe in some detail what has been bequeathed to Europe by Islam in the realms of "Geography and Commerce", "the Minor Arts" and "Painting", "Architecture", "Literature", "Mysticism", "Philosophy and Theology", "Law and Society",

"Science and Medicine", "Music" and last but not least "Astronomy and Mathematics". With such a diversity of gifts on display before him, no reader of this *Legacy* volume can fail to find much that will interest and indeed enthral him. He may previously have been thrilled with the discovery that it was the much-abused Muslims who fanned into flame the "Glory that was Greece" during the occidental Dark Ages, that Averroes and the Cordovan Jew Maimonides were links between Aristotle and Spinoza, that Avicenna from remote Bokhara was in the Apostolic line of succession from Galen to (shall I say?) Banting. Yet he will find here old familiar matter presented in a fresh and arresting fashion, supplemented by new evidence. He will ponder anew over the many words in our language of Arabian origin which indicate Islamic influences, *e.g.* "algebra", "alchemy", "alkali", "alcohol", "almanac", "cipher".

Many students of this volume will be specially grateful for its convenient collection of material relative to Muslim arts and crafts, its storied pages richly dight with fine illustrations. Thus Mr. Christie shows how Islamic designs and the Islamic technique of inlaid metal-work, lustred pottery, silk weaving and book-binding inspired Italian-oriental schools of craftsmanship at the close of the Middle Ages. With respect to architecture, Mr. Martin Briggs traces Islamic influence in the Gothic pointed arch, the ogee and possibly the "Tudor" arch; the use of cusps, tracery-patterning of surfaces and perhaps bar-tracery in windows; ornamental and pierced battlements; decorative, carved inscriptions, "arabesque" and diaper patterns and bands of ornament (as on the Westminster Abbey retable); and possibly the Renaissance "campanili" of Italy and Wren's church steeples, suggested by the graceful Moslem minarets. In the realm of music, Islam bestowed valuable legacies on Europe, not only in profound theoretical treatises but in the practical art; the principle of "measured music"

seems to have originated with the Arabs who are also credited with the invention of the lute, rebec and guitar as well as Morris (*i.e.* Moorish) dancing.

In the fascinating chapter on "Geography and Commerce", Dr. Kramers alludes to the textile products of Muhammadan lands, such as muslin (from Mosul), damask (from Damascus) and other fabrics with Arabic or Persian names like cotton, gauze, satin, etc. Oranges, lemons, apricots, spinach, syrup and flowers like the lilac and the tulip were also imported originally from Moslem countries. Our commercial vocabulary bears eloquent witness to Islamic influences in such words as "tariff", "traffic", "risk", "calibre", "magazine", "cheque" and perhaps "sterling'."

The editorial task in the book under review has been executed with the thoroughness characteristic of Oxford University Press publications. One or two typographical errors have however been noted (*e.g.* p. 324), as also a few omissions from the Index such as the *Mongols* (pp. 48, 119, 135), *Kublai Khan* (p. 135) and *Chaucer* (p. 133). The contributors might have drawn upon the works of Haskins and Thorndike to greater advantage, especially the former's *Studies in Mediaeval Science*; thus no mention is made of Hermann of Carinthia deemed among the "notable pioneers in the field of Saracen learning" who "in the twelfth century brought the science and philosophy of the Arabic world to western Europe" (Haskins, *op. cit.*, p. 43 et seq.).

A. E. P.

* * * * *

The New British Empire, by W. Y. Elliott. McGraw-Hill Company, New York, 1932. 519 pp. \$5.00.

Professor Elliott apologizes in his preface for presenting these lectures, delivered at the Lowell Institute in the winter

of 1931, without attempting to "remove the informality of the platform", "the tone of familiar address to an intimate audience". In book form the lectures certainly suffer from this informality; the argument, unenlightened by a spoken emphasis, seems unnecessarily intricate, and the humour, unilluminated by the lecturer's smile, seems a little wan. It would have been better to rewrite. For Professor Elliott is an expert who has much to say, and a plaintive reader feels that he must have said it very well upon the platform.

His theme is that perplexing anomaly the "British Commonwealth of Nations", within which a "British Empire" in the older sense of the term still surprisingly survives, and he oscillates between despair and admiration at the British aversion from logic, which leads to such flagrant contradictions in constitutional terms. It is an easy task for him to display the union in disunion of the Lion and the Unicorn as a terminological inexactitude. Professor Elliott performs the task with gusto, diffusion and no little acumen, analyses the relations of the various Dominions, Colonies, Dependencies and Spheres of Influences to the Crown and to each other, and regards the whole complex system as in process of transformation into "a workable league of nations within the world League", likely, if its evolution is successfully completed, to "afford more effective leadership to the great democracies of the West in the coming struggle with the common enemy, autocratic Bolshevism". Unless the Empire dissolves from decrepitude, its function is to give the world lessons in international co-operation. Peace is essential to its further life and "reliance upon the League of Nations to enforce peace or to create a world of freer economic exchange". Empire, Commonwealth, League, whatever you may call it, it is an experiment in economic internationalism and on the success of internationalism its survival depends. Professor Elliott ends with a fervent prayer—which a British

reviewer may greet with gratitude in the mouth of an American Oxonian—for the building of this new Jerusalem. He uses the metaphor in William Blake's sense without satiric reference to economic pre-occupation. "To that fair city, inasmuch as it is not made with hands alone, all men may look for courage and new faith".

In over 200 pages of appendix Professor Elliott has assembled many useful and illuminating documents and a highly entertaining note on the heraldic significance of the Unicorn.

May a captious critic add that even in jest Disraeli never committed such an alarming solecism as "Sanitas! Sanitas! Omnia Sanitatum"? What could it have been meant to mean?

W. H. F.

* * * * *

Canada, by Alexander Brady. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, 1932. 361 pp. \$4.00.

This is an excellent book. It appeals alike to those who know Canada and to those who do not. Professor Brady insists that what he is describing is not a nation moulded into recognizable characteristics by the long pressure of history, but a nation still in the making. This lends a prudent reserve to all his verdicts, and yet his story is very far from being dull. Indeed few writers combine as Dr. Brady has done so sober a judgment with such an easy style, a steady flow of narrative and comment occasionally crisped by humour or strong feeling.

History is introduced only as it is necessary to explain the portrait of Canada to-day, and is wisely kept within narrow limits. The main object is to describe the present institutions, attitudes and culture of the Dominion. Dr. Brady presents briefly and lucidly the relation of Canada to Great Britain and the other members of the British

Commonwealth; our political institutions and parties and policies; the churches, the Press and the innumerable fraternal associations; the composition of the population and the problems thence arising; Agriculture, Industry, Commerce and organized Labour; and the signs of a nascent Canadian culture shown in painting, music, literature and manners.

Throughout this rather perilous work of pioneering Dr. Brady remains lucid and interesting and, like the old-timers, he never loses his head. If he states first the "side" or "view" of any situation which the reader holds, he will acclaim Dr. Brady as a fellow-partizan only to find the opposing view stated just as effectively in the next paragraph. When Dr. Brady approaches despair concerning certain features of Canadian life, he corrects it with a proper degree of extenuation, and he salts his optimism with critical acumen. Above all he is too fine a patriot to praise his country inanely or to take a hand in the Advertiser's game of whooping it up. That is indeed a crowning merit.

Canada has grown so rapidly to maturity and the next stage in the nation's evolution is so uncertain, that it is a baffling task to present a snap-shot which has also some permanent qualities of art. It is hard to see how the task could have been better performed. To all who want a picture of Canada to-day—and in that category there must be many Canadians—Professor Brady's book is hereby heartily commended.

W. H. F.

* * * * *

TRAVEL

Far Places. By J. Mackintosh Bell, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D.,
F.R.S.C. The Macmillan Company, Toronto. 174 pp.
\$2.50.

Under this attractive title Dr. Bell gives us another story of travel no less entertaining and informing than his earlier

efforts in "The Wilds of Maoriland", "Tales of Red Children" and "Sidelights on the Siberian Campaign". This time he takes us to the Barren Lands of North Western Canada, to Central Russia, New Caledonia, Albania and Jamaica. If he had written only the first two chapters, which recount a canoe journey to Great Slave and Great Bear Lake made over thirty years ago, when none of the modern methods of transportation were available, for that alone this volume would have been well worth publishing.

In his introduction the author states that his object in recounting his adventures in "Far Places" is to "encourage an interest in the science of geography". Dr. Bell is a geologist by profession, and he further states that if in his story he has overstressed geological features, it is because he has seen these places through the eyes of a geologist, but he adds "sometimes they help to explain the origin of physical features, to make more intelligible occurrences which have shaped events". In the light of recent discoveries of lead and zinc about Great Slave Lake, and copper, cobalt, gold and radium bearing ores about Great Bear Lake, we are likely to have quickly proven to us the truth of his statement. Human events will move rapidly in those areas in the next few years.

Geography is no longer a memory test of countries, their chief cities, rivers, lakes, trade routes and chief products. Modern geography is a study of the relation of physical features and environment to the distribution of life, both plant and animal, the distribution of inorganic products, minerals, rocks, mountain chains, plains, rivers, soils and therefore the distribution of peoples and their industrial pursuits. The history of races can no longer be studied apart from their environmental influences, which after all are the cause for the trend of events that have occurred. In so far as a man can understand how a people can come to think, act, work and live as they do, he will be more ready to sympathize with their condition, be it better or worse than his own.

However, it must not be surmised from what has been said that this is a book for geographers or for geologists only. It is not a historical treatise, but a story of travel and adventure that should appeal to old and young for various reasons. In the first place the purity of the author's English will satisfy the most fastidious critic. To Canadians it will prove a revelation of the rapidity with which "far places" in our Dominion are being brought within easy reach of the investigator. The arduous journey that took the author six weeks with the most strenuous efforts of hardy voyageurs, is now made by rail and power boats in one week, or by regular air service in five hours. To those fond of adventure Dr. Bell recounts in almost every chapter situations on water, in the woods and on trackless barren lands, that required the keenest ingenuity to avoid disaster. Finally in every chapter is a mass of information that few will have an opportunity to acquire more pleasantly.

M. B. B.

* * * * *

NATURAL SCIENCE

Oceanography, Its Scope, Problems, and Economic Importance, by Henry B. Bigelow. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. \$2.50. Chapman and Hall, Ltd., London. 1931. 12/6.

In the foreword to this book it is stated that it is in no sense a textbook or a compendium of oceanographic knowledge. Nevertheless the author gives us much information of an unusual type, for he details the many things that we do not know about the ocean. The most important stage of any investigation is the appreciation of the true nature and extent of the problem, and here Dr. Bigelow supplies us with a full description of the oceanographic problems that are awaiting solution. Oceanography is still a young science and its deve-

lopment has been hindered by the expense of operating a sea-going vessel. Investigations have been carried out largely by national enterprise, or at the instigation of the fishing industries to whom many of the oceanic problems are of great economic importance. But there is a great need for pure research which can go further afield than the immediate problems of a particular industry. The new Oceanographic Institute at Woods Hole will fill this need and its establishment has been due in no small part to the efforts of Dr. Bigelow, who has been appointed Director of the Institute.

One of the most interesting chapters in this book is on the economic value of oceanographic investigations. Here we are shown the growing importance of oceanic problems even to those who seldom see or hear of the sea. Other chapters deal with submarine geology, life in the sea, and the physical and chemical problems of the sea and water. A chapter on the relationship between oceanography and meteorology is contributed by Professor C. F. Brooks. The demand for long range weather forecasting is growing and owing to the great preponderance of water on the globe this demand can only be supplied by a study of the ocean waters.

E. E. W.

* * * * *

POETRY

Song of the Maritimes. An Anthology of the Poetry of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Edited by Eliza Ritchie, Ph.D., LL.D., Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. Pp. 213. 1931. Price, \$3.00.

Dr. Ritchie has done her work with discretion, knowledge and patience. She has sought to make a really representative collection of Maritime verse, rather than to restrict herself to the best poems of the better authors. Accordingly, she has included 125 pieces selected from the writings of some fifty

men and women. Had she adopted a more restricted, less hospitable policy, no doubt we should have had a more æsthetically satisfying volume with a more subtle savour, but it would have possessed, both humanly and historically, a much less revealing range.

While the editor admits that her "modest anthology" cannot be expected to contain "verse to rival that of the great periods" of English Literature, yet she feels that the reader may find here "images of beauty and truth clothed in worthy poetic form."

And to those who best know our seaside provinces it may seem that in its directness and sincerity, its reverence for the ideal, its response to nature's loveliness, and its avoidance of affectation and eccentricity, this poetry does express, not inadequately, something of the spirit and the temper of those who live in what was once "Acadia" and still might not inaptly be called "the home of the happy".

It is, no doubt, unavoidable that many of the verses included appear derivative and that some should seem even manufactured for occasion, yet there are a few of exceptional merit from the pens of Bliss Carman, Francis Sherman, Charles G. D. Roberts and his brother Theodore Goodridge Roberts, John Frederick Herbin, Archibald MacMechan, Mary C. Ritchie and the editor herself, while Carman's well-known *Low Tide on Grand Pré*, Sherman's *The Foreigner*, and Theodore Harding Rand's *The Dragonfly* reach and hold a high place in both conception and power.

G. H. C.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

AUGUST, 1932

THE GRADUATE

BY SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL

COLIN MacBreach sat late that night. It was past 10 o'clock. He was restless, with that ominous restlessness which he feared, hated, and despised. To-night it was the more hardly borne; he had hoped and believed that the spirit had vanished forever. The usual three months had passed; three days more had gone; but once again the desire was upon him in full pristine force.

The young man—he was not yet beyond middle age—was not of the breed to surrender without a final struggle. After considering the whole matter, he made one firm and last resolve. He would try once more, but once only. In case of defeat, he would end his life like a man. In one way or the other he would break the evil tradition of his family. Nor did he shrink from the issue. He made his choice, drunkard or suicide, as the result might be.

During this mental process time stood still. He thought it must be morning. The clock struck 11, the same clock that

had governed his life as a child, his rising and sleeping, meal-time and school-time, work and play; family-worship even. For this was his father's house, now his, retrieved from a stranger, restored and equipped for such an ordeal as faced him that night.

Aroused by the clock, he reverted to his alternatives. He considered them as a consulting counsel would, for he was a lawyer by trade. The case was at final trial. He would do his best, secure in his childhood belief that the judge of all the earth would do right.

Of a sudden he remembered that there was no alternative, no choice. One course alone remained in the event of failure to endure. There was no intoxicant in the house, and none procurable by any rational means. He had seen to that. There had been none for nine months. He had prepared as if for a siege; and there was no enemy or seducer within his walls. He had failed in one, and withstood two assaults, but he did not choose to remember the pain and cost of victory. Nor did his sense of joy in his former victories help him much in this hour.

On the other hand, as he sat in his chair of oak and leather in front of the fireplace, for it was early autumn and the evening chill, his eyes lifted from the smouldering logs to the chimney-breast. Against the brick glowing in the candle light darkly like blood, he saw his course to the only end that lay on the other side of failure. His service revolver, a short cavalry carbine, with a bugle, whip, spurs, helmet, and other trophies from the Canadian Corps were clearly displayed. Most ominous of all was the white head-rope. These implements of war and death he regarded fixedly, and did not flinch,—not yet.

He was now the prisoner awaiting a verdict which he surmised would come at midnight. As the minutes or hours passed,—he could not distinguish a minute from an hour,—the

verdict seemed inevitable, and he became the man upon whom the award of the court-martial had been confirmed. He was merely waiting for the dawn. He had known one man in that situation, and the man was not unhappy. Colin MacBreach himself became strangely happy now that he knew his inevitable end.

He might as well make the best of his few remaining hours. He was in excellent physical health. His year on the farm had passed from a pretence of work to pleasure in work itself; the direction of his two men, the success or failure of his various experiments with cattle and crops, the furnishing and management of his house, the education of his cook and the training of his maid,—all this had created a new life for him. Indeed, he had long since decided never to return to Toronto and his practice, even after he had achieved freedom from the mad impulse that with deadly regularity overwhelmed him. Here, at this very moment, he had every luxury and every necessity—save one.

A fresh sense of that necessity created the intoxication of pain which dulled his sensibility to the pain itself; but as the pain diminished, the necessity reasserted itself wave upon wave, and fell back once more into oblivion. In one of those intervals he picked up an old book more from habit than from conviction that it would dull his mind. Books might do for other men. To dull his mind alcohol alone was the master remedy. He looked at his pictures on the wall, played some records on the machine, and even a few passages on the piano. He tried all forms of art that were available to him, as a refuge from reality; but against the reality with which he was now face to face they were all equally useless. Even in his normal periods during the past year he had read little, although his books were all about him, for he preferred his own thoughts, new every moment, to the thoughts of men long since dead, blurred and worn by continual use.

It was his life-long habit to cease reading as soon as he began to remember what he had read; he developed in the process of reading a protective quality, an antibody or anti-toxin, by which he forgot what he had read as soon as the book was closed. He would be entertained, but his mind remained free. In preparation for the long siege, he had provided an ample library in which books vaunted as classical had due place. Although he could read something of the original, they were in translation. He did not think he missed much; he could understand the arguments of the Prophets, although he knew no Hebrew. To-night he wandered about the spacious room,—library, drawing room and dining room in one,—taking down a book at random, and as quickly replacing it with a gesture of disgust. One historian he thought a shameless propagandist of his own exploits; an orator appeared as an unscrupulous politician; a poet was a lecherous old man, even if he did write in Latin.

Colin MacBreach was near the end of his resistance, and there was nothing to do but read. In his aimless wandering he discovered a book that was new to him. It had been left lying by the housemaid who was striving for the culture appropriate to the typist she aspired to be. It was the current number of the "American Post". At the end of an hour he found himself still interested in the mechanism of the magazine. He could note the point at which the writer discovered a treatise upon cookery, old furniture, colonial architecture, Eastern rugs, armour, house decoration, a descriptive catalogue of pictures, a series of *menus* and wine cards; he admired the skill with which the writer displayed these new-gotten wares.

His mind was singularly lucid after this quiet hour undisturbed by thought, so lucid it seemed something more than human. It was as if the gods were afraid he might become like one of themselves, and were pressing upon him a poisoned cup. He not only remembered all he had read; he saw each

successive page and every column as clearly as if they were depicted black against white upon a screen. For another hour, with closed eyes, he read the reflection from his own mind, page by page and column by column. First, he saw a column of the coarse gibberish uttered by negroes who had been at school; next, the jargon of the criminal world; then the "pidgin" of a Chinaman; and from this he went on to the cryptic endearments of a commercial traveller with a manicurist. He admired the versatility of the writer in adopting styles so various, but thought him rather incoherent in his theme.

The illustrations, too, as they arose in his mind, were not quite germane to the subject. Pictures of motor-cars were pertinent enough, for a motor-car ran through the whole book. Sleek young men in collars, varnished hair, and summer raiment smirked at regular intervals, but the conduct of sleek young men was the matter of the story. He thought that their toilet articles and kitchen apparatus were depicted with undue profusion. The pictures of females disturbed him most. Their minds, he judged from the text, were coarse and shallow, but the few tatters with which their figures were clothed destroyed the pure grace of the nude and left an impression of obscure obscenity. At length, he was seized by the sinister and contrary suspicion that the incoherence was in his own mind, and that possibly he had been reading not one but a series of stories and the interspersed advertisements as well.

There was now a middle way between the alternatives of a drunkard's or suicide's grave. He was insane. He had therefore a third choice; it was better than a choice; it was a necessity imposed upon him by a power not himself. In face of that power all need for struggle was at an end. He was even free to drink to his utmost content. A lunatic drunk was no different from a lunatic sober. He might as well drink until the time came for them to put him away.

But there was nothing to drink in the house. He had no motor-car. He had one when first he came into retreat, but he feared it would be the cause of his betrayal. True, his horse was in the stable. He did not fear the long ride, but the effort to saddle up by the light of a lantern was too much for him. If he called his men, that would reveal his infirmity. He had appraised too lightly the astuteness of country people; he did not quite understand their reticence or their loyalty. They feared to lose their place by an assumption of knowledge.

In spite of the conviction that there was nothing in the house to drink, he began a methodical search of every room. It was not far past midnight, and he was quite alone; his servants lived in a house detached. He began by reading his cellar-book, which recorded the treasures of a time when he had a cellar. In reading it, he forgot his search. He thought only of its value to a writer of stories. Indeed, he seemed to himself to be not Colin MacBrech, but the main character in a story, a lawyer, young, rich and famous, engaged in a struggle with himself. His reasoning that night was correct; his premisses were wrong. His mind worked by instinct, like the mind of a dog.

Taking a branched candle-stick with three lighted candles, he made a formal search of the cellar, and examined every hard black object upon which the light fell. Returning above ground, he entered each room in turn. He opened every side-board and cupboard. As the light came back from ruddy wood, pale silver, amber vase, or deep hued bowl, he had a moment of reminiscent joy. He found nothing; he was not disappointed for he knew there was nothing to find. He had yet some hope from his bedroom, but it yielded only a vague smell from his silver flask.

Having begun the search, he was determined to go through with it. He went into his pantry. The shelves had the proper complement of bottles, but the corks came out with

hopeless ease,—vinegar, white or brown, harsh and acrid; oil slimy and disgusting; sauces and essences savoring only of themselves. But on the floor he discovered an earthenware crock which would contain four gallons. He lifted the cover. The vessel was full of a brown fluid with small circlets of mould floating on the surface. He dipped his finger in the solution; the drops glistened as they fell; he tasted his finger; it was slightly bitter but not sour, dry though not acrid; but there was a vague suggestion of alcohol. He placed the tall candles on the floor and drew forward a stool. He sat down and looked upon the liquid with fixed attention. He remembered:

Exactly twelve months ago he had come to his office in King Street from luncheon. As he left the coffee-room of his club two or three members glanced at him. Their glances were more than friendly; they showed in them a trace of sympathy mingled with reproach. In the coat-room the attendant helped him with a certain solicitude. As he walked down York Street, a woman whom he knew regarded him with a tinge of wonder and passed quickly by. As he entered his office, his partners looked away from him; his typists stopped their machines and lifted their heads. From his private room he sent word that he was engaged, and could not see an important client who had a definite appointment.

In that moment, alone in his office, a great menacing light broke upon Colin MacBreach. He made an equally great resolve. He would go into retreat alone for a year, and leave his practice to his partners. Clients were more anxious for his advice than he was for the fees they paid. They would return when he was ready to receive them. Young as he was, he had gained the whole world; he was not without a struggle going to cast his life away. But he did not act rashly. He went to a Muskoka sanitarium, and allowed news of his visit to be published. All who knew him said they were well aware that there was consumption in his family, and that they had observed in

him the usual symptoms. Then they promptly forgot him. But he neglected to publish the result of the specialist's research, that he showed no taint of physical disease.

Having arrived at a decision, he continued to make it effective with his usual promptitude, and yet with his usual caution. Success in life had come to him by reason of those two qualities. He was always prepared for the emergency of failure. Accordingly, when he had secured this ancestral home, as the writers would call his father's abandoned farm, and arranged it for his own interest and comfort, the time was at hand when experience indicated he must once more come face to face with a new access of the temptation that was growing in strength with every onset. He had made due provision for failure by laying in a small but choice collection of liquors. His wisdom was justified. He drank it all.

For the next emergency he had fortified himself by acquiring from books complete knowledge of the process by which alcohol was fermented and distilled. From an advertisement which fell into his hands he ordered from Montreal a still of simple design and perfect construction. Until the apparatus should arrive, he busied himself in preparing the material to be used.

Household recipes for wines from fruits, berries, and roots he quickly cast aside. They were too complicated; the result was too feeble; for he observed that a necessary element in the process appeared to be a quantity of "old brandy". He allowed it would be simpler to drink the brandy unpolluted, but he had none; and he came through the second attack with no extraneous help.

In preparation for the third assault, he devoted his attention to spirits. By further research he discovered that all spirits are one spirit; any apparent difference was due to flavour, and flavour was of little account to a man who drank for a serious purpose. One thing alone troubled him, the value of age in

improving the liquor he proposed to make. Upon this he contrived in a casual way to consult one of his men whom he discerned as a person of experience. It is the better of being aged for a week at least, was the verdict. Colin MacBrech began operations. The result, now three months old, lay before him in the forgotten crock, four gallons of it.

The material was intact because the still never arrived. On that occasion, three months ago, he took a draught of the fermented but undistilled liquor. Instantly his eyes were filled with lightning, red, blue, green; his head was seized as by an iron band; his muscles failed him, but he had intelligence enough to think upon a homely remedy, and expelled the poison.

He had now in his fourth trial no desire to repeat the experiment. If he were to die, he had more comfortable means upon the chimney-breast. Yet the liquor, unpurified by passing through a still, glowed upon him with baleful eyes as large as the diameter of the crock. To master this liquor which had all but poisoned him, to compel it to yield up its precious treasure, and leave behind the deadly by-product of vital fermentation was now a desire upon him overmastering the original desire to win that treasure for his own use.

He sat and thought as he had never thought before, striving to make his living intellect prevail over obstinate inanimate matter. But he had no still, that prince of devils by which the devilish poison could be cast out, and leave to him the subtle and ethereal alcohol. After all, did he require an elaborate prince of devils to cast out devils? He would find a lesser devil, a simpler way. Faith in himself was reviving.

It was more than three months ago in preparation for the third attack, that he had purchased the sugary mother of alcohol for sixty cents at the country store. He added the proper complement of warm water and put the sweet fluid in that same crock. He threw in a few cakes of yeast, and placed the vessel

behind the kitchen stove. On the first day, the contents moved and foamed and emitted a sound like the buzzing in a hive of bees. The following day, a thick scum appeared on the surface like the wool on a black sheep's back. It broke into bubbles which burst with a clean pungent smell. Within a week the fermentation finished and left a thin clean brown fluid. It was this innocent drink that had almost brought Colin MacBrech to an instant death. He had set it aside, and now it stood before him as it awaited the discriminating still. But there was no hope.

The manufacturer's advertisement, from which he had innocently ordered, displayed an elaborate apparatus, in copper, glass, and hard rubber. It was alleged to be simple in operation, and there would be complete directions for its use. He had sent the price in currency as recommended. He had no reply. He wrote again. He received a printed slip from no address, undated and unsigned, protesting that so reputable a firm had no desire to deal with a private person. They did not return his money; they did apply to him the opprobrious epithet of "Moonshiner". No further harm was done, as he had not written in his own name, and he gave a cautious address.

As Colin MacBrech watched by night the shiny swarthy face of the crock, his mind travelled still further back. He remembered those studies in chemistry which he had followed for two years. At the time, the one demonstration that interested him was the process by which alcohol was separated from the baser elements, and the impression was still firmly fixed in his memory. His education had not been in vain. He was not one of those graduates who affect to despise the stepping stones by which they passed safely from the necessity of working with the hands to the ease of a livelihood attained by talking with the mouth; but he never suspected that there was yet in store for him so signal a proof of its value as presented

itself later on in the night. In that instant he pierced to the heart of the problem. He saw the sinuous worm as a straight tube in which the vaporized alcohol might equally well be condensed into a potable fluid. By sheer process of thought he advanced still further into the realm of simplicity. He conceived the worm as a curved open surface rather than as a straight cooling hollow cylinder.

From the pantry he went to the kitchen. He saw at once a wash-boiler with a slightly domed cover having a handle at the top of the curve. He attached a small tin can to the handle, and reversed the cover. The can was now suspended within, a receptacle to catch the condensed drip from the cover which was now a depression and not a dome. But he had no ice to place in the cavity to keep the reversed cover cool.

In pursuit of simplicity he examined a tea-kettle. It was a pot, and the spout was a nearly straight tube, quite as straight as any living worm at times may be. A succession of cold milk bottles or tumblers held reversed above the steaming spout would condense the vapour, and the fluid could be caught in a glass as it ran down the inside. It was at this point his education came to his rescue and prevented him from following a wrong path. He knew that alcohol was lighter than water, and vaporizes before the water boils. The alcohol would have disappeared in vapour before the steam emerged from the spout. He could inhale the vapour from the cover as he might inhale the breath of a man who had just taken a drink, but he knew from experience there was little sustenance in that.

The spout of the tea-kettle begins its ascent from below the surface of the fluid. It was useless for his purpose. If only he could find in his kitchen a vessel from which the spout emerged from the side near the top, he was confident of success in practice, since the principle was immutable as the law of gravity. Indeed, the ascent of vapour and its fall as fluid was governed by that law. He was now sure of a drink. The

law of gravity, if not of his country, was on his side. Indeed, he was now so sure of a drink that he began to lose interest in it. To create alcohol and drink it seemed as foolish a performance as if he were to go out into the cool air of the autumn night and smoke a cigarette for the sake of watching the smoke ascend, or drop stones to the ground for the satisfaction of seeing them fall.

But this altered mood only came upon him after he had discovered the object of his search. It was like a revelation from heaven. There under his eyes was a new and shining dish purchased that very day in the country store. It would contain a gallon; there was a short spout emerging just under the upper rim. The top had an opening secured by a screw-cap, through which by means of a funnel the vessel could be filled. It would stand fire. It was a kerosene-oil can.

He filled the dish with the fermented fluid from the crock; he made up the fire on the hearth; he set the dish on the coals. Long before the contents began to boil as water boils, the vapour of alcohol began to come through the spout. He condensed it in a cold tumbler held mouth down; he caught the falling drops in a spoon; he tasted; it was alcohol pure and nearly absolute. The old effect was instantly upon him; but to his astonishment he liked neither the effect nor the taste. Having gone this far, he would neither stop nor turn back. His intellect was aroused, and also that obstinacy which never in his life would allow him to accept a partial success as final. In the meantime, he removed the vessel from the fire.

All he now lacked was a tube, but he could think of none, nor of any device that would serve. If he had the tube he could devise a plan to keep it cool. Whilst he considered the various mechanisms in the house, work-shop, or on the farm, that might supply a tube,—cream-separator, churn, seeder, planter, watering-can,—he proceeded with the easier problem. It was simpler than he thought. He found an empty wooden firkin.

He could pass the tube through the sides through closely fitting holes, and fill the vessel with cold water . Indeed, with his knife he cut through the thin staves two holes on opposite sides, the one lower than the other to give the necessary descent. By this time he was tired. He was about to dispose of his experiment and go to bed. The whole affair now seemed to him trivial and foolish.

As he arose from his whittling, his glance fell on the top of a book-case, and there was the tube, not one but three of them, all of tin, an inch through and fifteen inches long, one end closed, the other provided with a cap. He removed the cap, and with a steel sharpener from a drawer punched a hole in the closed end. He enlarged the holes in the firkin, passed the tube from side to side, and entered the spout of the can at a sharp angle through the hole in the end of the tube. With some kneaded bread he made all three openings secure. He set the vessel on the fire of logs, placed the firkin filled with cold water on the hearth at a lower level, and protected the wooden staves with a mica screen. To complete, he placed a glass jar beneath the free end of the tube to catch any distillate that might come through.

In a few minutes a drop fell from the tube into the jar. Other drops followed in slow succession, then coalesced into a thin glistening stream the size of a needle, which fell with a gentle splashing sound. The faint aroma of alcohol suffused the warm air. Again he filled the spoon and tasted. The taste and effect was automatic, but he liked it even less than before. Instead of the old fearful joy, an apprehension equally fearful came into his mind. He was afraid the taste and desire for alcohol had deserted him, or even that it had been transformed into aversion and hatred. But he would not surrender to this new peril without a struggle.

For nearly an hour Colin MacBrech sat in the aromatic stillness, tasting at times a drop of the warm trickle, which

now became cloudy, a sign that the end of the process was near. The jar contained almost a quart of clear strong liquor. He set it on the table, dismantled the apparatus, washed out the tin dish, and returned it to the kitchen. He emptied the firkin, crushed the staves, and threw them on the fire. The only sign of his night's occupation was the jar of alcohol on the table and the tube by its side. He gazed upon the jar and looked through the pallid contents. He did not like that pallor; he missed the colour. He would test that matter too. He fetched an iron spoon, put in it a few drops of water and some white sugar, held it over the fire until suddenly the white sugar foamed into a deep red caramel. Drop by drop he let it fall into the jar until the liquor glowed and glared in his eyes.

The colour did not help him. He took a large thin glass, and poured in the proper complement of alcohol. He went to the well and brought cool water. As he went and came the air too was cool; the sky was large with stars; and morning dawned with the flush of pearls or of Chablis. With the utmost of ceremonial he began the new experiment. It was a complete failure. As he drank, he grew to be unlike himself. He despised the stranger who was slowly usurping his rightful place, as he would despise a derelict wretch at dawn on a park bench, or the occasional tramp who came begging or blustering to his door.

It was no use. He put away the liquor in a careful bottle, and drove the cork down, for he had not even yet abandoned hope that his desire would return. Before he went to bed, he restored the original content of the tin tube, which was the rolled parchment, the testimony of his first University degree. Once again his education had served him well.

A second time that night he went into the cool air, but it was morning. The stars had faded. The moon showed in the eastern sky, a thin crescent; but it too was reversed. He drank the cool water from the well, but did not desire to drink all the

well contained. He heard the stream tumbling over the rocks, and did not desire to drink all of that either. He entered the house, and examined the bottle of alcohol he had made. He looked it through against the light. It was to him not nearly so precious as water.

Colin MacBrech slept all that day and the next night. His servants smiled and whispered among themselves. The following morning he was back at his office in King Street; and as he entered, his partners glanced; his typists stopped their machines and lifted their heads,—but with a new and different wonder.

He went to dinner at the Club, where with a dislike that grew to nausea he compelled himself to sip a glass of white wine which, by reason of certain political events that had happened in his absence, might now be publicly and legally served. He drank the wine defiantly. He would not suffer the stigma, Abstainer, which in that company was the mark of Drunkard reformed.

VIRGIL AS THE POET OF THE EMIGRANT

BY G. OSWALD SMITH

"Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem"

EXCEPT in the prophetic passages of the *Aeneid*, Virgil writes not so much on Rome triumphant as on Rome in her first beginnings. Among the *conditores gentium* are the emigrant, the *voyageur*, the pioneer. Many Canadians-born can recall by a not very distant family tradition the story of their emigrant fathers. This story is near enough in time to be remembered, far enough to be touched with romance. Those who are inclined to view our founders in too romantic a light can find correctives enough in the histories, especially the 'economic' ones, or in such a personal record as Mrs. Moodie's *Roughing it in the Bush*. Leaving economics out of account, we may for our present purpose take the poetry and the romance. Canadians in this frame of mind should read Virgil with a peculiar interest.

Greek and Latin literature, both historical and imaginative, must have been full of stories of emigrants; but most of such records are lost, and Virgil is the only extant Classical author who makes a great migration the theme of a whole work—the journey of the remnant from captured Troy to found a new home in Italy.

Besides particular passages that might have been aptly quoted by some emigrant priest or schoolmaster (such as Lescarbot's curious description of the Gougou, the Scylla of New France, which shows that folk-lore, or sailors' yarns, do not vary much through the ages, unless Lescarbot was in part drawing on his reading of the Classics), the *Aeneid* in a more general way has a bearing on our early history. Underlying the whole tale is the thought of the endurance through toil and

labour of those who leave the land of their fathers to seek new homes abroad and from the simplest beginnings build better than they know; and of the qualities needed for such ventures, personal courage, faith, hope, and loyalty to a chosen leader. This last is important because, while we now think of emigration as an individual concern, in earlier days it was more often a common enterprise, the movement of a group.

A resemblance between the followers of Aeneas and those, for example, of Champlain and the Pilgrim Fathers, or the Loyalists, lies in the fact that the change from one country to another has not meant a complete break with the past. Men take with them in one form or another their Lares and Penates, who assure to them the continuity of their history. Often the emigrants have left a land of cities with the comparative comforts of a long established settlement, and for the time being they revert to the simplest conditions of life. This living under primitive conditions without the primitive mind distinguishes the emigrant from the mere peasant. An effort is made to retain the old dignities and amenities. It has been said that if three Englishmen were cast ashore on a desert island, A would promptly move and B second that C take the chair. So the small company at Port Royal described by Lescarbot established the Order of Good Cheer with its old-world ritual. So Aeneas brings to his hosts gifts of gold and purple that recall the wealth of Troy before its fall. This quaint splendour illustrates at once the emigrant's conservatism and his hopefulness. Some scenes in the *Aeneid* remind us of the old maps of New France or England, where the picture of what we know to have been a very rough settlement is adorned with buildings that recall the cathedrals and court-houses of Europe. The imaginativeness of the emigrant may be exploited by others, as in Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden, and sometimes leads to tragic endings; but it is one of the driving forces in the making of a new country. Virgil's pictures with their blending of the old

and the new, the splendid and the simple, signify that the emigrants carry with them the traditions of a refined civilization, and that while doing the day's work amid dirt and discomfort, they are brave in hope; with no clear insight into the future, they have a dim vision of the Jerusalem that they are trying to build.

While circumstances vary, everywhere alike we look for certain qualities of character in the emigrant, whether leader or follower. There are faults and inconsistencies in the character of Aeneas, but he is possessed of the needed patience and faith. While he is not always sure which way the next step should be taken, he has the distant view. He does not live to see the fulfilment of all the promises, but it is for his son that he labours. He has not the magnificent cheerfulness that Horace shows us in his picture of Teucer (*Odes* I, 7). But Teucer is young, with a few chosen adventurers. Aeneas has the responsibility of directing the settlement of some hundreds of men, women and children. He has the courage of patient endurance. In this he shows the qualities of the leaders who founded Canada and New England. One speech of his resembles Teucer's, but there are significant differences:—

O fellows, we are used by now by evil ways to wend;
O ye who erst bore heavier loads, this too the gods shall end.
Ye, ye have drawn by Scylla's rage and rocks that inly roar,
And run the risk of storm of stones upon the Cyclops' shore;
Come, call aback your ancient hearts and put your fears away.
This too shall be for joy to you remembered on a day.
Through divers haps, through many risks wherewith our way is strown,
We get us on to Latium, the lands the Fates have shown
To be for peaceful seats for us; there may we raise up Troy.
Abide, endure, and keep yourselves for coming days of joy.¹

For the spirit of these lines we may compare in the records of our pioneers Champlain's *Narrative*, translated by A. N. Bourne:—

The labours that the Sieur de Champlain has endured in discovering several countries, lakes, rivers

¹*Aeneid* I, 198; William Morris' translation in this and following quotations.

and islands of New France during the last twenty-seven years have not made him lose courage because of the difficulties that have been encountered. But on the contrary the dangers and risks that he has met with, instead of lessening, have redoubled his courage.

Of Maisonneuve, Dollier de Casson writes in his *History of Montreal*, translated by R. Flenley:—

It was requisite that divine Providence should have at its disposal some illustrious commander for this place, who must be a man of courage, strong, experienced, with no other interests than those of eternity. . . For this was a man worthy of Providence; it was easy to see that he was determined and fitted to bring success to the divine plans for the company with regard to this island. He sought to go and serve God in his profession of arms in some distant land.

And of Jeanne Mance:—

For her part she had but one answer for every one, which was that God wanted her to be in Canada, though why she did not know; and that she surrendered herself implicitly to His commands for her there.

“Sought to go and serve God in some distant land”, “God wanted her to be in Canada”. This seems something new, beyond the thought and purpose of Aeneas. Yet is the difference so great? Aeneas’ trust is in Providence. And one feels that the divine power in which he trusted is after all not so much the ‘machinery’ of the Olympians as the protection of the Penates, those gods of the home, at once simpler and more mysterious, whom we can yet understand. Just when he is most in doubt they come to confirm his faith:—

Night falleth, and all lives of earth doth sleep on bosom bear,
When, lo, the holy images, the Phrygian House-gods there,
E’en them I bore away from Troy and heart of burning town,
Were present to the eyes of me in slumber laid adown,
Clear shining in the plenteous light that over all was shed
By the great moon anigh her full through windows fashioned.
Then thus they fall to speech with me, end of my cares to make:

"The thing that in Ortygia erst the seer Apollo spake
 Here telleth he, and to thy doors come we of his good will;
 Thee and thine arms from Troy aflame fast have we followed still.
 We 'neath thy care and in thy keel have climbed the swelling sea,
 And we shall bear unto the stars thy sons that are to be,
 And give thy city majesty; make ready mighty walls
 For mighty men, nor toil of way leave thou, though long it fall".²

And similar messages come to him later from Tiber, the river-god of his new land, and from the water-nymphs that were once his own ships.

Despite all differences, those who trust in Providence have much in common. The Puritans sang the Lord's song in a strange land; and the Sulpician who has given us Montreal's first history can write thus:—

It was wonderful indeed how God preserved these unhappy people. It is not surprising that M. de Montmagny checked so many people from coming here to settle, saying that there was no likelihood that the place would last. Humanly speaking it was impossible that it should have done had not God taken its part. May He be for ever praised for it and may He deign to bless His handiwork.

But the inspired leaders cannot succeed without the loyalty of their followers. Of the rank and file we can know little, whether of the followers of Aeneas or of our own founders. No doubt there were many ruffians, picturesque and unpicturesque, among them. Yet there must have been in the common folk some quality of loyalty and 'stickatitiveness' that redeemed many faults. Virgil hardly does justice to his secondary figures. Most are but names. Yet a few live, among them Palinurus, whom, quite apart from the story of his death, we remember as the thoughtful, faithful pilot on whom the safety of all depends. Another, and quite a minor character, has life, one of a kind found in every party of emigrants—Bitias, brave, loyal, jolly, hard-drinking, rather stupid, who in the end dies the death of a Titan.

²*Aeneid* III, 147.

Little as we know of them, there must have been in Aeneas' company many of the type that Dollier describes:—

I should say something of M. Closse, who everyone knew was a man of great spirit and brave as a lion. He was full of zeal in drilling his men, and was the friend of good soldiers, and the sworn enemy of cowards. . . . Whilst this brave M. Closse, major of this place, died in this encounter, he died as a brave soldier of Jesus Christ and of our King, after having a thousand times risked his life in the most chivalrous manner, never held back on such occasions by the fear of losing it. Someone who saw this said to him shortly before his death that he would certainly be killed since he exposed himself so freely. To this he made answer: "Gentlemen, I am come here for no other cause than to die for God while serving in my calling as a soldier. If I did not think I would be killed I would leave the country to go and fight against the Turks, so as not to lose this honour".

While this man has qualities that we could hardly find in any one Virgilian hero, many of his virtues are shown here and there in the *Aeneid*, though they have not been brought together by the poet into one living soul. Perhaps Nisus comes nearest to him.

In the earlier books Virgil has depicted such scenes and adventures as emigrants may pass through. The Trojans wander from Thrace to Crete and make efforts to settle in both lands. The picture of the voyaging past the islands and capes of the Aegean suggests that alert interest which explorers feel as they coast along unknown shores. "In that bay pirates may be concealed". "This appears a good landing place, but there are breakers ahead". Is the pleasant curiosity that we feel in canoeing round the bend of an unknown stream simply a half-conscious recollection in tranquillity of the hard experiences of our emigrant forefathers?

They are driven from Crete by plague—a monument in Montreal tells just such a tale. Landing in Epirus they are welcomed by Trojan Helenus and Andromache, who after captivity have found a new home in freedom and there perpetuated the familiar Trojan names, just as our own place names recall the towns, villages, even streets of the old lands. Leaving Epirus they cross the lower Adriatic:—

And now the stars all put to flight, Aurora's blushes grow,
When we behold dim fells afar and long lands lying low,
E'en Italy; Achates first cries out on Italy;
To Italy our joyous folk glad salutation cry.

They have learnt that this shore is not to be their final resting place. But it is Italy, and the sight thrills them, as even the sight of Labrador has thrilled those who know that they have yet to go far and endure much before reaching the place where they would be.

After sailing past the storied shores of Sicily, they are carried by a storm to the coast of Carthage, a new Tyrian colony. In the First Book are described many such experiences as emigrants at all times meet with: the storm, when all seems lost; the landing in a quiet haven; the first exploration of the unknown country; the view from the hill-top; the killing of the game; the fire lit by tinder and flint; the meal in the open air; the arrival at the newly built city; the safe return of comrades given up for lost. It may be said that the emigrant is too much occupied with practical details to have time for admiring beautiful scenery and that Virgil's poetic adornments do not quite suit the circumstances. But often the settler has an eye for the beauties of a new land, one flowing for him with milk and honey. Our French pioneers had this sense. In their matter-of-fact narratives there are several charming passages descriptive of the country's pleasantness. Mrs. Traill through the hardest days found comfort in it.

The experiences of Dido and Aeneas in love are not peculiar to emigrants. But the warmth of her welcome is first

due to the memory of her own sufferings as one driven from home. "*Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*". And Aeneas' desire to stay is due at first not to the passion of love, but to the sheer weariness which at times comes over the homeless man as he prays "*Sit modus lasso maris et viarum*".

When finally the Trojans leave Carthage they set sail for Italy but are carried by the weather back to Sicily. Here the women attempt to burn the ships and thus secure a settlement on the island. We need not blame them. The heroes of a migration have often imposed cruel hardships on their women-kind. Aeneas understands and enables them, with the older and less venturesome men, to settle there, while he continues the journey to Italy with the bolder spirits and a few faithful women. Among these is Caieta his old nurse, who dies at sea and gives her name to the Cape of Gaeta. So our own place names often imply bits of personal history, some now forgotten, some still remembered, as in St. Helen's Isle.

It is one thing to reach the land, another to win its possession. The later books of the *Aeneid* contain a long record of battles and diplomacy, of alliances formed with and against the new-comers. In some respects the conditions of fighting are curiously like those of our Indian warfare. The battles sometimes begin in the same deliberate manner, preceded by abusive harangues. Turnus has some of the qualities of the Indian brave, and Aeneas at times can be as savage. Individual prowess, like that of LeMoyne, counts for much. Though there is no exactly similar episode, Virgil's heroes fight to save the camp as Dollard des Ormeaux and his small band fought to save Montreal.

After varying fortunes of battle the story ends with the death of Turnus, Aeneas' bravest opponent. But it is not a war of complete conquest. The new-comers and the older settlers in Italy are to be joined as one people. Aeneas has offered terms:—

But if the grace of victory here bows down upon our fight
I will not bid the Italian men to serve the Teucrians' will;
Nor for myself seek I the realm; but all unconquered still
Let either folk with equal laws plight peace for evermore.

And the promise, like that given at Quebec after 1759, is confirmed by Heaven.

The emigrant has reached the land of his desire and secured the right of settlement. But the work of establishing a new home remains and the pioneer's task is beginning. Virgil seems to cut the story short. Yet he has hinted at the sequel. No longer in the main narrative of the poem, but in several incidents recorded or scenes depicted in the *Aeneid*, notably in the similes, all through the *Georgics*, and here and there in the *Eclogues*, he does describe the pioneer's life. He himself had known what it was to be without a home and then to restore a ruined estate. He had seen others try with varying success the settler's work. Possibly his own people had migrated to the Mantuan lands not so long ago and he may have remembered his family's traditions.

In many little scenes he shows us with homely and intimate detail the pioneer at work: opening up the country, clearing the land with meagre tools, watching and obeying Nature's signs. He shows us the ploughing, sowing, reaping, the raising of horses, cattle and sheep, the keeping of bees, the care of fruit trees and vineyards; the perils of fire, flood, storms, lightning and tempest; the menace of snakes, bears and wolves. We hear the call of the cranes and the age-long chant of the frogs—*Et veterem in limo ranae cecinere querelam*.

Again, he shows the service of the dog, man's first friend; the cottar's winter night with its indoor work or feasting; the housewife busy with her weaving. Also in some of the 'epic' passages he gives us the simple prosaic facts of ordinary life, idealized but quite recognizable: the work of the lumberman; a group of village blacksmiths, glorified as the Cyclopes in their cave; the country doctor, with a taste for music, baffled

by a splinter; the kettle boiling—we might almost say in the sugar bush.³ And in one famous passage is described the settler who alone and unaided makes the best of a poor piece of land—the old man of Corycus.⁴ We know that he was an emigrant, as Corycus was in Cilicia and he was now living on the banks of the Galaesus that flowed past Tarentum. How came he to settle there? Was he one of Sulla's or Caesar's old soldiers? Lastly, in another passage Virgil describes the conditions of life in the frozen lands of Scythia.⁵ Say what we will in praise of our climate, many of the lines apply to the Canadian North and its hardy settlers.

Virgil does not simply present a world of musty legends and strange gods of Olympus, or history that is too remote for us. Nor does he give merely a traditional picture of warfare more or less chivalrous. Nor is he handling themes interesting only to professors and pedants. He touches human life in the simple and common things. He understands all sorts and conditions of men. He describes many scenes with which we are familiar, and records experiences through which many who in time are not far removed from us have passed. This is one reason why for two thousand years he has ranked with the world's greatest poets.

³*Aeneid* VI, 179; VIII, 444; XII, 391; VII, 462.

⁴*Georgics* IV, 125.

⁵*Georgics* III, 349.

TREND OF CRIME IN CANADA

BY REGINALD E. WATTS

THE term crime does not lend itself to any exact definition, and is often applied to any act forbidden by law under pain of punishment. For the purpose of this investigation crime is indicated by convictions for indictable offences (as distinct from infractions of municipal by-laws and other minor offences), whether such convictions were obtained on proceedings before a jury, or before a judge without the intervention of a jury, or summarily before a magistrate.

In order to delineate the trend of crime accurately it is necessary to give proper weight to the various conditions by which it is affected. For example, the records show that, based on an average of many years, 94.5 per cent. of the total crime is attributable to males. For this reason the following analyses are based upon males alone, both as to crime and to population, for only by so doing can correct figures per capita be obtained. Furthermore, when making per capita calculations the part of the population below the age of those included in the criminal records is also excluded. Again for inter-censal years, it is evident that the population can only be estimated, and in making such estimates consideration must be given to various factors that tend to disturb its even growth. Thus, there is the element of floating population caused by immigration and emigration. This has been a potent cause for changing the regular growth, particularly during the decade 1911-1921. Then during the same decade nearly half a million men (of ages normally including many potential criminals) were absent from the country on military service. To Mr. M. C. MacLean,

specialist in statistical methods, Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the writer is indebted for the estimates of population used in the calculations that follow.

Going back to the year 1881 and taking the *gross* number of convictions for indictable offences at that date as 100, we find that by 1928 the number had risen to 527. By following this index year by year it is found that there was a more or less regular rise until the year 1914 when the number was 447. This was at the outbreak of the world war; during the next few years the crime rate dropped appreciably, standing at 309 in 1917. In 1918 the index again moved upward but rather unsteadily until 1922 when the number reached 405. After this there was a fairly regular rise to 1928. Why this high peak in 1914 and subsequent depression during the progress of the war? It might be argued that the absence of 400,000 men from the country and the smaller influx of immigrants during that period would account for the check in crime. If this is so, the per capita figures should show no marked decrease after 1914. Reducing the per capita figures also to index numbers and again taking 1881 as 100, we find that the actual rise in criminality is 55 per cent. less than is indicated by the gross rate. In 1928 the per capita figures reached 236 instead of 527 as shown by the gross index, an indication of the difference between the actual and the apparent rate in the rise in criminality.

Now, how did the trend of the per capita figures compare with the trend of the gross during the war years? The same peak and depression are again present. The per capita rate rose to 229 in 1914 and dropped to 157 in 1917. This is significant, for the reality of the decrease in crime in the war years is clearly evident. Crime like all other social and economic phenomena, such as wages, prices, etc., underwent a great upheaval as a consequence of the world war. The upward peak of 1914 appears to be due to some economic condition culmin-

ating with the outbreak of the war. But what caused the subsequent decline during the war? We have made allowances for population changes in the per capita figures, therefore some other phenomenon, possibly one not permitting of measurement, must have influenced this downward movement. Was it the realization of the gigantic struggle that produced a profound sobering of the minds of men and turned them from the thought of self to the one great object, the preservation of the nation from alien dominance? The conditions that obtained during the war period and afterwards were so disrupted by the preparation for war, the conduct of war, and the results of war, that no branch in our social structure was not affected. Therefore it is not incomprehensible that the crime rate should show a divergence during that period.

IMMIGRANT ARRIVALS

That the immigrant element in the population affects the upward and the downward movement of crime is evident from the records of arrivals in Canada from other countries. These records show that during the periods when immigrant arrivals were heavy, crime increased, and when the number of arrivals decreased crime also decreased. In 1910 the number of immigrants was 200,000 and by 1914 the annual influx reached 400,000. In 1916 the number dropped to 48,000 and did not rise much above that mark till 1920 when 117,000 arrived. A chart constructed from the immigration records and the per capita crime rate shows that the two curves follow the same course with surprising regularity.

From the census figures we find that the proportion of immigrant population was 13.0 per cent. in 1901, 22.0 per cent. in 1911 and 22.2 per cent. in 1921. The percentages of the crime committed by this immigrant population for corresponding years were 21.1, 39.8 and 36.5. The relative proportions of immigrant population and immigrant crime do not

vary materially at the three census years. There are also no indications that they are more criminal than others when we take into consideration the fact that immigrant arrivals were largely males and at the age at which most crimes are committed. Examination of the records reveals that approximately 50 per cent. of the immigrant arrivals range between the ages of 18 and 29. Consequently if we observe a larger proportion of immigrant crimes between these years than the above figures for the census years show, it is reasonable to attribute this mainly to a corresponding increase in their numbers. Actually the percentages of immigrant crime rose from 39.8 in 1911 to 45.6 in 1914, then declined to 36.2 in 1919.

In considering the influence of immigrant population on the trend of crime, attention must also be given to the element of "floating population". During the ten-year period 1911-1921, 1,875,000 immigrants arrived. Add these to the 1,495,000 who were in the country in 1911 and there should have been 3,370,000 (not allowing for deaths) in 1921. Actually there were only 1,956,000. Over a million immigrants, therefore, must have left Canada during the decade.

CRIME AND SPIRITS CONSUMPTION

We are led to believe by many earnest workers in the field of social welfare that crime and the consumption of spirits run hand in hand. Serious impartial investigation, however, shows that the evidence for that contention is somewhat of the nature of a will-o'-the-wisp. The enactment of prohibition laws in the various provinces resulted in no appreciable reduction of crime.¹

The first decline in crime began a year before the prohibition laws came into effect in the first four provinces to adopt such legislation, and two years before the next three provinces

¹Drunkenness and breaches of liquor law are not included in the statistics as these are not indictable offences.

followed under prohibition.¹ In 1917 all Canada, excepting Quebec Province, was under the prohibitory law, yet for the next two years crime increased. During the first few years following the adoption of the first government control systems in 1920-21, by British Columbia and Quebec, crime actually decreased.

These fluctuations, however, may coincide with, and yet not be caused by the changes in the liquor laws, for crime followed a course which appears to be absolutely independent of any influence the liquor question might be supposed to exert. But in order to investigate and compare the movement of the actual consumption of spirits with the movement of crime, a special index, not presented here, has been compiled showing the crime trend from 1901 to 1928 of males of 16 years of age and over (presuming that those below that age would take but little part in spirits consumption), and also a similar index showing the per capita trend of spirits consumption.

A chart of the two indexes shows that no correlation exists between them. In each case the figures for 1901 are made to equal 100. Following the imaginary curves on the chart we find that they both moved upward at first but not evenly. In 1905 the lines separate with crime rising and spirits falling. In 1907 crime was at 154 and spirits at 91. By 1914 crime reached 207 and spirits 106. During the next two years crime dropped to 130, with spirits at 85. By 1919 crime had reached a high point again, 214, with spirits at 65, after which date spirits consumption dropped rapidly and by 1923 was at its lowest

¹The dates on which the several provinces adopted prohibition and government control of the sale of liquor are as follows:—

Prohibition Adopted		Government Control
Manitoba	June 1, 1916	1923-24
Nova Scotia	June 30, 1916	1930
Alberta	July 1, 1916	1923-24
Ontario	Sept. 7, 1916	1927
New Brunswick . . .	May 1, 1917	1927
Saskatchewan . . .	July 1, 1917	1924-25
British Columbia .	July 1, 1917	1920-21
Quebec	July 1, 1919	1921

point, 15, rising to 37 in 1928. Crime in the meantime was hovering between 177 and 245, which latter point was reached in 1928. Our evidence does not justify us, therefore, in pointing to any significant correlation between these two.

TREND OF CRIME BY AGE GROUPS

In the following deductions the figures include only those ages which are recorded. The "not givens" have not been apportioned. The records of criminal offences are given in four age groups: 7 to 15, 16 to 20, 21 to 39, and 40 and over. These are periods of unequal length, but by obtaining the per capita rates we are able to follow the trends of these groups. Some very interesting comparisons are found. Not to unduly encumber our space with figures, we show only the standing of the several groups at the years which it is most important to emphasize.¹

With reference to the peak of the war year, it is interesting to note which of these groups are most responsible. The figures given for the two older groups show that the rates in both cases began to drop during the year 1915, that is, immediately after the commencement of the war, and that after 1917 both rose again. In fact, the trend of these two groups was fairly consistent throughout the period 1901-1928. Year after year each rose and fell together, though on different levels. An examination of the trends of the two younger groups reveals a different condition, particularly among the juveniles. The psychological effect of the war is not apparent in this latter class. Instead of a depression, a continuous upward move-

¹PER CAPITA TREND OF CRIME

Convictions by age groups per 100,000 population of each group

Age Group	1901	1911	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1922	1928
7-15 .	.181	208	352	402	403	445	492	457	386	448	483
16-20 .	.307	460	664	668	373	457	722	963	785	737	881
21-39 .	.283	434	577	550	393	341	405	398	482	534	598
40 plus	.107	160	200	190	141	104	127	128	129	159	230

ment is observed throughout the period. It must be inferred, therefore, that the members of this group were too young to be affected as their elders were by the war. But we might ask, what chastened their minds during the period 1918-21 when their delinquencies diminished from 492 per 100,000 to 362? Was it due to the return of fathers and big brothers, who again took charge of their destinies? This question is difficult to answer, for many of the boys in this group during the period of decline must have retained the restraining influences that the war period forced upon society in general; and some of the older ones had passed on into the next group. The ensuing upward trend, from 1921 on, is in a great measure accounted for by the establishment of juvenile courts, which began to function to a considerable extent at that time. Like new brooms, these courts were "sweeping clean" and many a child, hitherto sent home for correction, was now swept into court where a record was made of his wrong doings.

The next group, including youths of 16 to 20, shows on the whole a higher rate than that of the other ages and also a very erratic trend. It begins at 307 and follows the same general lines as the curve of the main group, 21-39, but fluctuates to a much greater extent than any of the others. As it is a short age period, five years only, the personnel changes more rapidly than in those that cover a wider range. Moreover, at this age the boys are just out of school and many of them are not yet settled in any regular occupation, a fact which in itself is a possible contributing cause of the higher crime rate among them than in the other groups. It was this group that reached the highest rate in 1914-15, showing a peak of 668 in the latter year, dropping to 573 in 1916 and rising to the highest peak of all time, 963 in 1919.

We should not overlook the possibility that there is a true connection between the peak in the crimes of those aged 16-20 in 1919 and the peak in the crimes of those aged 21-39 in 1922.

A part of the 21-39 population of 1922 was composed of the same persons as the 16-20 population of 1919. Does this mean that the propensity for crime on the part of the 16-20 element in 1919 persisted as they grew older?

The important fact revealed by this investigation is that crime has increased at a much greater rate among those under 21 years of age than it has among those above that age. This condition offers a problem for investigation by criminologists and those interested in social welfare.

CLASSIFICATION OF CRIME

Turning our attention now to the different categories of lawlessness, we see a new light shed on the subject of criminal tendencies and of what may be termed the morbid psychology of criminals. Crime follows certain well-defined lines resulting from several dominant mental impulses. The three principal motives are malice, acquisitiveness and lust; a fourth may be defined as criminal negligence, that is, an unrestricted desire for pleasure and freedom. Malicious crimes may be amplified into offences against the person, originating in hatred, resentment, violent temper, and ranging from mere assault into manslaughter and murder. There are also malicious offences against property. Crimes of acquisitiveness or avarice cover the whole range of thefts, frauds, misappropriations, false pretences, receiving stolen goods, robberies, burglaries, forgery and coining. Crimes of lust embrace the whole range of illicit sexual relations, the result of ungovernable passion and criminal depravity. The fourth category includes such misdemeanours as refusing or neglecting to provide the necessaries of life in support of family; prison breach and escaping from lawful custody; reckless driving (to common danger) and driving while drunk; breaches of the Narcotic Drug Act and other acts of specified criminal negligence.

To present this phase of the subject as clearly as our space permits it is necessary again to resort to tabular form.¹ For this investigation we have gone back again to the dusty pages of the records of 1881, and, rummaging therein, we find a condition of the criminal atmosphere remarkably different from that which existed in 1926-28. The figures in the table show what changes took place from period to period. The averages of three-year periods have been taken (excepting for the first two dates) for the sake of greater accuracy.

It is of interest to note that in 1881 malicious offences constituted more than one half (57 per cent.) the total crime. Avaricious offences at that time amounted to only 27 per cent, with lust and criminal negligence accounting for 13 per cent and 3 per cent respectively. The proportions of the two main classes changed as time passed. Malice declined from 57 per cent to 19.5 per cent, while avarice increased from 27 per cent to 63.8 per cent. Moreover, it will be noticed that these proportions changed with almost mathematical regularity. It might be asked, what brought about this great change in the criminal tendencies? As a matter of fact malicious crimes did not decrease, for they increased in gross figures from 4,793 to 7,703 during this period, while avaricious crimes increased from 2,268 to 25,225. Malice less than doubled; avarice increased more than ten fold during the half century. Likewise the other two classes changed in the same order; the proportion of lust declined, while that of criminal negligence increased. These,

¹PROPORTION OF CONVICTIONS BY CLASSES OF CRIME
(Percentage of each to the total)

Period	Malice	Avarice	Lust	Criminal Negligence	Total
1881	57.0	27.0	13.0	3.0	100.0
1891	54.6	34.6	8.8	2.0	100.0
Average 1912-14	36.3	51.8	7.0	4.9	100.0
" 1915-17	30.1	54.2	9.0	6.7	100.0
" 1920-22	21.2	59.2	8.6	11.0	100.0
" 1926-28	19.5	63.8	6.9	9.8	100.0

however, are relatively small classes and at no period did their combined figures reach one-fifth of the total.

To ascertain the actual growth or trend of these four classes we must use per capita figures. These further emphasize the dominance of avarice. The per capita figures representing the number of convictions per 100,000 population of males of 7 years of age and over have been worked out only from 1901. The per capita rate for malice was 35 in 1901, and rose to 58 in 1928. Avarice rose from 161 to 378 during the twenty-eight years. Lust rose from 7 to 17 and criminal negligence from 7 to 28. These figures show that crimes of avarice or greed outnumber by many times all the others combined, in the proportion of approximately three to one throughout the period 1901-28. This is significant and proves that the bulk of our criminal class are an aggregation of thieves and robbers. The main object of the criminal is personal gain, even at the risk of statutory punishment.

Now let us examine, for the period 1901-1928, the four classes of crime in relation to the four age groups, so as to obtain an idea of the class of crime most characteristic of each age group. The most common class of crime in the 7-15 group and also in the 16-20 group is avarice; in the 21-39 group it is criminal negligence and in the group of 40 and over it is lust.

Taking avarice as an example, we find that the juvenile group, which is 22.2 per cent of the population, committed 25.8 per cent of that class of crime, that is, 3.6 per cent more than their share. The next group, 16-20, which represents 10.7 per cent of the population, committed almost double their share of crime, 20.8 per cent. The figures for the next group are 36.2 to 42.4, whereas the older men committed only about one-third of their share, that is, 30.9 per cent of that part of the population committed 11.0 per cent of the crime.

If, however, we examine the criminality of each age group separately we find that the dominant propensity in each, as

already pointed out, is *greed*. Of all the crimes committed by each age group during the twenty-eight years under review, avarice constituted 88 per cent for the juveniles, 86.5 per cent for the youths, 69.6 per cent for the middle aged and 75 per cent for the older men.

Space does not permit of an examination of the per capita trend of each age group for each class of crime, but it would be an informative study.

URBANIZATION

The investigation of the influence of urbanization on the crime rate reveals a remarkable phenomenon.¹ Whatever may be the reason, there is a connection between increase of population and increase of crime over and above that which can be shown by per capita figures. As the population increases not only does the gross number of crimes increase, but the per capita crime rate as well. A calculation shows that, between 1901 and 1928, crime increased approximately as the square of the population. Now this would seem to be a phenomenon of density of population. The increase in the population of Canada between 1901 and 1928 took place over comparatively few areas; it was manifest not so much in the new land that was opened up as in urban centres. The cities absorbed the greater proportion of the increased population.

SUMMARY

In the foregoing paragraphs we have endeavoured to illustrate to what extent the gross trend of crime has been influenced by what we may term physical factors, that is, by the size of the permanent population and of the floating population, by sex and age, and by urbanization. We have also endeavoured to throw additional light on the increase of crime

¹A thesis on this subject by the writer appeared in the *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, March, 1931.

by showing the types of crime that have contributed to this increase and the types peculiar to different age groups. A disproportionate increase in the population at any age group would be expected to increase disproportionately the type peculiar to that age group. When proper allowance is made for these physical factors, a large part of the upward trend is explained away. The part of the trend that is thus explained does not point to any marked criminal propensities in our population. On the other hand, even after making all these allowances, we have still an unexplained upward trend with notable fluctuations around the war years. The investigation of the cause or causes of this movement should be rendered easier by this demonstration of the influence of the main physical factors.

JUDGMENTS ON APPEAL

II. THE BRONTËS

BY PELHAM EDGAR

THE hunger and thirst for particulars of the lives and habits of celebrities is inappeasable. It is a legitimate if slightly vulgar curiosity, and to protest against the desire to satisfy it would be unavailing. But we are entitled to question the efficacy of this biographical method in revealing the essential truth about an author. Up to a certain point it is reliable and satisfactory. Beyond that it is mischievous and misleading, for it tends to divert our attention from the work of art to circumstantial detail of no conceivable relevance. Mr. E. K. Forster has said that all great literature tends towards anonymity. This leans too far in the other direction, for every work of power carries the spiritual signature of its creator. But it would not enhance our appreciation or understanding of the *Iliad* to know that Homer had sprained his ankle in the year 800 B.C., or had been jilted by the village beauty. It would be an excellent bit of luck, apart from the financial return, to find a lost manuscript of Shakespeare, for that would relate itself much more truly to his genius than any further discovered details about his second-best bed. We are too inclined, I think, to make a man's art run in the same groove as his daily life. There is a relationship, but it is rather a remote parallelism than an identification, and we should always realize the degree of detachment that obtains between a work of art and the known habits of a man's day-by-day existence, or even the character front he displays to the world. Music and painting are naturally more detached than is literature, which concerns itself more with the ordinary details of living; but even with the poet, the novelist, or the dramatist there is in his creative

mood an unescapable something which defies registration in terms of his normal existence. We may interpret the novel or the poem, but its genesis will escape us, and more particularly will our attempt to explain it in terms of the author's environment be unavailing. What conceivable contact is there between the mundane Coleridge and the transmundane creator of *The Ancient Mariner*, and dare we affirm that the poem suffers by this lack of cohesion? The man had not even been to sea when he wrote it, but Mr. Lowes in *The Road to Xanada* has tracked down many strange books that Coleridge had read since boyhood, and has forced us to admit the importance at least of mental background, whatever else we reject as relatively indifferent. A bee is a queen bee by the food it eats, and we might detect a similar chemic virtue in the cerebral nourishment of genius, had we the skill to apply the test. But unfortunately the source-hunter is too much of a pedant to follow up his clues, and therefore this critical approach usually ends in a blind alley.

If we consider the case of the Brontës the appositeness of these remarks will be evident. The source-hunter has luckily not been very busy, but their little plot of life has been tracked and re-tracked by plodding biographical feet until all semblance of a path has been obliterated. Our human curiosity is satisfied, but our intelligence is insufficiently fed. The strange and fascinating books they wrote do not emerge from the lives they led. They were in debt to the many predecessors who had shaped their instrument of fiction, but we must relinquish as idle speculation any attempt to explain their books in terms of Haworth Rectory, a half-blind and irritable father, a derelict and disreputable brother, and gusty northern moors. Or at best by a process of inversion we may hope to account for these books as their angry effort to escape from a hated environment, and to project themselves into an atmosphere where their minds could freely breathe. Sublimations and inhibitions

are words that have drifted down to us from the Freudian vocabulary, but they are not without their application to these frustrated, eager, and angry sisters. Innocent and repressed, their imagination has a masochistic twist exhibited with sufficient cleverness in their masculine types. The secondary males are mild enough, but masterfulness is the note of the major figures, tempered by a strain of gentleness in Rochester and Paul Emanuel, but innocent of any hint of mercy in Emily's implacable Heathcliff. The mild curates they knew at home could not furnish forth this type, and Paul's prototype, Monsieur Héger, is only a faint adumbration of the vital figure he suggested.

The mention of M. Héger leads to a consideration of another point where Brontë criticism is apt to stray. No novelists have ever worked upon a slenderer fund of experience, and the most attenuated hint of reality might on occasion be summoned to furnish forth the full-bodied picture. Hints with them are portents. Undoubtedly Charlotte was more in debt to these faint innuendoes than her more daringly original sister—for the work-a-day world does not readily engender Heathcliffs—but even her gentler blood resented the imputation that she had made copy of her friends, her enemies and her casual acquaintances. Hints and suggestions she developed from the only world she knew, but if M. Héger could have recognized himself in the Paul Emanuel of *Villette*, he must have experienced a vast expansion of pride at his enhanced consequence and vitality. He went down to the grave a mere threescore-and-ten mortal. The death notice of Paul Emanuel has not yet been announced.

Mr. Clement Shorter, after specifying every character in *Shirley*, spends ten pages in identifying the localities and characters of *Jane Eyre*. He has satisfied our innocent curiosity, but has the good sense to conclude: "We may readily thrust aside, however, all these inquiries as to 'keys' to

Jane Eyre, and go to the real heart of the book, which is quite independent of plot and prototype. It is in reality as original a novel as was ever submitted to the judgment of the reading public." With this safeguard we may admit the peculiarly derivative element in her portraiture of persons and places and pass on to other considerations.

Our concern is with the specific quality of her contribution to the form and content of fiction. Her subject matter can scarcely be said to be more extended than that of Jane Austen. She does not aspire to be polemical or informative. There is nothing markedly original in her method of attack, for she adopts without question the old rambling plotless mode of narrative in the first person. She is feminine enough not to be interested in physical adventure, yet sufficiently of her time to luxuriate in the mildly supernatural, and to risk on occasion such morbidly romantic situations as we encounter in *Jane Eyre*. Her real intentions can be divined in her expressed antipathy to Jane Austen, whom she evidently found tame and commonplace and passionless. *Pride and Prejudice*, for example, is "An accurate daguerrotyped portrait of a commonplace face; a carefully fenced, highly cultured garden, with neat borders and delicate flowers, but no glance of a bright vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck." This is partly true, but Jane can survive and even thrive upon the stricture. What follows is still more vindictive and therefore perhaps more illustrative of Charlotte Brontë's ambition: "The passions are perfectly unknown to her; she rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood. What sees keenly, speaks aptly, moves flexibly, it suits her to study, but what throbs fast and full, though hidden, what the blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life, and the sentient target of death, that Miss Austen ignores." 'Though hidden' is the revealing phrase, for the signs and evidences of passion are compelled to pulsate beneath

the surface, and suffer the check of all the conventional decencies. The only liberty with the proprieties one can discover in her work is that Jane Eyre at a given moment sits on Rochester's knee. We must, therefore, infer the 'fast and full throbs' from the alarmed protests of her own more sensitive generation.

If checked in the expression of passion by the prejudices of her time, she more effectively supplies the other defect she had noted in Jane Austen. There have been few writers in our language with a more subtle and exquisite descriptive touch than she possesses. The wildness of the moors had entered into her blood, as more potently into Emily's. She has the genuine artist's eye, and colour and contour are rendered with a precision and delicacy that none of her contemporaries could match. Her figurative speech has a like felicity, and if we asserted only that she combined the qualities of the poet and the artist we might seem to be giving her sufficient praise. These qualifications constitute her a great writer. It is her powers of characterization that still more effectively perpetuate her reputation.

"It is said that Emily died standing up in the parlour, refusing to go to bed, but leaning one hand upon the table." Literal truth or not, this expresses Emily Brontë's resolute spirit, and reveals in her an almost unexampled capacity for suffering. It is these qualities that are transferred to her book, and make *Wuthering Heights*, if not supreme among English novels, still defiantly unique. It is undoubtedly too morbid and humourless to reach the highest excellence, but it has had no predecessor, and can have no successor until another Emily Brontë appears. As a link in the chain of English fiction it has therefore much less importance than a later solitary and defiant book, Butler's *Way of All Flesh*, which propagated a multitude of novels of like kind but less power.

An anonymous Hogarth essayist has explored the technique of *Wuthering Heights* to prove with what close precision all the dates and circumstances were calculated, and how cleverly this young girl had utilized the laws of property to support her intrigue. His findings are sound and useful as far as they go. They enable us at least to appreciate the skill with which the details are contrived, but we cannot by their aid account for the strange impressiveness of the book.

Let us summarize the tale before discussing how it gets itself told.

Two families, the Earnshaws and the Lintons, are involved. The elder Earnshaw has two children, Hindley and Catharine, and a few years before his death he introduces into the house a gypsy-like waif of a boy, Heathcliff, who is bullied by the older boy, Hindley, and befriended by Catharine. The Lintons of the neighbouring Thrushcross Grange have also a boy and a girl, Edgar and Isabella. When old Earnshaw dies, Hindley brings back a wife to Wuthering Heights, who dies in a year, leaving a son, Hareton. At fifteen Catharine Earnshaw, still loving Heathcliff, becomes engaged to Edgar Linton for obvious mercenary reasons. Heathcliff disappears, and returns with a mysteriously acquired education and money, six months after Catharine's marriage. He installs himself at Wuthering Heights, where he obtains a strange ascendancy over Hindley, who has fallen into dissipated ways, and seeks to terrorize the inoffensive Edgar Linton, who has married the woman he loves. His first act of vengeance is to elope with Edgar's sister Isabella, whom he treats with the utmost brutality and brings back to Wuthering Heights. His passion for Catharine still possesses him. Catharine, after a stormy scene at Thrushcross Grange, gives birth to a daughter of the same name and dies. Isabella runs away from Heathcliff and produces a sickly child, Linton. This makes a third generation

of young people, Hareton Earnshaw, Linton Heathcliff, and Catharine Linton, who now figure actively in the story.

Years pass by and Catharine is trapped into a marriage with Heathcliff's sickly son, Linton. When the story opens she is a young widow at Wuthering Heights, her mother and father dead, and Heathcliff in possession of both properties. The plot now revolves about three people, for death has taken the elder Catharine Earnshaw; her husband Edgar Linton; his sister Isabella (Heathcliff's wife); their son Linton, who had died at seventeen after the forced marriage with the younger Catharine; and Hindley Earnshaw, the former owner of Wuthering Heights. It obviously requires much dexterity on author's and reader's part to straighten out the symmetrical entanglements of this highly genealogical romance. In the sequel Heathcliff dies, and Catharine at the book's close is to marry the regenerated Hareton Earnshaw.

Now, how is it all done?

A shadowy person called Lockwood has leased Thrushcross Grange from Mr. Heathcliff in the year 1801. He pays a visit to his landlord, and we learn immediately that there is something queer about the house and its inhabitants. The latter are Heathcliff, the surly owner, Hareton Earnshaw, an uncouth young man of twenty-three; and an interesting looking girl of seventeen, whom the visitor at first assumes to be Mrs. Heathcliff. Lockwood is stormbound, and in his room at night he reads a record of the past that whets his curiosity. It was Catharine Earnshaw's bitter commentary on events of twenty-four years ago, when her brother Hindley had brought a wife home after his father's death. This so whets his curiosity that when he reaches Thrushcross Grange he plies his housekeeper with numerous questions, and presently resigns the narrative almost continuously into her hands. It is highly dramatized and copiously furnished with dialogue, and has reference to the past of twenty years before. In Chapter X we return to

the present with Lockwood for a moment, and then Mrs. Dean again refreshes his sick-bed, if refreshment is the right word, with details that carry the story down to the previous winter. Lockwood intervenes for a moment in Chapter XXV, but Mrs. Dean is a difficult woman to stop. Her last instalment gives us the account of Catharine and herself being inveigled into the Heathcliff house, and detained there while Catharine's father is dying. Catharine is forced to marry Linton Heathcliff—though no details of this are given—and escapes in time to hear her father's last words. The sickly Linton dies, leaving under compulsion everything to his father, and Catharine lives on with the morose Heathcliff and the untamed Hareton Earnshaw, with Zillah and Joseph as kitchen companions.

Lockwood intervenes for a chapter, visiting the Heights to say that he will not renew his lease of Thrushcross Grange, and will pay for the balance of his twelve months' term. We realize now how understandingly he can view the three with Mrs. Dean's narrative in his mind. He returns in the September of the following year, and Mrs. Dean fills the gap of the intervening months with the account of Heathcliff's last moody days, and Hareton's regeneration by Catharine, the only touch of light in this most sombre of books. It is narrative at white heat, but it is only on reflection that we realize the inconsequence of putting it on Mrs. Dean's lips. But of course by that time she had had a lot of practice.

The book is too great to treat with levity, and the last remark was made seriously enough. We are uncomfortable whenever we think too closely of Mrs. Dean's intervention, and some of the confessions she reports could not conceivably have been made to her, could not conceivably have been made to any witness, however enlightened. That Heathcliff is morbid to the verge of insanity we admit, but he is taciturn and strong, and the one thing he holds sacred is the hate-love for Catharine, whose earth-bound spirit has haunted him for twenty years, and whom he too has haunted with his love-revenge since her

death. What he did in the graveyard was a secret that no mortal being could have wrenched from him, and it is straining convention to the breaking-point to permit him to convey these gruesome details to a servant who despised and hated him. But they have to be conveyed, and Mrs. Dean transmits them to Lockwood, who transmits them to us. Poor Lockwood had broken down long since as an interlocutor, and no other substitute than Mrs. Dean was possible under the conditions which Emily Brontë had imposed on herself.

But the book survives this formal flaw. Are there other more serious impediments to the story's full effectiveness? Some readers will detect a curious break in the interest when the first Catharine dies. The story is hers and Heathcliff's, and when she fades out of the book at a very early stage, subordinate figures must occupy the scene. What do we really care about Catharine the Second, or Linton Heathcliff, or Hareton, or the shadowy Lockwood? They are visible actors on a stage that is dominated by Heathcliff and a ghost. If the story failed—but assuredly it does not fail—it would be because their mimic posturings distract attention from the main actors. A shade less energy in the primary conception of the story, and it would have broken hopelessly long before the middle point was reached. But because the book came out of a deep spiritual or demonic experience this dislocation does not occur. What this experience was is Heathcliff's or Emily's secret. Certainly, literature does not record elsewhere so strange a love. It is wholly unreal and abnormal, but it has a ghostly potency. The only real things in the book are the moor-wind that blows through its pages, the ghostly moon, the spectral trees. Its strange virtue is that perhaps it is the unreal things that count for most,—the unrealities of a caged spirit making its dash for freedom. Emily had never loved, evidently knew nothing about love's actualities, but her Gondal poems reveal to us a Byronic demon-lover, and Heathcliff is that man, at times her lover, and at times her tortured self.

ANOTHER ALTAR

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

I am Forgetfulness. I am that shadow
Of whom well warned you thought your pathway clear.
You need sharp eyes to catch such silent shadows.
Not all your wakeful plans and resolution
Outsoldiered me; you heard me at last low-laughing
“When the steed’s stolen, shut the stable-door.”
This, too, is nothing of mine. No sly ambition
Nor malice moves me; but my part is fixed
In changing onward life from scene to scene,
Necessitating futures of surprise,
Solving some enigmas, much preserving
To bloom a wonder in a way the sower
Could never have guessed. I touch the cells of the mind
And some are by that finger barred and bolted;
It may be but a moment that I triumph;
Consider what my moments still achieve.
Through me the wife learns who the mistress is,
And where. I trap the assassin, and safe murder
Becomes a dance on air. One look from me
And the mind’s eye of the signalman is dimmed
And wreckage piles and flames above the dead.
I have contrived that some most secret treasures
Shall lie an age untouched, and late-discovered
Should be the source of hope and peace; I leave
The child’s toy to become posterity’s marvel,
From Lost Tanagra; this quaint poniard lurked
Under my influence where the culprit stowed it,
To tell man something of his martyrdoms
Upon a day. From these my hoarded papers,

At length uncovered, an impoverished fame
Grows full and noonday-clear; with that, your scholar
Is charmed with joys not his, and shall not fail
Of praise and proud remembrance—while I will.
Be sure, unsure of most, that I will make
An instrument of you this very day,
That I may weave my share of then and now,
A web that greater gods design, with me.
He that now writes the words I whisper to him
Has here and there unknowingly surrendered
To my caprice, if so he please to style it,
And will still find his early morning again,
Through me, after a dry and drouthy journey,
All fresh and violet-dewy; he, at least,
Will not disdain to bow to me as one
Among the more ingenious undergods.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, CRITIC OF POETRY

BY HOWE MARTYN

Sneer—But I thought you had been a decided critic in music as well as in literature?

Dangle—So I am—but I have a bad ear.

Sheridan: *The Critic*.

RICHARD Brinsley Sheridan was by no means the aggressor, not even one of the first combatants in that war of invective between authors and critics which was the inspiration for his famous satire, *The Critic*. One of the fiercest fighters on the opposing side in Sheridan's own time was a critic well deserving the term 'decided', and one also who had a bad ear for music and poetry. But in a day when adverse criticism was remembered as personal insult, and when praise was cherished as personal favour, it was unlikely that Sheridan would attack one who had said of him, "He who has written the two best comedies of his age is surely a considerable man." Furthermore, this decided critic saw the folly of excessive decision in criticism no less than did Sheridan, and laid the strokes of his wit no less heavily on his fellow-judges of literature than on its makers. Samuel Johnson saw that the work of the truly great critics of literature, such as Aristotle and Horace and Boileau, had too often done more harm than good to literary development, since lesser minds had so misinterpreted and misapplied their rules as to make them burdensome. The so-called rules were in fact for the most part only incidental remarks made by these writers, rather than the results of systematic study, so that Johnson's mind criticism had "not yet attained the certainty and stability of science". This use of the word 'science' in connection with literary criticism is significant of the greatness of Johnson's own work in the critical field. That there is such a science to-day is due in large

measure to Johnson's ideas of the function of criticism and of the place of the critic. The critic now is neither dictator nor prosecutor, but friend and adviser, one whose special knowledge enables him to prescribe for the mind as a physician would for the body. And with the increase of knowledge of the mind since Johnson's time has come increasing recognition of the value of literature to the mind, and therefore of the value of criticism as a means of cultivating what we call 'the æsthetic attitude'.

Johnson's admiration of Francis Bacon, shown by the frequent quotations from the latter writer in the *Dictionary*, would in itself suggest what method he would be most likely to use in the establishment of a science of criticism. The Baconian method was empirical, and on the necessity of an empirical approach to literature Johnson was decided. To be sure, he never developed his ideas under the express topics of method of criticism, or place of criticism, or theory, but gave his opinions incidentally, for the most part, as his forerunners had done. Nevertheless the scattered passages show consistency and decision; they form a skeleton which it is the privilege of his students to clothe. His empirical method is disclosed by his beginning with human experience, in the present and over long periods of time. The beginning of criticism for Johnson was the gathering of data from the facts of human experience. Thus far his method was Baconian. But he anticipated John Stuart Mill, in recognizing that the mere collection of data, particularly from the experience of one person, would not be enough to elicit general truths. Johnson studied general human nature, and used reason, 'common sense', the power of selection, in order to choose and judge. Moreover, the method must be historical, he thought, as well as empirical. He himself sought to place the poets he discussed in their proper context, because "to judge rightly of an author we must transport ourselves to his time, and examine what were the

wants of his contemporaries, and what were his means of supplying them." On this historical-empirical method modern thought has been able to make little improvement. The chief change has been an extension of the method beyond induction or description of literary excellence, to include deduction or application of rules in promoting literary development. "In actual practice, it is found that there is an interplay between the rules and æsthetic development. The rules are the conservative forces which at times guide that development, but which in turn are changed by it."¹ It may be concluded, therefore, that Johnson marked out the place of the critic and the purpose and method of criticism so justly that modern æsthetic theory, aided as it is by the rapid development of psychology, has been able to surpass his work not by fundamental change but only by addition and expansion.

II

An empirical or inductive method proceeds from observed particular data to general positions. A general position makes possible the formulation of principles, which are then available for application to particular instances. Johnson has left no record of having gone through any of these stages in his own critical work, except in so far as he states his principles and applies them. Yet it will be both fitting and helpful in an analytical study of his *Critique* to follow such a plan, the first or inductive part of which he has prescribed, and the second part of which he has most often used. This section will therefore devote itself to the data of criticism, and to a theory of poetry drawn from the data.

The primary datum of poetry is human nature. But this phrase, human nature, must be taken in its broadest sense. Johnson commended the critical work of Dryden for his "general precepts, which depend on the nature of things and

¹Langfield: *The Aesthetic Attitude*.

the structure of the human mind." He regarded human nature as including the relation of 'things' and 'mind' which constitutes experience. In the interests of the understanding of the distinctively poetic experience, he analysed this 'human nature', or this 'nature of human experience', into two parts,—the essential and the accidental. The essential (man's fundamental desires, impulses, reaction patterns, and the like—to put Johnson's meaning into modern terminology—which remain the same throughout all time) was for Johnson nature proper; and was to be distinguished from that part of man's nature which is the product of his environment, or of the social customs and manners of his race and time. The former of these parts he regarded as the more important factor in the poetic experience, and he censured Cowley for not determining "by what means the ancients have continued to delight through all the changes of human manners." A description of poetic experience to which Johnson might be expected to subscribe would show how the reading of a poem by a person would present to him certain ideas in a certain arrangement, which, "by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality." If the poet took his ideas from those connected with the essential part of man's nature, they would be likely to have meaning for the widest circle of readers. These ideas would excite pleasure, which Johnson held to be a characteristic accompaniment of poetic experience. The causes of the pleasure he found in two features of human nature,—man's capacity for expectation and man's capacity for sympathy, for identifying himself with others. This discovery shows Johnson's psychological analysis at its shrewdest, so that it will be well to quote passages in which he discussed them. He states in his *Life of Butler* that "the great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is

disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting." And of identification he says:

The man and woman [Adam and Eve] who act and suffer are in a state which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no transaction in which he can be engaged, beholds no condition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himself; he has, therefore, little natural curiosity or sympathy.

There is also in Johnson's treatment of human nature and of the way in which it is affected in the poetic experience a reference significant of the modern division of poetic experiences into those which give pleasure through their predominantly emotional character, and those which give pleasure through cognition, through the discovery of new ideas and new connections. "The mind can be captivated only by recollection or by curiosity; by reviving natural sentiments or impressing new appearances of things." It is important, however, to note here that Johnson uses the word 'sentiment' rather than 'emotion'. For reasons which will be brought out in the discussion of Johnson's application of his principles, he disapproved of excess of feelings, under the influence of poetry or on any occasion. He enjoyed in himself the mild sentiments of pleasure and sympathy, and these most when they were concomitants of intellectual activity occasioned by new ideas in verse form. And "in practice he tended to identify his own somewhat limited tastes with the unalterable standard of truth to human nature."² It was the most serious fault in Johnson that the data on which was built his theory of poetry were largely his own individual experiences.

If the literary criticism of to-day is superior to that of Johnson, the reason is to be found not in greater skill in drawing conclusions, but in an experimental method for the study of human nature and the quantities of data which it has

²Brown: *The Critical Opinion of Samuel Johnson*.

provided. Argument now is based not on the experience of one man, but on that of hundreds studying the experiences of thousands. Human nature remains the subject, but we have analysed this into its component impulses, and have shown how these are organized into appetites, attitudes, emotions, desires, and the like. The work is by no means completed, nor is there agreement as to the terms and definitions to be used in the description of the findings already made. Yet the term 'impulse' is valid for the springs of human activity, and so is the distinction between the essential and the accidental which Johnson applied more vaguely to human nature.

In the complex of impulses that make up the personality it can be assumed that some are more fundamental than others. There are the desires and wishes of the moment, purely local and individual; beyond these are others of a more general character belonging to the inhabitants of a district; then come those peculiar to the race; and finally those which are the foundation of human character. It is these last that the great and enduring masterpieces touch, and the greater the art, the more completely are these impulses involved.³

We incorporate also into our subject-matter other of Johnson's data,—the nature of things, the structure of the mind, and the relation of these in acts of experience. As Langfield says, "any given æsthetic attitude depends both upon the mental laws and condition of the organism, and the existing objective conditions." Æsthetic experience, or the 'moment of imaginative experience,' as Abercrombie calls it, is then a relation between mind and thing. Instead of saying that this relation is one of sympathy or identification, we define the relation as a living in the object "in the sense that one allows oneself to be entirely swayed by the laws of the object without any opposition on one's own part." The subject, the reader

³Langfield, *op. cit.*

of a poem, takes up an attitude or set, "directed towards experiencing (in himself) the various relations which the elements of the object have to one another."⁴ For these relations some writers adopt the term 'empathy'. And as to the pleasure which Johnson thought characteristic of the poetic experience, Richards, in *The Principles of Literary Criticism*, says that "only a crude psychology would identify the satisfaction of an impulse with a pleasure." It is no discredit to Johnson, however, to have emphasized the place of pleasure, since in his time there was no scientific psychology. It is now generally recognized that the individual undergoing a poetic experience attributes value to it because he receives from it the satisfaction of his impulses or appetites, of "the spirit's primitive relish for experience."⁵ This satisfaction of the impulses which collectively constitute human nature might be described as fulfilment, or completeness, or the discovery of the unity which is essential to meaning. It varies in value as it involves a larger and more harmonious group of impulses. It explains the pleasure accompanying poetic experience, and also the feeling of illusion regarded by some as the explanation of poetry, since the harmonious adjustment of impulses is not a common occurrence; and finally, it provides a sound foundation on which to construct a theory of poetry.

What is poetry, why do we have it,—and why should we? Some erratic Romantics say that such questions are impertinences which the Muse will punish by turning her face from us. A theory of poetry is required for the answering of these questions, and for anything resembling sound criticism. In the case of Johnson there was no explicit theory, yet he gave in his own decided fashion answers, based on the data gathered from human nature, to the problems of the nature and purpose of poetry. According to his usage the term poetry might be

⁴Langfield, *op. cit.*

⁵Abercrombie: *Theory of Poetry*.

applied to experiences of a certain kind or to the arrangements of words calling up in the reader ideas which would in turn induce those experiences. The experiences of poetry he often described as pleasant, but also as experiences in which the 'self' of the reader was expanded beyond its usual limits. He says in the *Life of Waller*: "From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and elevation of his fancy"; and in the same work he traces the pleasant characteristic of poetry to its source in this expansion of the self, an expansion produced by the focusing of the reader's attention on a group of ideas bearing an evident and meaningful relation to one another.

Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those which repel, the imagination.

Those parts of nature which attract are those which we understand, and those which repel are those whose place in our world we do not know. It is the connection of the separate elements in the poem in a meaningful unity through which the reader "enjoys for a moment the powers of a poet; he feels what he remembers to have felt before, but he feels it with great increase of sensibility; he recognizes a familiar image, but meets it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty, and enlarged with majesty." Such a theory of poetry cannot be summed up in a phrase, yet it is evident that essential to it is the increase of knowledge under circumstances that will allow free play to all the feelings which normally accompany such increase; or, in Johnson's words, "The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights."

There is perhaps ground for the charge that in the theory of poetry thus attributed to Johnson deeper meanings have

been given to his terms than he would have intended. Nevertheless the soundness of his practical judgments on poetry and their general accord with modern poetics is sufficient evidence from which to conclude that his theory, had he expounded one, would closely resemble the modern theory for which we are arguing. Johnson consistently refused to commit himself to a definition of poetry, so that we are left, as Boswell was on the same point, to satisfy our curiosity with mere speculation. And our attempt to join the Doctor's theory with that of our own times would have been little helped had he given a definition as vague as a modern theorist, Richards, lays down. A poem is "the class composed of all actual experiences, occasioned by the words, which do not differ within certain limits from that [the poet's] experience."⁶ Fortunately it is possible to discover more accurately the characteristics of the experience which poetry occasions. It is first of all an experience of unity, this being the result of the fact that all the ideas contained in the experience are shown to have an understandable connection with one another; of the fact that the experience is complete, that all the elements necessary to give it meaning are present. These parts of the modern explanation are clearly stated in the following passages:

Every poem is an ideal version of the world we most profoundly desire; and that by virtue of its form. A poem has no form unless everything in it unites into a single complex impression; and in that impression we take, by immediate apprehension, an instance of the world we require; for it is an impression of many things existing in perfect coördination, an impression that everything in the poem is there in assured significance.⁷

A feature of poetry is

its constant invigoration of our minds by creating for us a world in which our ownership is at last complete; so complete that, in its largest revelation, evil itself

⁶Richards: *The Principles of Criticism*.

ceases to be meaningless incoherence, and falls in with what we most profoundly desire—some assurance that everything we can experience must somehow be significant to us.⁷

The world of poetry has in no sense any different reality from the rest of the world and it has no special laws and no other-world peculiarities. It is made up of experiences of exactly the same kinds as those that come to us in other ways. Every poem, however, is a strictly limited piece of experience. . . . the 'dissociation' or severance of the poetic experience is merely a freeing of it from extraneous ingredients and influences.⁸

There is agreement in these quotations on the fact that poetry provides an experience completely meaningful and that through this virtue it carries us beyond our usual selves into a world which we feel to be our ideal world, with which we are in harmony and over which we have control. And it was the seed of this conception which we called Johnson's theory of poetry. The chief difference between his theory and ours is one of terminology. And the essential principle of the same theory, with perhaps a more careful psychological background, is that which finds the power of poetry in its giving harmonious expression to the fundamental impulses into which we to-day analyse Johnson's 'nature'.

It is interesting at a time when the cry of 'Art for Art's sake' has been by no means silenced to go on from that part of the theory of poetry which is an abstract statement of its nature to theories of poetry's purpose in a social scheme. Here again Johnson and the most modern theory provide mutual reinforcement. Although Boswell makes Johnson say that "as there is no necessity for our having poetry at all, it being merely a luxury, an instrument of pleasure, it can have no value, unless when exquisite of its kind," yet this statement

⁷Abercrombie, *op. cit.*

⁸Richards, *op. cit.*

must be considered in connection with his many references to the importance of luxury. It is certain that the Christian morality which affected his every word and act would never have allowed him to apply the term luxury in any derogatory sense to that which he made his lifelong study. More significant of Johnson's real views are his many references to the function of poetry in uniting pleasure with truth. Didactic poetry had an especial appeal to him, and "the enlargement of his comprehension and elevation of his fancy" which the reader receives from good poetry he would certainly regard as important. This function of poetry, described above as self-expansion, is to-day regarded as of great importance to society. We recognize that poetic experience not only is pleasant, as Johnson thought, but also has value through its power of relating our ideas, desires, impulses into greater harmony with themselves and with our environment, a harmony essential not only to pleasure and beauty but to the good life. "It is not the intensity of the conscious experience occasioned by poetry, its thrill, its pleasure or its poignancy, which gives it value, but the organization of its impulses for freedom and fullness of life."⁹

III

The effort has been made in this essay to sketch a theory of poetry to which Samuel Johnson would subscribe, that from it the principles which constitute his actual Critique might be logically deduced and related to one another. That Johnson made his judgments from principles no one would deny, in spite of his animadversions against rules. Principles were and are essential to criticism, but essential to the principles also are their conformity to general human experience; their demonstrated derivation of authority from that experience, since "the dictates of common sense and common honesty [are] names of

⁹Richards, *op. cit.*

greater authority than that of Horace." Essential also to principles is breadth, it being a scientific convention that the best law is that which covers the largest number of cases and is least affected by time's steady gathering of new data. Critical principles are to show how poetry in the narrow sense—arrangements of words—occasions poetry in the broader sense—the poetic experience which has been discussed above. The Johnsonian principles may be conveniently divided into those applying to the content or substance and those applying to the form of poetry. As to content, it is of first importance that it make what may be loosely termed an 'appeal', since "that book is good in vain which the reader throws away." Johnson distinguished poetic appeal as it was directed to accidental and transient parts of human nature or to the essentials. Appeal to desires and ideas shallowly rooted in the manners of a particular age or group he held to be a weakness in poetry, making an exception, however, where the wants of a poet's contemporaries, or better their needs, and "his means of supplying them" would give poetry a temporary value. But the poet whose work is to answer permanent needs "must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country" and appeal to essentials, which for Johnson were most often named as passion and reason. In "such manners as depend upon standing relations and general passions" the poet might find subject and appeal "coextended with the race of man; but those modifications of life and peculiarities of practice which are the progeny of error and perverseness, or at best of some accidental influence or transient persuasion, must perish with their parents."

As to the form of poetry, Johnson maintained that "versification, or the art of modulating his numbers, is indispensably necessary to a poet," since thereby "he adds the faculty of joining musick with reason, and of acting at once upon the senses and the passions." The harmony characteristic of poetic experience springs not only from the relation of the

ideas, but from the sound of the words. Johnson's defective hearing could not prevent him from finding pleasure in meaning set to music, but it did cause him to demand that the music be more obvious than others would have required. He stressed regularity, as the 'essence of verse', and called for rhyme to support it. The Johnsonian 'bad ear' and the strictures on blank verse and those which would certainly have been applied to modern free verse prove his criticisms of metre and rhyme not wrong in principle, but only defective. Defective, and worse still, pedantic, would have been the charges made against Johnson's theory of poetic diction by most critics in the long period between his day and ours. A reason may be found in a comparison of his pronouncements on diction with those of Wordsworth. For the latter, the simpler and more common the language the more genuine the poetry. Johnson would go so far towards this position as to say that the language must be simple enough to be understood by the readers to whom it is directed, and that to ensure this "all appropriated terms of art should be sunk in general expressions, because poetry is to speak an universal language." But all words, simple and otherwise, are made by man, and they have meanings derived from the situations in which they are used. No words, therefore, are more suited intrinsically to poetry than others. Yet the customary associations of words differ so widely that many are 'trivial' and only certain ones 'elegant' or suitable in Johnson's eyes for poetry. He said that "words too familiar or too remote defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things." Johnson has in this passage given us a rule admirable for breadth and flexibility, and one too often disregarded in the history of poetry.

Both the creation and the enjoyment of English poetry now take place throughout the length and breadth of several continents, instead of in the single small island of the eighteenth century, so that no more can an individual establish personal domination over letters as did the 'Great Cham of Literature'. It is likewise impossible for one group of critical principles to find unanimous acceptance as expressing the modern view. There is at present great divergence in the practice of poetry, a divergence made more marked by the existence of 'schools' of poetry and poets, the members of which often formulate their own principles in accordance with their practice. Since the break between Wordsworth and Coleridge there have been two important lines of development differing as to both the content and the form of poetry. Both lines are being followed to-day, in the 'bucolic' school and the 'metaphysical' school, and we cannot find that those two infallible judges, time and the common reader, have as yet come to a decision. Yet there is sufficient evidence from which to conclude that the modern trend is towards the acceptance of the following principles. The content of poetry must appeal, as Johnson saw, to both emotions and intellect, but it may be predominantly one or the other. Emotional appeal is now translated into terms of impulses and wishes, and shown to be produced by the giving of expression to them. Good poetry then "must provide the means for the complete fulfilment of the wish within the object," and the resultant pleasure in the art form is due to the fact that we can realize in a world of unreality wishes and impulses that we otherwise should not desire to express or for whose realization the opportunity would never have offered."¹⁰ It is important to note, however, that the vehicle for the attainment of this emotional expression in poetry is a system of symbols which must have meaning. As Sturge Moore says, "intelligibility is the purpose of language,

¹⁰Langfield, *op. cit.*

therefore reason must be the central virtue of literature." It is useless to talk of the emotions of poetry as something which can be obtained without the instrumentality of the intellect. Poetry now must be more highly intellectual than at any other time, since we live in a world of science, a world to which research is constantly adding significance. The seeing of significance is in the highest sense poetic experience. The poet's world is an expanding world, and he can write the finest poetry to-day by inducting his readers into the significance of the worlds of mathematics and psychology and the like which lie beyond the limited worlds of simple sight and hearing.

The expectancy of change or development in the form of poetry as well as in its content, which is essential to a critical attitude in our day of expanding horizons, was present in Johnson in strength sufficient to prevent his natural conservatism from crystallizing into rigid rules. He knew that "there are qualities in the products of nature yet undiscovered, and combinations in the powers of art yet untried." The history of poetic form in recent years gives special significance to this statement. Radical departures from standard forms, including those which Johnson regarded as the best, have been made in the effort to find adequate expression for new experiences. Yet not the most radical would attempt to forego some form. Even so-called free verse must have its meaning welded into that unity which constitutes 'form' in the broad sense. "The form of a poem is a necessary contribution to its meaning, for it conveys the peculiar unity of significance which the matter has assumed in the poet's mind."¹¹ With a definition of form so broad and inclusive as this, with a *functional* definition, we are in no danger of falling into the fallacy of Wordsworth as to diction, or of insisting on rhymed couplets as Johnson did. We do declare, however, that the words must convey meaning, if not individually yet in general impression; that the vocabu-

¹¹Abercrombie, *op. cit.*

lary of a peasant cannot express the experience of a boiler-maker or a motor-mechanic; and that freedom in rhyme and rhythm does not mean chaos.

For the more complete understanding of Dr. Johnson's criteria and their bearing on modern poetry it will be well to examine the application of them which he himself made. The passages quoted above from Johnson are taken for the most part from his criticisms of particular poems and particular authors. Yet some further discussion is necessary because his prejudices, and the characteristically pungent statement which resulted from them, are made by the gossiping proclivities of Boswell so much better known as to be taken for his considered views. The lengths to which Boswell would go in order to stimulate his beloved 'Bear' into pugnacity are well illustrated by the incident of the meeting arranged with Wilkes. Boswell described his own boyish glee on this occasion, so like that of a street-urchin teasing two mongrel dogs into battle, with a *naïveté* which casts doubt upon the value of all of his quotations of Johnson's critical opinion. Johnson was a man whose mind was always working against the burden of an unsound body, a body which was at any time apt to play tricks on him by clouding his mind with melancholy or hypochondria. He knew that he was a prey to emotional excess, and he clung fiercely to the Christian religion partly for the control which it gave him over himself. He sought always to keep his reason in order and to avoid mental indulgence. His own experience, therefore, forced him to regard as dangerous the arousing through poetry of emotions which for normal people would have brought about beneficial or at least not harmful consequences. He looked askance on the early and mild forms of Romanticism which showed themselves in Gray. He criticized the poems of Collins as due to "indulging some peculiar habits of thought" and as "the productions of a mind . . . somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken

beauties.” By a like bodily weakness, deafness, was the scope of his judgment with regard to rhyme and metre limited. He disparaged “the irregular combinations of fanciful invention” because he could hear the music of language only where there was great uniformity and regularity, as in the heroic couplets of Dryden and in the “quatrains of lines alternately consisting of eight and six syllables—the most soft and pleasing of our lyric measures.” But Johnson strove always to prevent his physical handicaps from destroying his judicial impartiality, and was always ready to give credit for ‘the invention of a new species of composition’, even though he himself might not be able to appreciate its fullest beauties.

The forward-looking quality of Johnson’s criticism, which has been referred to as contributing with its opposite, the toryism of his mind, to that balanced outlook on life which neither chronic melancholy nor contempt for the Scotch could destroy,—this forward-looking quality leads us to believe that the thought of his critique continuing to move forward with the times as an explanation and a guide to literature would have been extremely grateful to him. He had knowledge of and admiration for the classical writers and for the classical spirit as interpreted by the English Augustans, but he declared also that, “we must read what the world reads at the moment.” His own desire to keep his principles in pace with the times is reinforced as a justification of their application to modern poetry by a special feature of contemporary letters. An anthologist of the year 1920 said in his preface that “the most significant poetry of our time is either classical or romantic.”¹² If under classical here be included the spirit which showed itself in the writers of the eighteenth century, then so far as significance is concerned the ten years succeeding the statement have seen classicism assume nearly the whole stage. Contempo-

¹²Caldwell: *Golden Book of Modern English Poetry*.

who may be called 'post-Georgians'. These are writers who rarely poets are showing in their studies, their criticism and their poetry an increasing enthusiasm for the eighteenth century. Edith Sitwell says that "modernist poets . . . are leaving the tradition that leads from Wordsworth, and are returning to an earlier line in poetry."¹³ Herbert Read, another modern poet, goes back to the Metaphysicals with his studies of John Donne. And examples could be multiplied to illustrate the search that is now being made in the poetry of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries for solutions to the new problems of shifting civilization and the old problems of human nature. It is more than likely then that the understanding of modern poetry will be greatly aided by Johnson's conclusions about the poets. The distinction between emotion and reason in the content of poetry has been maintained from Johnson till the present. Sound emotional appeal is distinguished from superficial pleasure-giving as that which occasions the expression of impulses in enlarged experience. This criterion at once raises a vital point of issue in modern poetry. The years of the War saw the rise of 'Georgian' poetry, and the few years immediately following saw a number of the 'Georgian' poets form the 'bucolic' school. J. C. Squire, John Drinkwater, Rupert Brooke, Walter de la Mare, Robert Nichols, W. W. Gibson, W. H. Davies, Edmund Blunden and others sought the calm and quiet emotions, which might better be termed affections, by writing in simple forms and language of plates and spoons, birds and trees and grass, and other common things. But the poetry of little things, as Johnson pointed out, is great poetry only when the little things are arranged so as to produce large ideas, or, as we would put it now, arranged so as to establish a new and more comprehensive harmony of impulses. Rarely, as in the case of W. H. Davies, the simplicity of Georgian poetry is natural and elemental so that the poems in which

¹³Edith Sitwell: *Poetry and Criticism*.

Davies expresses his 'nature' appeal to the root emotions of even the most complexly organized individual. But it is to be feared that an impulse often aroused by present-day bucolics is the impulse to lie down and sleep. Poetry that would contribute to fullness of life by an emotional appeal must recognize the complexity of human nature. If the lack of psychological knowledge and the operation of 'prejudices' make the principles based on Johnson's careful analysis inadequate to emotion in poetry, it is still less likely that the failure to meet his requirements can produce good poetry.

The whole bucolic movement represents a reaction against complexity, an attempt to escape the problems of emotional chaos and unsuccessful adjustment to environment presented to mankind, and therefore to poetry, by machinery and industrialism and War. But both the solving of social problems and the participation in an art experience require intellectual exercise. Johnsonian criticism and the best modern practice show that reason, meaning, seeing of connections, are essential to poetry. The changing of complexity into harmony, which constitutes emotional adjustment in poetry, and the expansion of the individual self produced by meaning and accompanied by emotions,—these are poetic experience. And these are the great needs of our day, which poetry must satisfy. Poetry intended to be only emotional cannot meet them; it cannot even attain its own purpose without the instrumentality of reason. Johnson praised Thompson for looking on Life and Nature with a mind "that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute." The minds of too many of the Georgians fail in the former of these requirements; and their poetry fails to relate the 'little things' to large conceptions.

The best poetry, according to Johnsonian standards, and that most effective according to the modern additions to Johnson's theory of poetry, is being written by a group of poets

'number the streaks of the tulip' upon occasion, but have always in view the 'comprehension of the vast'. They are writers who seek to give pleasure, but who insist that the highest pleasure demands intellectual effort from the reader. They believe that poetry can occasion fine and satisfying emotional adjustments, but also that the emotion of æsthetic experience is "*intellectual emotion*". They are poets for whom the problems of the day are signals not for attempts at escape, but for intense effort in the search for solutions. The complexity of impulses in the twentieth century man and in the vast possessions of his mind they seek to weld into harmonious meaning. These are stirring times, and these poets have energy sufficient for attacking all the problems and mastering all the fields of human experience. For instance, "patronizing of modern musical theory appears in the poetry of W. J. Turner, of modern painting theory in that of Edith Sitwell and Sacheverell Sitwell, of psychological theory in that of Herbert Read and Archibald Macleish, of modern sex-engrossment in that of D. H. Lawrence, of philosophical theory in that of Conrad Aiken and T. S. Eliot, of encyclopedic learning in that of Marianne Moore, T. S. Eliot . . ." ¹⁴ The leadership of this active school is in the hands of T. S. Eliot. This writer has himself contributed valuable works, *Prufrock* and *The Waste Land*, and he edits *The Criterion* magazine as the organ of the group. The following passage from Sherard Vines illustrates the specific factor which differentiates Eliot from the bucolic school: "Whenever he considers 'little things' he does so with the eye, not of the refugee from greatness, but of the scholar anxious to omit no detail requisite to the perfect revelation of the whole." ¹⁵ The parallel between this comment and that of Johnson on Thompson is evident. A further illustration of the relation of 'intellectualist' poetry to that of the bucolic school

¹⁴Graves and Riding: *Survey of Modernist Poetry*.

¹⁵Vines: *Movements in Modern English Poetry and Prose*.

is afforded by a study of development in the work of Edmund Blunden. Being one of the few English writers who saw active service during the War and yet survived, and being one of the contributors to the biennial Georgian anthologies, Blunden may be regarded as one who has been subject to most of the forces which have influenced the life and poetry of to-day. The poetry he wrote during the war was characteristically Georgian—simple theme, simple treatment. It was deliberately unreflective, in an effort to solve all philosophical questions by avoiding them, by so focusing attention on surface appearances that implications would be forgotten. Here is a stanza from *The Waggoner*,—

The old waggon drudges through the miry lane
By the skulking pond where the pollards frown,
Notched, dumb, surly images of pain;
On a dulled earth the night droops down.

But for an appeal to the essential human impulses and emotions, rather than to the accidental feelings which may by various circumstances have been connected in our minds with wagons, ponds and barns; for the unification of emotion and intelligence, of pleasure and determined attention, into a significant single experience; for diction that dares to be elegant and classical in denotation; for all this and an excellent example of good poetry according to Johnson's principles, we have only to move on a few years in Blunden's life. In 1924 these lines were published in *The London Mercury*,—

No sooner was I come to this strange roof,
Beyond broad seas, half round the weary world,
Than came the pretty ghost, the sudden sweet
And most sad spirit of my vanished child;
From the bare corners of the unknown room
She peeped with beauty's eyes, till my eyes rained
Their helpless tears once more; and there, and there
Was my dead baby baffling with dream presence,
And singing, till I thought I must be mad,—
Was not all silent? yet, I heard her song.
Child, will not Orcus yield you? That small voice
Wafts, as I know, from where I cannot come,
And that smile glimmers like the ethereal flowers
In your far meadows: would that earth's kind flowers
Might now be golden in your toddling path!

The history of Edmund Blunden's work up till the present is a record in poetry of the change from the feeble and more feeble attempts to imitate Wordsworth, back to the rules of Johnson and his age, which exact more of poet and reader but give much greater power. An increasing number of younger poets are joining Eliot and Blunden and the pioneers of intellectualism. They recognize that good poetry is the product on rare occasions of inexplicable inspiration, as in the case of Davies. But they know that most often it results from a thorough knowledge of the functioning of all factors in the poetic experience, that is, of the subject-matter and the principles of poetry.

Examples are multiplying themselves from day to day of poetry that conforms to the modified version of Johnsonian criteria which is so strong in modern poetic theory. Three of the best long poems of the post-Georgian period go the whole way and become definitely philosophical,—metaphysical and even moral. They arouse indeed large conceptions, and they seek to 'enlarge the comprehension' as well as 'elevate the fancy'. These are Herbert Read's *Mutations of a Phoenix*; Roy Campbell's *The Flaming Terrapin*; and Richard Aldington's *A Fool i' the Forest*. These writers, "in restoring philosophy to poetry, have securely united themselves with what was best in the poetic practice of the past."¹⁶ We reserve the most recent and striking sign of the trend towards intellectual and philosophical poetry for our conclusion.

The judgment of the common reader as to the two types of poetic content we have been discussing has by the nature of the case been able to find no expression on the level of psychological and æsthetic theory in which the issues are defined. The poetry-reading public, in our time as well as Johnson's, buys the poetry which it 'likes', no matter by what subtle appeal that liking has been created. The increasing

¹⁶Vines, *op. cit.*

amount of 'intellectual' poetry being written, and presumably bought and read, is an indication of the common reader's liking. In making his judgments on the form of poetry, however, the common reader has not waited for those of time, his partner on the Bench. The public has been able to spot at a glance the unusual in form, hence the problems of form have provoked discussion not only in the rarified atmosphere of critical reviews but in the rather warmer one of the daily press. The general public, which is far larger than the poetry-reading public, has tended to condemn many formal features in modern poetry. And the poets have not hesitated to fight back. Robert Graves, in discussing a poem of E. E. Cummings, describes their position and gives their purpose in experimenting. "What at first sight strikes the plain reader as external peculiarities that hindered him from approaching the meaning of the poem—its oddness of form—now appear to be the poet's means of avoiding that conventional form which generally does stand between the reader and the poem."¹⁷ Noteworthy in this citation is the emphasis on the relation of form to meaning, which was a Johnsonian principle and which is cardinal in modern criticism. In the details of diction—one aspect of form—the correspondence with Johnson's ideas is further evident. He showed the arbitrary character of words, and their dependence on association for triviality or elegance. The use of a trivial vocabulary in poetry, dating largely from Wordsworth, and "one of the Georgian conventions that possibly did more harm to poetry than any other"¹⁸ is at last coming to an end. The rules about 'sinking appropriated terms of art in general expressions' and making poetry 'speak an universal language', that is, about maintaining clearness, are not being forgotten. But the clear and the obvious are no longer being confounded and an effort to understand is being demanded of readers. Various devices are being used to make poetic

¹⁷Graves and Riding, *op. cit.*

¹⁸Vines, *op. cit.*

language fresh and vivid, such as the transposition of words from one associational context to another ("the morning light came creaking down"—Edith Sitwell); allusiveness (Eliot); and a careful study of the whole subject of word values, as is indicated by the note appended to Bridges's *Testament of Beauty*. The relation of this movement in form to the newest position on content, discussed above, is stated thus with regard to the work of Edmund Blunden: "the rapid growth of complexity in expression coincided, no doubt, with an equally rapid lengthening of the focus of vision, the shift from the village green to eternity."¹⁹ It may be concluded that Johnsonian principles of diction are definitely in the ascendancy.

In rhyme and rhythm two tendencies are now in evidence, only one of which would meet the demands of Johnson's limited perception in this field. The so-called classical forms are being used by a number of the 'intellectual' poets. Aldous Huxley, for instance, shows facility with Johnson's beloved heroic couplet. Eliot uses the standard forms, and Richard Aldington is turning to them from the unmapped wilds of Imagism. Some of the poems which at first sight appear most radical are written on the plan of the sonnet, with parts of lines suppressed. The other movement, definitely experimental, departs from all historical forms, yet achieves the end of setting meaning to music. The history of music shows that the human ear can be attuned to new subtleties of rhythm and harmony, so that it is logical to expect a similar progress in the music of language. One of the changes made by some modern poets is the relating of pauses and lengths of lines more directly to the meaning being conveyed than the strict scansion by syllables. The sustained use of new and experimental forms to the enrichment of poetry is to be found in the recent long works of Stephen Vincent Benét (*John Brown's Body*) and Robert Bridges (*The Testament of Beauty*).

¹⁹Vines, *op. cit.*

IV

Samuel Johnson the man has never failed to excite the interest and admiration of mankind, whether during his lifetime or succeeding ages. Boswell's unique *Life* has preserved this Johnson in vividly human reality, and the *Life* has long since shown itself to have immortal qualities. But for many years the fame of Johnson's succinct comments on life and letters, and of his personal peculiarities, has obscured his own serious writings. It has often been said that his personality lives while the value of his work, that which made his fame in his own age and caused Boswell's admiration, has disappeared. It has been indeed only too true that few have read Johnson's works, and that few poets have attempted to understand and apply his rules. But the needs of poetry to-day are demanding a change. It is gradually being realized that simplicity in poetry is not a sure basis on which to mount to sublimity. There is a widespread turning back to the Augustan ideals, to intellect and Johnsonian 'Reason'. The great example is *The Testament of Beauty*. In this poem Robert Bridges, the late poet-laureate, who was raised to his position of dean of English poets because of his smooth and pleasant lyrical work, deserts his old superficial descriptions and tripping rhymes, such as,—

Spring goeth all in white
Crowned with milk-white may.
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray.

And he changes, as Edmund Blunden has done, to poetry that is analytical and deep in meaning. This change was most remarkable in a man who had achieved the pinnacle of contemporary recognition and who was at an age when change of any sort, particularly so revolutionary a change in philosophical and æsthetic conceptions, is neither easy nor expected. All the authority of Bridges's long experience is cast on the side of intellectual poetry by passages such as this,—

I felt the domination of Nature's secret urge,
and happy escape therein, as when in Boyhood once
from the rattling workshops of a great factory
conducted into the engine-room I stood in face
of the quiet driving power, that fast in nether cave
seated, set all the floors a-quiver, a thousand looms
throbbing and jennies dancing, and I felt at heart
a kinship with it and sympathy . . .

Here are the raw materials of modern civilization cast into poetry to form part of an exposition of and attempted answer to that search for Beauty which is essential to human nature. Here is a diction that is not feebly poetic, but stimulating and meaningful. Here is a rhythm that pushes on like the weight of waters in a power-canal. This is poetry that is not an idle luxury, but a force to guide humanity. Bridges has in this poem set his seal to the same statement of human and poetic values to which Johnson's lifelong work was a subscription.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE

BY MARIUS BARBEAU

ORATORY was once an art of unsurpassed importance among the native tribes of America. To them eloquence meant more than any other accomplishment. It held the key to power within national frontiers, and to subtle influence abroad. "Where no single person has the power to compel," said Colden, one of their early historians, "the arts of persuasion alone must prevail." Tribal and personal feuds were a bane. They would come to the fore only when the wise men, unable to settle the dispute, had to yield the score to the hands of the warriors. There is a self-revealing axiom in Red-Jacket's retort: "*A warrior!* No, I am an orator, I was born an orator!"

Most of the Indians whose deeds fill the pages of our colonial history, rose to fame as men of great courage who seldom wielded the tomahawk on the battlefield, but were past masters of words in the tribal councils. Hiawatha and Dekanawida, the joint founders of the League of the Five Nations, and other noted leaders in the period that followed the coming of the white man, were civil chiefs and orators. So were Kondiaronk, the best-known Huron chief of the old regime, White-Eyes, a Delaware, Tecumseh, the Shawnee, Cornplanter and Joseph Brant, the Iroquois, Poundmaker, the Western Cree whom MacLean described as a "native Demosthenes," and Crowfoot, the famous chief of the so-called Blackfoot Confederacy.

For style and dramatic effect, Indian oratory was not a whit inferior to that of any European forum. "I could never have believed," said the Jesuit Lalement, about 1640, "that,

without instruction, nature could have supplied a most fluent and vigorous eloquence, which I have admired in many Hurons." Bressani added, "They have perspicacity and a sound judgment; their narrative style is fine, and their eloquence great. They handle all matters that concern them just as skilfully as would the most sagacious Europeans. People in France believe that their speeches which we have quoted in our relations were fictitious; but let me assure them that most of these have lost much of their effect in passing into a foreign language."

When the elders delivered a harangue, they stood or walked about. "At times," related Father Millet, "they speak in lugubrious modulations, drawling out their words; then, in a sharp tone, to produce emotion; or again, in a joyful voice, intermingling speech with songs which the others repeat in harmony." "The speakers whom I have heard," said Colden, "all had a great fluency of words, and much more grace in their manner than any man could expect among a people supposedly ignorant of the liberal arts and sciences. . . . They have a certain atticism, of which the common ears are sensible, though only their great speakers ever attain to it."

Nor was this art acquired without long training. Speakers discussed matters of interest with their followers, who dissented or gave support in open addresses. The issues were first clarified and orations gradually fashioned. "Some of the young men among the Delaware," related McLean, "attended the councils to listen to the deliberations of the chiefs, and were instructed in the art of public speaking. After this they were used as ambassadors to other tribes, and then only would take part in the proceedings of the councils."

Metaphorical style was a characteristic in Indian oratory. Figures of speech conveyed colourful images of a world apart, the strange New World that still eluded the grasp of the white

invader. This quality at once arrested the attention of pioneer observers.

Here is, for instance, the harangue which Colden heard from the lips of Canassatego, an Iroquois delegate before the Commissioners of Virginia, in 1744:

“Brother, when you speak of the Land, you go back to old times. You have owned the Province of *Maryland* for above one hundred years; that is what you tell us. But what is that compared with the Time since our rights began? since our ancestors came out of this very ground, since their children inherited it from them? Your own country lies beyond the seas, where your forefathers rose out of the earth. There you may have a just claim; but here you must allow us to be your elder Brethren, for we owned the land long before you knew anything of us.

“Over one hundred years ago the Dutch landed here from a ship. They had goods with them, awls, knives, hatchets and guns, which they gave us. We were so pleased with them that we tied their ship to the rushes by the shore. The longer they stayed with us, the better we liked them. We unfastened the rope and tied the ship to the trees; the rushes were too slender. The wind might have blown them down. Again we unfastened the rope and tied it to a large rock further in—we mean the Oneida country. Not satisfied with this, after a while, we pulled the rope to the Big-Mountain, the Onondaga country. There we tied it fast, and heaped *wampum* upon it. To make it still more secure, we stood upon the *wampum*, to defend it with our blood. We did our utmost to keep the ship forever moored to our shores.

“The Dutch, meanwhile acknowledged our right to the land. They only asked to enter into a covenant with us, to be one people with us, and to grant them parts of our Domain. Then, the English came to this country. . . .”

The term "burying the hatchet" has become hackneyed with us, at the present day. But it originated with the native orators who were wont to use it as did Decanesora, the Mohawk *sachem*, when he opened peace negotiations with the French at Quebec, with the words, "Father, we are now speaking of Peace. . . You have almost eaten us up; our best men were slain in this war. But we must forget the past.

"Once before, we threw the Hatchet into the river of Kayohage, but you brought it up again and surprised our people at Katarakwi. You wanted your prisoners restored, so we agreed to throw the Hatchet into the Sky. You kept a string fastened to the Helve; you pulled it down, and fell upon our people once more. This we avenged by the destruction of your people on the Island of Montreal. Now we are come to cover all this Blood from our sight. . ."

One of the native ambassadors from the Great Lakes addressed the Commissioners of the American Government, after the defeat of their nations by General Wayne, about 1796, and said:

"As for me I am but a man; I have little strength. I cannot uproot the trees of the forest or tear up mountains, under which to bury the hatchet. I propose instead that it be cast into the lake, where it shall remain forever." And a hatchet was actually thrown into the lake, "where it could do no mischief."

Such symbols and metaphors were the language of diplomacy. They were not used in domestic life. And they can be traced back to Iroquian influence in the northeast. Simple, direct speech, was the rule everywhere else.

"The speeches of the Indians on both sides of the mountains are sensible, in plain language and to the purpose," said Thompson in his story of western explorations, about 1808.

“I have never heard a harangue in the florid, bombastic style, as I have often seen published by white men.”

When Garangula, the Onondaga leader, met de la Barre at his Koyahage encampment, he knew well that the French had been forced to renounce their plan of campaign against his people, the Iroquois. If he did not refuse to smoke the peace calumet, his reply showed that he was under no delusion: “Onontio,” he said, “your interpreter has finished his speech; I now begin mine. My words make haste to reach your ears, hearken to them! I honour you, so do the warriors that are with me. Honour to you and to your soldiers!

“Onontio, when you left Quebec, you must have believed that the Sun had burnt down our forests, the forests that render our country inaccessible to the White Man; that the Lakes had so far overflowed their banks as to surround our villages and thwart our escape. Yes, but you must have believed it, or perhaps seen it in visions. It is a wonder, and that wonder brings us here out of curiosity. Are you not undeceived now, since I and my warriors have come to assure you that our forests still stand, that the lakes still remain within their bounds, and that our nations are still flourishing, the nations of the Onondagas, and Cayugas, the Senecas, the Oneidas and the Mohawks. I thank you in their name for bringing the Calumet into their country, not the Hatchet that has so often in the past been dyed in blood. But, may I ask you, was it really the Calumet that has led you so far into our forests?

“Onontio, listen to me! I am not asleep. My eyes are open, and the Sun, which enlightens all, discloses to me a great Captain at the head of a company of soldiers, who speaks as if he were moving in his dreams. The Captain says, ‘I came here to smoke with the Onondagas the Calumet’; but Garangula replies, ‘I know it was to knock them on the head with

the Hatchet, if sickness had not weakened the arm of the soldiers.'

"What do I see? I see Onontio in a camp of sick men, whose lives the Great Spirit has spared by inflicting this scourge upon them. For they have thus, and thus only, been saved from the hands of our women and children; our women who had taken their clubs at their approach; our children and old men who had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of their camp. For our warriors have disarmed our women and children, and held them back in their village.

"Listen, Onontio! We have not plundered the French traders, as you may believe. We only interfered with those that carried guns, powder and balls to our enemies, the Iwikties and the Chictagiks, because those arms might have cost us our lives. Herein we followed the example of the Jesuits, who destroy all the kegs of rum brought to our villages, for their fear of drunken Indians. We have not beavers enough to pay for all those arms, all that booty, nor are our old men anxious to avert war. Let this *wampum* belt preserve my words!"

Tecumseh, or Shooting-Star, the Shawnee leader, was as proud as he was eloquent. After his address to General Harrison at Vincennes (now in Indiana) he found that there was no seat for him. Was this an oversight or an affront? The General then called for a chair and offered it to him, "Your Father," said he, "requests you to sit on this chair."—"My Father?" replied the haughty leader, "The Sun is my father; and the Earth, my mother. I will repose upon her bosom," and he sat on the ground, as Indians are wont to do.

Satire, or invective was not unknown to the native orators. Father Petitot has quoted good tirades from as far a country as that of the timorous Athapascans, within the Arctic Circle; for instance, the remonstrance of Sanaindi, the head-chief of

the Dog-Ribs, who resented the missionary's continued obstinacy.

“Eh! *Menounlay-yatree!* The French prayer-men are rash and unbearable. No one can command but they; no, never! Not even when they are in our country. Here is he, the one whom we have summoned to baptize us all. We long desired his coming, we greeted him as a dear relation, we listened to his words, we loved him, we housed him and we fed him. Now then, can we get anything out of him in return, we, the chiefs? No more than could those little children yonder. He is alone in this land of ours, without relatives, without protection; but that does not keep him from defying us all. He knows nothing but his own will, and wants everybody to bow his head before him. Yet, I am a chief, I, Sanaindi! My hair is white with age. Why does he not obey me, like our Dene medicine-men? If I bid them, ‘Sing for us!’ they comply. If I say, ‘Attend to this patient!’ they do. That is all! This little French priest is the only one who will say No! If we offer to pay him for baptism, he flushes with anger and retorts, ‘It is not done for money!’ He sprinkles the water of baptism on the head of the evil because he knows not their bad heart, and withholds it from the good whom he mistakes for the evil. No sooner do we ask him to stay, than he departs. Do we dismiss him? He stays, verily he does. He thinks he is the only man on earth, *Kay-odeha*, and he will never submit to anyone, not even to us while he lives in our forests, the forests we have owned since the beginning.”

Stoic as the Indians were on most occasions, they gave free reign to their feelings in the event of death. ‘Do you believe that we are brutes?’ once protested an Iroquois *sachem* to his English allies, who were pressing for more parties to harass the French. “You seem to think that we do not feel the loss of our dearest relatives, some of them the

bravest men in our nation. You must give us time to bewail our sorrow."

"The practice prevailed," explains Morgan, "of addressing the dead before burial, under the belief that they could hear, although unable to answer."

"My child," wailed a mother beside the body of her son, "My child, listen once more to the words of your mother! You were born with her pains, you were nourished from her body. She was faithful in bringing you up. When you were young, she loved you as her life. You were a source of joy to her. Upon you she depended for the comfort of her declining days; she expected to end the path of life before you. Alas, you have outstripped her, you have gone before her! . . . Your relatives have gathered about your body, so have your friends, to look upon you for the last time. They mourn with one heart, they mourn your departure from among them.

"We part now, and you pass from our sight. We, too, have but a few days before our journey is ended. Then we shall meet again, to part no more. *Naho!*"

Less formal, yet moving, are the last words of Wanou, and Abenaki, to a young Englishman, his former enemy, whose life he had saved when he was a child. "Have you a father?" enquired the old man. "He was living when I left my country," was the reply. "How fortunate he is still to have a son!" cried the Indian. "I have been a father, too, but I am no longer. Do you know it? My son fell by my side in a battle; he had fought valiantly, he was covered with wounds. Like a man he died, but I avenged his death, oh, I avenged it!" Here Wanou's frame was shaking. His words rang vehemently. For a moment his chest heaved with sighs. But soon he turned towards the east where the sun had risen. In a quiet manner, he continued, "Young man, you see that light? Do you feel any pleasure when you behold it?"—"Yes," replied

the young man. "It is with pleasure that I look at it." Wanou said, "I am glad that you are happy. But there is no more joy for me when I see the sun rise." Showing his friend a shrub in bloom, he enquired, "Look at this beautiful plant, look at its flowers. Does it give you any pleasure?" said the Indian. "Yes, great pleasure."—"To me, it gives no pleasure said the old Indian, who then embraced the young Englishman, sending him away with the last words, "Begone, the sun is risen! Hasten to your country, that your father may still have pleasure when he sees the flowers of spring, that he may still have you when he beholds the rising sun. Farewell!"

Strife is a revealer of souls. More than anything else it stirred passion and vehemence in the native bosoms. Nowhere did the Indian show his mettle better than on the war-path. He reached toward his object with a bold, unswerving hand. Here he excelled himself, even to the death. The harangues of some of the war leaders are among the most eloquent.

Terror spread in the frontier settlements of Ohio and Indiana at the news, in 1812, that Tecumseh had reorganized his Indian League. Isadore, the chief of the Michigan Wyandots, met the Shawnee leader at a Council and delivered the message of the American General Hull. "You understand, my friends," concluded Isadore, "that the Big-Knives (the Americans) ask us to remain neutral during their great war with the British. Why should we not comply? This is a white man's affair, not ours. What is more: The Big-Knives have promised their friendship and protection against hostile tribes, if we do not take sides with their enemies."

Tecumseh replied, "I heard of this friendship, of this protection, even before you left your home to address us here. Let me say that I have no confidence in the words of the Big-Knives. Hull's advice is empty talk; and think you, Wyandots, that you can be neutral and remain in peace while you live

along the shores of the Detroit River, on that highway of the armies of the white man? Neutral, eh? And who will protect you from the attacks of your ancient enemies, the Fox Indians, and the other western tribes who may become the allies of the British? Do you expect the Big-Knives to fight them off for you? This neutrality shall pass as this smoke from my pipe-tomahawk does through the open roof of this wigwam; it shall pass into nothing. Remain neutral in this war and you shall be looked upon by other nations as cowards! What else could happen, if we all took sides against the Big-Knives? Would neutrality vindicate our rights to the country of our forefathers, would it restore the hunting-grounds taken from us—tell me? As well might you think of recalling the years that have rolled over our heads as of recapturing the lands that have passed into the hands of the white man.”

So began the memorable debate that was to end only at sunset, when Chief Isadore took a few whiffs from the calumet and passed it on to Tecumseh. But the Shawnee had not changed his mind; he broke the pipe stem and dashed the fragments to the ground, leaving the assembly with his escort. “Whoo!” exclaimed one of the neutral chiefs, “it looks as if our peace council would end in nothing.”

The hand-to-hand struggles of the borderlands frequently developed into dramatic situations. Rancour would turn into rage; bitterness into defiance. Pity and sorrow at times swayed emotional hearts. Whenever those passions found their way into words, native eloquence attained a pitch of unsurpassed intensity.

The Huron chief Awe-atay had the Iroquois brave Aronyara at his mercy. The moment had come for the death blow. “My nephew,” said Awe-atay, “your life is in my hands; it is now that I should destroy it, before your fellow-warriors overtake us. But your blood would not blot out our miseries, the miseries brought upon us by the war. We were

speaking of making an alliance, as we glided down the river together—you have not so soon forgotten? Since peace between our nations is more precious than our lives, I shall take a risk with you, to insure so great a blessing to my grand-nephews. I shall spare you, rather than avenge the death of my ancestors in your blood. If for this I must be killed, be killed for your sake, my nephew, at least I shall die honourably. When we are surrounded by your kinsmen, as we shall be in a moment, the tomahawks will be raised over my head, and you may not care to shield me. Should I have spared you only for my own loss? Then, be it so! Disgrace shall be yours. You shall be deemed a dastard for letting your people knock down under your eyes the very one who has just given you your life.”

The Iroquois *royaner* answered, “My uncle, your thoughts are noble. You can kill me. But, spare my life, I pray you! I shall never forget. The fame I have won on the war-path shall not be overlooked by my compatriots; I can protect you, I trust, you and your friends. Should I fail in my appeal, then my body will be your rampart. I would rather be burnt at the stake than incur dishonour, than abandon you after you have risked your life to save mine.”

The enmity between the Crows and the Blackfeet on the western plains had long endured, when, in 1843, a party of Crows contrived to enter a Blackfoot lodge circle, in the guise of peace negotiators. Feasted and entertained though they were, they assassinated two Blackfeet in a lonely ravine. But when the fresh scalps in their pouches fell at night into the hands of a pilferer, a woman, the alarm silently spread throughout camp. At daybreak, Spotted-Deer, the chief of the Blackfeet, summoned his guests, who appeared with indifference before an assembly that was seething with indignation. “Strangers,” said Spotted-Deer, “it was only yesterday that you arrived in our midst. You were the deputies of the Crow chiefs, hitherto our foes. Your purpose was to conclude with

us a treaty of peace. We opened our hearts to your words of good-will. Our lodges welcomed you, you joined in our games, in our feast. To-day we intended to show you still greater friendliness. But, before we further discourse, I have a question to ask you. Crows! I must have your answer, and your answer must be true." Then he drew the scalps from the bullet-pouch and, showing them, cried, "Tell me, Crows, whose hair is this? and this? who of you claims these trophies? No one replied. They were astonished. They knew nothing of the dastardly attack. Was this a pretext for a quarrel? The Blackfoot resumed, "Will no one answer? Must I call a Blackfoot woman to question the Crow braves?" And the woman who knew, did as she was beckoned; she pointed to one of two guilty brothers. Every eye now turned upon him. "Know you these scalps?" asked the chief. "Will you have the courage to confess it?" The young Crow with one bound stood opposite his questioner and shouted, "Spotted-Dear, I fear not! it is I who took the one scalp. If I concealed my prowess, it was only to do you more evil before I departed. You want to know whose hair this is? Look at the fringe of your own shirt, of your own leggings. In my turn, I ask, whose hair is that? Belongs it not to my two brothers slain by you and yours, hardly two moons ago? 'Tis revenge brings me here! My brother held the other scalp in his shot-bag, and we had resolved to fling these to your face, Spotted-Deer, with our challenge of defiance."

In calm, dignified language, the old Blackfoot retorted, "Young man, you have spoken well. You are valiant and fear not death, which will be yours and your companion's! Yet we have smoked the calumet here together. The ground that has seen the peace ceremony shall not drink your blood. Behold Crows, behold the hill in the distance! It stretches across the path that leads to the lodges in your country. Now take your leave from amongst us. So far shall we allow you to

proceed. When you ascend that hill, we shall give you chase, and with your lives you shall pay for this."

How impressive must have been Tecumseh's harangue, "My friends, this night the spirits of our fathers . . .", when he gathered his followers by the council fire under the midnight stars! Harrison, the American General, had just halted with his troops near the Shawnee villages. Some of the leaders in the Indian league were beginning to waver. A decision had to be made before daybreak. "My friends," exclaimed Tecumseh, "this night the spirits of our fathers are listening to our deliberations. The stranger sits at our doors. Shall it be said that we met with an army of Big-Knives and, scared of them, that we broke up our League and scampered off to the woods? Here we stand ready, with our plans matured, to strike in defence of our homes and hunting grounds. Shall we surrender to the intruder, the usurper, who holds out to us the hand of peace, while his other hand points towards his armed forces? Who is there around this council fire that would withdraw from the League, forget his pledges, and go backwards like a crawfish? Let us be united! We may still save our land from the hands of the white invader. Other nations shall soon join us. Rouse up your spirits, my friends, and let us defend our homes when the sun again shines upon us!"

A generation later, it was the turn of Morning-Star, the young chief of the Walla-Walla, beyond the Western Mountain ranges, to sing his war-song. Many of his tribes had fallen before the armed invaders, and his breech-clout warriors were ready for an encounter. The unavenged dead breathed hatred in their souls, when they intoned their chant, "Rest, brothers, rest! You shall be avenged! Your widows shall wipe their tears, when they see the blood of your murderers, when they behold their scalps. Your children shall sing with joy. Rest, brothers, in peace! Rest, we shall have blood!"

If war and revenge were the last resort of native honour and justice, it could not bring real compensation in its trail of fire and blood. It was the fruit of despair. This is shown in Logan's famous address to Lord Dunmore, in 1775: "I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and Logan gave him no meat; if he ever entered cold and naked, and Logan clothed him not. In the last war, a long and bloody war, Logan sat idle by his fire-side, an advocate of peace. His love for the pale-faces was such that his countrymen pointed at him, as they hastened past, saying, 'Logan is their friend!' He might have lived contented alongside of you, but for the injuries from the hand of one man. In cold blood and without provocation Colonel Cresap last spring murdered Logan's every relation, even his women and children. They called for revenge. Logan sought it, sought it in the blood of many. He fully glutted his fury. He might at last welcome peace. But do not think for a moment that his was the feeling of fear, or still less of contentment. Logan never knew what fear was. He would not turn on his heel to save his life. Or of contentment? How could it be when there flows not a drop of his blood in the veins of any living creature! Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

THE BEE-MASTER

BY ADRIAN BELL

BEES are a gift of the air, coming to hang like a monstrous fruit under the blossoms of May. Of all engaged in bee-keeping, how many have not started fortuitously by the arrival of a swarm about their heads, literally "out of the blue"!

That was how it happened to me. It was a Saturday afternoon. The week's work on the Suffolk farm was over, the horses were turned out in the meadow, the pigs littered with straw, mangolds enough to last the week-end ground for the cattle; and now after lunch, my pocket-book lean with wages-paying but my heart light, I composed myself in a chair in the sun to enjoy the full rich idleness of the labouring man until tea-time.

But hark! A growing murmur in the old cherry tree: a million motes were zig-zagging in the air above me. I stirred hastily to escape the visitation, but even as I did so, I saw a black wen, big as my fist, on the underside of a bough, and was held fascinated, watching it grow, while the murmur died away above. It looked, on the face of it, an impossibility, a flouting of the laws of gravitation: but there they all hung, in the shape of a bunch of grapes, tapering, pendulous, swaying slightly with the bough; a creeping, shimmering multitude, each supporting and supported by his fellows.

How was it that the queen and her immediate hangers-on were not smothered? How did they support the weight of all the rest and not lose hold of the bough? Such questions were wondering undertones to a mercenary jingle that kept running in my head:

A swarm in May
Is worth a load of hay.

I saw, with an uncomfortable conscience, the ghost of the aged man who had acquainted me with that rhyme admonishing with it my inertia and pointing his stick at the swarm.

"They'll stay there awhile," I thought, moving my chair.
"Till to-morrow morning probably."

"Not with the sun so warm", the shade answered.

"In any case I've no hive."

"A box would do—to make shift."

I sat and watched while the debate went on, and a vague compulsion grew against my natural indolence and timidity.

Just as I rose up to do something two things happened. The swarm dissolved into the air again, and the postman came down the garden path with a telegram. The telegram I was expecting, and knew its contents: the bees engaged both our attentions, booming away to the meadow in a shadowy skein. When I say "postman" I mean one in postman's uniform. Intrinsically he was rather a visionary old countryman whose garden was templed with a few straw bee-skeps.

"Have you a tin can and a key?" he asked breathlessly.

"What for?"

"Quick!" he commanded, "or they'll be gone."

I rushed indoors, seized a frying pan from my astonished wife's grasp, pulled the great key from the back-door lock and thrust them at him. Immediately he began beating the one upon the other and ran off after the bees. I followed as far as the top meadow, where I saw him already distant, stumbling over clod and furrow and disappearing through a double hedge, but never for a moment ceasing his tattoo. Long after he was out of sight I could hear his ting-ting-ting faintly through the idle afternoon, like some old tocsin of alarm. Any week-ender coming on our postman running through the fields with those domestic implements must have wondered at the frenzies indigenous to village life.

It was a long time before he returned, dishevelled and broiled in his thick serge uniform, but without the bees or knowledge of their whereabouts. This tintinnabulation of his was supposed to be a specific against an escaping swarm, causing it immediately to settle. But the magic hadn't worked, not for the first time, I expect, though nothing, apparently, could shake his faith in it.

I recompensed him with beer for his strange performance; being revived he went on his way.

The next day, which was Sunday, there came to me a man from the neighbouring village, dressed in a square black Sabbath suit which misfitted his toil-worn limbs with a peculiar dignity. He was of about the same age as the postman, but his eyes were as keen as the other's were bemused and superstitious. He'd heard, he said, as how I'd lost a swarm.

Well, yes, in a sense, I answered; if its hanging for an hour from my cherry tree constituted that I'd ever *had* it.

It had settled, he said, on one of his bushes, and he'd taken it in a box, and there it waited for me if I'd care to carry it home.

I thanked him, telling him also, as though to put a little more claim to it, how our postman had chased it throughout the latter part of yesterday afternoon, making a noise with a key and a frying pan. Thereupon his lean face grizzled up in contemptuous laughter, hollowing his keen eyes yet deeper under his brows.

"He might just as well try to catch a bird by putting salt on its tail," he said.

I had heard of this man, though I hadn't met him before. His name was John Preedy, and I had heard that he had been a shoemaker, and knew something about bees.

So I went along with him, and from his conversation it soon became apparent that he was to the postman what Science is to Superstition. He was old and bent as a withe unbound

from a twelvemonth faggot, but by dint of making his legs very busy he walked quickly, so that I had to stir mine, which usually go in an indolent pacing fashion, to keep up with him. When I came to his plot of land—which was not far across the fields—I found a number of modern hives ranged under the hedge, newly-painted white miniature wooden chalets, overlooking the foot-high forest of his clover crop.

The swarm which was “mine” was contained in an inverted box on a board, with two pieces of stick keeping a gap at one edge, where bees were taking the air and alighting.

One's first swarm is apt to seem rather an embarrassment at first sight. Mine did, for my guide initiated me into the craft standing right in the midst of the mazy, aerial traffic of the hives, so that my attention was occupied in dodging his bees—of which he took no notice whatever—rather than in storing up his advice about mine.

He talked for a long time among the bees, watching, perhaps, like an old campaigner, how this recruit stood his baptism of fire. “If you're frightened of bees,” he told me, “you'll handle them jumpily, and that's just what irritates them.” But really bees were gentle, peaceable creatures, he assured me, and only stung as a last resort. He told me how my swarm would increase, and of the absorbing interest I should find in bee-keeping.

“But,” he warned me, “they take a dislike to anyone smelling of drink.” That was a disappointment, as bees are mostly a hot-weather job, and there is no refreshment, I think, like a glass of beer.

“Now, you'll need a hive,” he said; I suggested that a straw skep would do very well. I liked the idea a lot better than that of these many-storeyed modern villas of his (there was no limit to their height; you could pile storey upon storey, sky-scrapers in Lilliput). The skep was lovely building and traditional; it was cheap, and it seemed to me was going to

need a deal less manipulation than these hives with removable roofs.

But Preedy condemned the idea utterly. The economy was false, for with a skep you have to smoke the bees to death to take the honey, which is even then of poor quality owing to the brood being mixed up in it. A modern hive, on the other hand, allowed of free manipulation from above, and of taking the honey with little disturbance to the inmates. And such pure clear honey! Did I not know those squares of comb honey, so expensive to buy, but such an ornament to the breakfast table? These were obtainable with ease from the modern hive. At that I agreed to the extra outlay, and appeased his disappointment at my suggestion out of the dark ages after his highly technical instructions.

He made hives, he said, and could supply me with one at a third less than they would charge me in a shop. He took me round behind a shed, and there stood one of a tropical whiteness glistening in the sun.

I took it home on my shoulder, complete with all its interior furnishings, and set it in my orchard and arranged its storeys.

Admittedly this was Sunday, but though it is blasphemous to meddle in arable activities on that day, it is proper to tend one's livestock and not accounted a sin to hive a swarm, especially in the evening when the Sabbath calm is wearing off a bit.

I returned to John Preedy in the evening, as he had instructed, and found him, wearing his daily coat over his Sunday trousers, awaiting me by the swarm.

Very gently he took the sticks from beneath the box, and lowered it on to the board. As it touched, the swarm inside gave a sharp Z-ZZ! as much as to say, "Hi, there, what are you up to?" He swathed the whole thing in a white cloth and knotted the top, as though it were a pudding. Lifting it,

board and all, he started off; I following with certain paraphernalia for the hiving.

We arrived in the orchard and set down our things. The hive entrance was regulated by sliding shutters. We opened the portals their widest, laid a board sloping up to them from the ground, and spread over it the white cloth, which also reached some way over the ground, lest any should get lost in the long grass. I must mow the grass, he said.

He lifted the box and showed me the swarm sleeping suspended in a mass from the top. Then he jerked it down on the board, where it broke into a black bewildered horde creeping in every direction. Taking the smoker which I held ready, he bombarded them with heavy clouds upon their front and flanks; they recoiled and retreated up towards their new home. They crept up the white cloth like an army of black slaves dragging a single block to the building of the Pyramids. Watching them, it seemed to me, that men, when they work in unanimous myriads, are as this multitude of bees, storing and building they know not why. The individual, only he is transcendent, sitting aloof with his faculties balanced and true to him, his instinct seeking the stars for touchstone—sitting alone in his garden enjoying the god-head of observation of all busy lesser life.

Thus was my first swarm hived, and now whenever this subject of bees recurs I am flashed back to that dusk-hour—it is the little play that is forever acted in the scene of “Summer Evening”, when stillness endows the lightest leaf with a quality of endurance transcending its nature—a fixity as of iron wrought with art. Or again in the broad day, still in the thick and fretted scene of summer, I see myself and John Preedy clad in that Hermaphrodite garb of veil, white kid gloves, straw hat (Preedy wore an old one of his wife’s), and trousers tied at the boots. This somehow seems to connect us with Morris dancers and the robust yet flowery masquerade

of antique joy. On those days we bore in the oozing combs while the orchard shade droned. The kitchen reeked of sweetness while we extracted the honey and put it into pots, and then, when at last the table was cleared, we sat and had tea there, my wife, John Preedy and I, with some of the new honey in a brown bowl, which John would taste and give his opinion of, whether it were up to the flavour of last year, and whether it were clover honey or willow honey or what.

For my single hive had increased in a year or two to six, and John's scholar had become his colleague in modern bee-culture. We would meet and chat about our hives like two autocrats discussing their subjects. Our state was not without enemies. The yellow peril was as real to us as to the greater world; for the wasps would descend suddenly in hordes to kill and plunder. Many fierce battles have been fought at the hive portals, leaving the ground littered with dead.

John was a great talker. His inexhaustible subject was the intricate but mechanical sociology of the hive. His object was always to mass the greatest possible number of "workers" per hive in advance of the warm weather. He was the busiest of all. Even when taking tea with us after the afternoon's work he'd not relax, talking with a cup of tea in one hand and a slice of cake in the other, which were held poised as though waiting their chance to slip in between one sentence and the next.

He had a dozen hives in all, but these represented his tenacity of purpose, not the sum of his experience. For he told us of his life, and how he had started as a village shoemaker as his father had been, the top of whose head, as he bent over his work, used to be regarded almost as part of the bay window of his shop by those who passed by. It had turned from black to white there in course of time, to be replaced at last by the red-haired pate of his son. He had made the best pair of boots for fifteen shillings obtainable hereabouts, a pair which,

regularly greased, would keep out the wet for twelve months, my man Walter told me. Seeing that the labourer is walking all winter in a saturated dough of clay, and all summer first through dew-drenched meadow, then over rock-rough fallow, that speaks well for a pair of boots.

Whether or not the crumpling of the chest over work was visited upon the next generation, John Preedy, while yet young, fell into a decline and was told by the doctor that if he would save his life he must live it in the open air. But what shall it profit a man if he save his life and lose his livelihood? That question haunted him as he sat in the healing sun one day in May. Whereat, as though in answer, the air grew murmurous with bees, which flew down through a space between his apple trees and swarmed upon a currant bush close before him.

From that first swarm he built up a colony of a hundred hives, and engaged in all the business of an expert, sending hives to the moors when the heather bloomed, selling queens, swarms, and supplying a London Stores regularly with the bulk of his honey. He showed me a photograph—now sallow—of his large field regimented with hives like a municipal housing scheme, and himself in the middle wearing the straw hat and white ducks which are the bee-keeper's uniform, and make him a figure of optimism in our preponderantly grey and boisterous calendar.

That was his zenith. Disease was reported from the Isle of Wight, and year by year John Preedy found it spreading closer about his East Anglian retreat. It came at last and left every hive dead and silent to the clarion sun of May.

Everything had to be destroyed. When he had burned all his hives, he set to to farm his land as a small-holding.

One day, some years later, as he led his horses out after dinner he found a swarm hanging from the handle of his plough. He took it and started to build up his colony again.

Now he had twelve hives. Like a bee himself, he was patient and blindly pertinacious. All summer he would be stooping low over his long scythe, mowing the grass in front of his hives that it should not impede their coming and going. He left nothing undone that could possibly aid their honey-gathering. Did he ever once straighten himself and look over to the horizon? I don't think so. He was like a man looking through a microscope: his vistas were all an intensification of the minute, as he manipulated his dolls' houses of hives, floor by floor, diving his fingers sometimes to the very inmost sanctuary of the community—the royal boudoir—cutting out queen cells to prevent swarming. That was ever his preoccupation in the spring, to stop these lyric, these wasteful love-flights; to keep them to the task of honey, honey, more honey. A jealous god.

His maxim was: "Take Time by the Forelock". He was always coming out with it. It was the watchword of his craft. He also latterly repeated to me a wish—a very bee-like wish—that he might "die in harness".

He became ill, and I watched his hives for him, for it was spring. I used to sit by his bed and report to him on the state of his hives, while he lay in a flannel nightshirt buttoned up to the neck, looking out of the window, which showed only the sky from where he lay, gazing for the first time in his life, I think, on the passing pageant of clouds.

"In bee-keeping," he said for the last time to me, though I believe he thought it was the first, "the great thing to remember is, 'Take Time by the Forelock'".

I was making an artificial shower of rain with a syringe and a pail of water out of a cloudless sky, causing an absconding swarm to settle, which I captured to be the nucleus of his thirteenth hive, when he died. Though he smiled when I returned it was not at my news. I saw by the fixity of his

eyes toward the window that the clouds had beckoned him away at last.

We planted a willow over his grave, for that is the first tree to which the bees come in spring, and if they know anything (and who knows how little or how great their apprehension?) they may guess that thereunder lies a Bee-Master and a Master-Bee.

Thereafter I backslid. The swarm I had taken for his thirteenth hive was gone when I came to hive it. "There's no accounting for bees", I told myself, looking at the deserted beginnings of comb under the lid of the box. I spoke of it to the postman when I went for the afternoon letters.

"Oh, but of course," he said. "Why, of course they'd be sure to go. You never told them of his death, you see. If anyone in the house dies and you don't tell the bees' they won't stay."

Yet I couldn't scorn this old fellow with his dark certainties, his ridiculous tinklings after bees that were really in his own bonnet. The old moralists bid us go to the bees for an example; but to one who has seen a little of the modern world their whole polity seems designed by God as a warning against the very contingency to which civilization is now come. For if you "understand" bees as John Preedy "understood" them, and ever pause to look at the sky above, you realize what a Communistic cul-de-sac their race represents. Blindly they serve the modern honey-factory; one grain of love in a desert of labour is their lot; honey is taken from them, and they make more and more, and then, when winter comes, accept syrup for food.

Our postman said little as a rule, and then only when questioned.

"Isle of Wight disease? No, I never lost none by it. John Preedy's bees? Why, of course, they died; he used to feed them on syrup and faked-up stuff all winter. And in them cold

wooden hives. It's unnatural—stands to reason they died. You can't do just what you like with bees; they be wonderful chancy things, you can't ever get to the bottom of they."

And that is why, in the midst of my modern bee-keeping, I often look over the hedge at the straw-domed nook in the postman's garden, as one full-fed with scientific formulae may look back on Eden, when darkness was a presence and Adam stood in awe of an ordaining hand. For our postman's bees are endued with a spirit and a caprice. His skeps are like offspring of his own thatched house; their tenants are his neighbours not his slaves. If any in the house should die, he tells them of it; if they fly away he makes a tinkling noise to charm them home. His lore is so immemorial as to make Science seem an unmannerly urchin cocking snooks at venerable men. Virgil was persuaded of it, and the ancient Greeks who endued bees with the gift of oratory. Did not a swarm settle on the lips of the infant Plato? Did not Mahomet admit bees to Paradise? And Porphyry says of fountains that "they are adapted to the nymphs, or those souls which the ancients called bees."

Like a wise man our postman admits of understanding less as he grows older. Least of all would he admit of understanding bees. One continues, of course, with one's modern utility hives, but his straw skeps with their Gothic curve are like the temples of some picturesque old faith. And, oh, who wouldn't nowadays prefer to be, as he is, still on the side of the angels?

MUSIC: SOME PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY

BY LEO SMITH

MUSIC, which like all other arts, depends on makers and buyers, finds the present time one of difficulty and concern. This, of course, is merely an echo of a cry of the times. Almost every art and business is confronted with perplexities of a serious kind, due in large measure to a decline in monetary values and in the flow of trade. Naturally music has not escaped. An aspect of civilization, not in the category of the necessities or the comforts, it is suffering from those curtailments and retrenchments which are the order of the day. To write of these would serve no purpose. Economists and statesmen are discussing the many causes of our troubles, viewed from a larger angle, though whether their special knowledge can be turned to practical account is often questioned. I do not intend, therefore, to link the word depression with present musical conditions. Like the objection to cheap music, it is obvious. And the obvious is liable to become odious.

Music, however, has at the moment some new problems quite other than those associated with the state of trade, and amelioration is impossible without public knowledge and support. Naturally my own viewpoint is biased; I am writing from within the musical tabernacle. I would like more buyers, and I would like the article bought to be of a better kind. For it is most essential to remember that music which is good is music which possesses quality. Quality is that which endures. A nation which can produce an art which endures, produces that which becomes a national pride. But of that I will speak later.

It is a curious anomaly that at the present time there are fewer musical buyers, yet more music. This is accounted for by scientific invention. The Cinema, the Radio and the Talkie have exercised a profound influence on the thought of to-day, and have affected the relation of the musician to his public. It is true that the cinema, unlike its successor, combined gains in two ways. It brought about an increase in musical performance, and this in turn led to a corresponding increase in the number of performers and listeners. But such gains were in the direction of quantity only. Quality was of little or no importance because the ear was subordinate to the eye. The interest was the telling of a story in moving pictures; the music was an antidote to the absence of speech. The effect, musically speaking, was a growth of inattentive listening.

Inattentive listening has played such an important part in musical history that I would like at this point to delve a little into the records of the past and cite some examples which show its influence on composition. It began soon after 1600, when the new professionalism arose. Music, seeking autonomy from an ecclesiastical bondage, was forced to find a market. But it was soon discovered that the new buyers did not possess that homogeneity of thought displayed by a congregation. All kinds of listeners had to be catered for; and musical styles were changed to meet a diversity of demands.

Nevertheless, as long as audiences remained relatively small, composers had little call to cheapen the quality of their efforts. In England, to cite a familiar instance, a branch of secular music made its appearance in Tudor times. It was performed in the Great Halls, the palaces, of the rich and of the nobility. There were professionals—mostly composers—who wrote or chose the music; but many amateurs took part in performance. A characteristic feature of the period was the ability of the educated man and woman to sing at sight. Time has shown that this music possessed quality. It

is still part of our musical heritage. Of late it has grown so much in favour that many regard it as among our highest musical possessions. Further evidence in support of the same contention may be drawn from that activity in music which, during the eighteenth century, was a feature of the courts of the small Principalities of Europe. It was the fashion to include musicians among the entourage of the Prince's dependents. It was the period of patronage, when taste was fashioned in out of the way places, like Esterhazy's castle on the Neusiedler-See. And while Haydn's¹ music—to take one example—betrays the fact that the patron was inattentive at times, there is yet evidence to show that in the main the composer could write as he wished. The Sonata—the outcome of the musical effort of this time—is proof of this. It is a form which demands critical attention. Themes appear and reappear; there is an exposition, a development and a recapitulation; there is the principle of organic unity. Like the story of Middlemarch, the spokes of the wheel—the separate stories, (the movements) are connected with the hub—the village of Middlemarch (musically a centre of gravity suggested by a balance of key and mood).

When, however, the composer appealed to a larger audience, his task became more difficult. The opera is a case in point; it soon became apparent that the co-ordination of its four elements: words, acting, scenery and music, was a task far beyond the mentality of the listener. At first he was critical towards the words; then the music. Consequently, opera began with recitative and drifted into aria. In the first the words were important; in the second they were of little account. Thus we find Handel using such sentences as:—"Ah I fear this stranger has trespassed on my unsuspecting bosom"; and this, for a chorus:—"Grant us aid we don't

¹Haydn was employed for thirty years by Prince Anton and Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy.

deserve." Perhaps the climax of such inanity appeared in an Italian opera of about the same time when an aria was set to the lines:—

"And when the birds sing,
And when the birds sing,
And when the birds sing;
'Tis love, 'tis love that makes them sing:—"

A verse which explains the *bon mot* "words are sung when they are too silly to be spoken."

Another instance illustrating inattentive listening is the fate of the overture. Audiences have always included late-comers. These, and, indeed, the majority of the more 'punctual', have been prone to regard the musical prelude only as a kind of preliminary stimulant, as something which increased the excitement of finding the allotted seat, or of giving zest to the spirit of anticipation. Consequently it was never heard. In due course composers realized that artistic effort spent in the writing of overtures was a waste of time. Many, in fact, gave up this part of the work altogether; and we find Italian operas of the eighteenth century beginning with Lully's overtures, but with no reference to that composer's name.

In the past, therefore, the inattentive listener has left his impress; he has shown cause and effect. In addition he has been a powerful factor in the promoting of cheap music—music which will fit a mental groove worn by the impress of constant melodic and harmonic progressions and which in consequence shuns originality and organic continuity. But past effects are insignificant compared to those of the present. I have already spoken of the Cinema. It surfeited the minds of a great number of people with a music that was forgotten as soon as it was played, that served no purpose other than that of a background of which the mind was hardly conscious. It has therefore had no positive influence whatsoever. The United States has been foremost in the history of the Silent Picture. Enormous sums of money have been spent in the making of

films; but how much in money or effort has been spent in the writing of the film's music?

But besides the cinema other changes have exercised a powerful sway in the same direction. Jazz, in chronological order, would come next. To strike a true balance after appraising the debit and credit sides of Jazz is too large a subject for discussion in this article. Only one point can be mentioned: experiments have shown that as long as it fulfils the function of stimulation, of making noise and rhythm, little or nothing else matters. The conductor, Koussievitsky, once arranged a simultaneous performance of several 'Jazz' works. Upon enquiry afterwards he found that the superposition of various themes had not been detected. No one had noticed anything unusual.

In the Radio we have, I think, a more alarming influence towards inattentive listening than any that historical records can show. There is a consensus of opinion that many who began by listening soon allowed it to become merely a stimulant to the daily task. And, as no stimulant can preserve its potency, the result is that it now functions merely as a background—a 'drowning, draining, dementing noise,' serving no purpose except that it would be missed if it were removed. Music going on from morning into the far hours of the night is appalling to those who link it reverentially with the arts.

"If music is the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die."

The quotation, although threadbare with much repetition, is relevant, since such excess may work destruction not on the feeling of love but on music itself. No longer will it "refresh the mind of man after his studies." Such power will long since have disappeared, for the mind of man will need rest from its incessant titillation.

It must be admitted that critical listening to music is difficult. Music is the most abstract of the arts. It has been well said that while much is left to the seer of a picture and more to the reader of a poem, most of all is demanded from the hearer of music. Yet I do not think that such demands belong to the category of knowledge. Form, analysis, ability to recognize different themes, keys, chords, may help; but for the most part these are not essential. Technical equipment may be necessary for the critic, for he should be ahead, as it were, of the public. But it is not really indispensable for the ordinary listener's enjoyment. For in the main, the difference between a critical and uncritical listener is, that the receptive imagination of the one is alive, while in the other it is inactive. The uncritical hears only with the ear; music to him is simply a sensorial stimulation; his court of appeal is purely aural. He that hears also with the inner ear, on the other hand, regards music as an intelligent enjoyment. Though he may not have any musical knowledge he is willing to listen attentively, he is willing above all to hear a piece more than once, and he is sensitive to the feeling of its effect. I would stress particularly this willingness to hear the same music more than once, because music is a moving art. Its instreaming impressions flow from beginning to end, and if these are not met at times by inner expectations, it is difficult to follow and co-ordinate paragraph with paragraph.

There is a story told by Von Bülow, a great figure in German music of the last century, which illustrates the value that musicians place upon repeated hearings. He was conducting a Beethoven symphony. The performance finished, the reception was chilly. So turning to his orchestra he said: "They have not understood it; we will have it again." And with this the entire work was repeated. I know that this story savours of Prussianism. Naturally we dislike such autocratic actions. But had it not been for the willingness of a German

audience to submit, to recognize the fact that a work often becomes strangely altered on second hearing, Germany could never have achieved that pre-eminence in the musical world which marked her position in the nineteenth century, and brought in its train such splendid rewards.

It has been claimed that a good listener is himself a kind of composer. "He creates anew in his inner consciousness the inspiration of genius." It is said that he 'understands' music. This statement bears comparison to another: 'they understood each other', which implies that the one can enter into or take on the feelings of the other. This 'taking on' or 'entering into' the pulsing personality of music naturally requires effort. But when it is made, and when it is achieved, there is satisfaction—a relation has been found between a concatenation of notes and one of the supreme beauties of the world. To expand a saying of Montague: "You have caught a momentary glimpse of beauty as a mind more fully grown might see beauty always."

The trend of social legislation, the growth of democracy, the development of mechanical instruments, scientific invention, etc., have combined, therefore, to increase uncritical listening. This is one of our problems. But there is another aspect to these changes. They have created an enormous increase in the number of music-makers or sellers. A noted Russian critic and essayist has taken much trouble to compile figures. His table shows that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when music was still an aristocratic pleasure, the number of composers who achieved sufficient notoriety to be tabulated in dictionaries was comparatively small. The latter half of the seventeenth century, for instance, discloses about 700 names, and the corresponding half of the eighteenth about 900. In the nineteenth century, however, 4,700 names appear between 1850 and 1900; and in our present times (1900-1930) there are no less than 16,540 people engaged in the task of musical composition. I would like to supplement these figures

with some more. A few years ago official statistics showed that there were 32,000 Jazz 'arrangers' in the United States, while in England three-fourths of the paid musical profession (by which, of course, I mean performers) were engaged in cinema orchestras at the time when the silent picture capitulated to the talkie. It will be understood, therefore, that the two most recent inventions, the talkie and the radio—the former annulling at one blow all the commercial gains of its predecessor, the dance orchestra, and the latter threatening the concert, and the various music trades—together present problems which the musician can only regard with alarm. The radio likewise presents a national problem. Stations which a year or so ago were employing many Canadian musicians are now discontinuing that practice and, in its place, are relaying United States programmes. This is cheaper, especially in programmes of ensemble and orchestral music. Moreover, since the richest and biggest cities attract the greatest performers it follows that a New York programme dazzles more than one from Toronto. However, now that the Dominion Government has decided on government control of radio it is likely that a larger proportion of the talent used will henceforth be Canadian. Unfortunately, also, the state of affairs is complicated by the protective trade union. The Musical Protective Association is fighting for control of the air. That is to say, it desires the closed shop. Performance is to be allowed only by members. Even amateur effort is to be excluded except indeed under gracious permission. But there is no protection against music coming from the United States broadcasts, because the Canadian protective associations are branches of the American. The controlling policy is in New York; and no local unit would be allowed to discriminate against its parent body.

The musical barometer, therefore, is very low at the moment. It remains to examine any evidence which may sug-

gest improvement and to formulate a policy which may bring amelioration. On the credit side we have an increase in the technical equipment of our students and performers, a beginning in Canadian composition, an improvement in taste in a few places where concerts have not been discontinued, a growth of the musical competitive movement, in some centres a small extension of music work in schools, and lastly the proof that a percentage of our people acquire or are born with musical gifts. Of these, the competitive festival movement has made most progress. It has become popular, particularly in the West, and has undoubtedly led to an increase in musical interest and to a marked improvement in technical proficiency. Above all it has brought together a larger audience. Many who would firmly decline to go to the ordinary concert find the bait of the competitive festival too alluring to withstand. Moreover, such festivals possess a certain cumulative interest. The verdicts are given at the end, or at the close of a performance. All this is to the good. On the other side are certain serious drawbacks. First, there is the difficulty of giving fair and just decisions. In music only a part can be measured into right and wrong. The rest belongs to the principle of aesthetic enjoyment, for which standards have yet to be discovered. Consequently decisions must often be made on points of opinion rather than on points of fact. The second and more serious objection is the veering of interest from the music to the fight. People are more interested in the winning, placing or losing, than in that which they hear. Consequently, the sporting instinct has to be maintained. If its impetus is allowed to lag or to disappear, the music will disappear likewise; and the gains will be lost.

Another objection hinges more on sentiment. The problems of life are so deeply ingrained with the competitive element that it seems a pity some of our pleasures cannot withstand its appeal. To the great majority, recreation consists in witnessing professional games—miniature battles played with

feverish intensity, or in playing certain card games like Contract Bridge, in which the desire to win is stimulated by prizes or monetary rewards. To instil this spirit into music is unfortunate. Surely the great problem of the present is to acquire the ability to wage peace. By all means, therefore, we should be chary about encouraging this business of contest, this public display of victor and vanquished. It intoxicates too much; it is an artificial heat; and this kind of heat subsides rapidly. True, England has always delighted in these jousts. Formerly it was a trial of skill between composers. But history shows that the aftermath was disappointment and ill-feeling rather than the acquirement of a greater musical appreciation.

In conclusion, I would like to speak of another suggestion, one which would offer greater prospect of amelioration than any other that is before us at the present moment. It is a plea to the educational authorities for a higher valuation of musical achievement. It has been claimed that imagination is the vitality of the mind; it is the most humane gift. The sense for music and for painting belongs to such vitality; they are in the category of those capacities which should be trained when *a priori* gifts indicate that they are present. Such gifts are more common than educationalists are prone to admit. But those who possess them are confronted too often with a difficulty. They may adopt music as their profession. This is often done. Unfortunately, however, the profession cannot absorb all those that are musical. It would be equally impossible for journalism or the literary professions to absorb all those who take pleasure in writing. Failing this, the musical can use their gifts and acquirements only as a recreation. But the time spent in acquiring even a moderate degree of proficiency interferes too much with the daily round of school duties. I take it that the objective of most students is Matriculation. It is the passport from a lower to a higher status. It admits into a cultivated atmosphere in which contact may be sought

with the highest kind of teaching that we know. I cannot see that the difficulties in granting more option to technical proficiency in music in this examination are insurmountable. Musical achievement is more individual than educational knowledge. I know of course that accuracy acquired in musical work does not imply accuracy in other fields. But surely it is a gain to work at that which we like, even though it cannot become the ultimate occupation of existence when the stern realities of life demand that we join the army of workers and sellers.

Artemus Ward once remarked that you may push a man, just as you may push a pin; but in both cases the head will prevent such force from going too far. Scientific invention, social changes, new ideas, etc., have pushed us violently of late. But a musician may hope that the impetus of such combined forces has met a 'head', that the fashioning of stars out of sounds may grow with our expanding race-consciousness.

ANTINOMY

BY MURIEL MILLER HUMPHREY

I

Tempus Aeternum.

I leap from star to star,
I juggle with green-gold moons,
I warm my hands at suns afar
And dance to aërial tunes.

I take from Saturn a ring,
I bathe in the milky way,
I tie up Jove with a comet's string,
Chase night from the end of day.

The suns all fly in a pet,
The planets roll from their place,
The nebulae veil me in silver net
And drape me with silver lace.

God takes me by the hand,
"We were blind, now let us see,"
Shading our eyes, halfway we stand
And gaze on Infinity.

II

Tempora Mutantur.

Small things cannot matter,
What is large or small?
Dynasties may scatter,
Humming-birds may call.

Suns may glow and cool again,
Night may follow day,
King or serf may rule and then
Plague do him away.

Why do we toil or trouble,
Gain, lose,
Pick, choose,
Cut corn and leave the stubble,
Eat, drink,
Starve, think,
Our earthy life redouble?

*Who sees God
Must surely die,
Born of the sod
Man may not look on high.
Vision too splendid
Blasts human sight,
Unapprehended
Must be the Infinite.*

THE BACKGROUND OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE

BY J. W. BOWKER, JR., AND J. A. RUSSELL

EVANGELINE was published in 1847 during the most fruitful years of Longfellow's writing, at a time when certain Swedish and German poems—both in the original and in translation—were uppermost in his mind.¹ He received his first direct inspiration for the theme of the poem from Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, having no use for the prose possibilities of the incidents, turned the material over to his friend.

In Samuel Longfellow's biography of his brother the following account appears:

Mr. Hawthorne came one day to dine at Craigie House, wrote Samuel Longfellow, bringing with him his friend, Mr. H. L. Conolly, who had been the rector of a church in South Boston. At dinner, Conolly said that he had been trying in vain to interest Hawthorne to write a story upon an incident which had been related to him by a parishioner of his, Mrs. Haliburton. It was the story of a young Acadian maiden, who at the dispersion of her people by the English troops, had been separated from her betrothed lover; they sought each other for years in their exile; and at last they met in a hospital where the lover lay dying. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, especially by the constancy of its heroine, and said to his friend, 'If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem'; and Hawthorne consented.²

Hawthorne himself wrote concerning Longfellow's source material for *Evangeline*:

H. L. C. heard from a French-Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage-day all of the men of the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England—among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her, likewise.³

Pickard informs us that before Longfellow had considered the matter of writing *Evangeline*, Whittier had made a study of the banishment of the Acadians, and had intended to write upon that very subject; that he had postponed the project until he discovered that Hawthorne was considering the same topic and afterward had suggested it to Longfellow. After the appearance of *Evangeline*, Whittier was glad of his delay, remarking: "Longfellow was just the one to write it. If I had attempted it, I should have spoiled the artistic effect of the poem by my indignation⁴ at the treatment of the exiles by the Colonial Government."⁵

As regards the setting of *Evangeline*, we can know much more about this than its author did. Longfellow never visited Nova Scotia or the Mississippi, but seems to have secured his conceptions of both regions from a Diorama of the Mississippi, exhibited in Boston when he was writing the epic.⁶

For the history of the dispersion of the Acadians, Longfellow read such books as were readily attainable, particularly Haliburton, with his quotations from the Abbé Raynal. It is likely that the poet wrote to Mr. Edouard Simon, of St. Martinsville, a former student of the Harvard Law School, with whom he had discussed the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia and their settlement in Louisiana, and obtained from him a description of the country where they settled along

the Mississippi.⁷ It is also likely that his imagination was moved by Chateaubriand's descriptions of America—especially the accounts of the primeval forests and of the country along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers⁸—from such works as *Atala*, *Rene*, and *Voyages*. Longfellow was reading this author with enthusiasm when he was beginning to write *Evangeline*.⁹

The rhythmical lines from Bliss Carman's *Grand Pré* furnish the proper atmosphere in which to enter the true Land of *Evangeline*—

The night has fallen, and the tide
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind and foam;
In grief the flood is bursting.¹⁰

The charm of this region is greatly enhanced by its folklore. Here Glooskap entered into a combat with the Great Beaver. For his weapons he had huge masses of rocks. These he pitched at the enemy; they fell into the water and became five islands. Around these missiles of the god, mysterious lights and shadows constantly hover. Once, says tradition, there was a stupendous dam at this point which caused the flooding of the Cornwallis Valley. The Great Beaver was also responsible for this; but Glooskap, whose sight was not surpassed even by that of the great Norse giant, Thor, bent the dam into its present shape, forming Cape Blomidon to stand sentinel over the Basin of Minas as it rushes through the channel to the Bay of Fundy; and also Cape Split, a gigantic headland of bare rock with a yawning chasm dividing it from top to bottom, the fiercer sentinel to guard the point where the channel meets the Bay of Fundy.¹¹

In his book *Grand Pré*, John Frederic Herbin, one of the direct descendants of the Acadians, has presented a picture of the authentic background of *Evangeline*.

The aborigines of the region were called by the French explorers *Souriquois*, but in the eighteenth and nineteenth cen-

turies were known as *Micmacs*. It is said that when the French first came, these Indians numbered about three thousand and that they came originally from the southwest and took possession of Acadia, driving the *Kwedecks* or *Iroquois* toward the St. Lawrence, establishing the Restigouche as the northern boundary of the Micmac territory.¹²

When the French came to Acadia, they found that the Indians had a name for every sea, basin, lake, river, brook, headland, and hill in the country. It was the home of the *Micmacs*, and they were familiar with every part of it. Their language is beautiful and poetic. The oldest names we have are theirs. In time the French gave beautiful and suggestive names to many parts of the country. Many of these have been changed into English names.¹³

The story of the developments which led to the fatal day in 1755 when on September 2nd the Proclamation to the Inhabitants was presented to the Acadians, need not be repeated in this paper; yet the Proclamation itself blends with the background of *Evangeline*:

To the inhabitants of the District of Grand Pré, Minas River, Canard, and places adjacent, as well as ancients as young men and lads.

Whereas His Excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, His Excellency being desirous that each of them should be satisfied of His Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, as they have been given to him: We therefore order and strictly, by these presents, all of the inhabitants as well of the above-named district as of all of the other districts, both old and young men, as well as lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand Pré, on Friday the fifth instant, at three in the afternoon, that we may impart to them

what we are ordered to communicate to them, declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate.

With less than twenty-four hours' notice, the Acadians appeared from all of these districts which made up a large section of Acadia, and a total of four hundred and eighteen men entered the church, which had now become their prison. Here Winslow delivered His Majesty's final resolution to the Acadians.

To continue Herbin's account:

Near the Governor were the New Englanders, strong sinewy figures, bearing, no doubt, more or less distinctly the peculiar stamp which toil, trade, and Puritanism had imprinted, the features of New England.' The commander was not of the prevailing type. He was fifty-four years of age, with double chin, smooth forehead, arched eyebrows, close-powdered wig, and round rubicund brows, from which the weight of an odious duty had probably banished the smirk of self-satisfaction that dwelt there at other times. Before him were the sons and the fathers of Minas. Strong, sunburnt children of the soil, they waited anxiously for his words, their dark eyes and black hair in sharp contrast with the grey colours of their homespun. . . . It is a sad picture—almost too sad to contemplate.

Respecting the latter part of the theme of this epic, Longfellow wrote:

I got the climax of *Evangeline* from Philadelphia, and it was singular how I happened to do so. I was passing down Spruce Street one day toward my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-

beds, and shade which it presented, made an impression which has never left me. When I came to write *Evangeline*, I located the final scene—the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death—at this poor-house, and the burial in the old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks. It is purely a fancy sketch, and the name of Evangeline was coined to complete the story. The incident, Mr. Hawthorne's friend gave me, and my visit to the poor-house in Philadelphia, gave me the groundwork of the poem.¹⁴

Thus Longfellow related the story of one of the minor tragedies of history, first carrying his plot through the group concerned as a whole, and subsequently through the lives of individuals.

NOTES

¹Professor H. W. L. Dana, grandson of Longfellow, told Mr. Russell that his grandfather's conception of *Evangeline* was that of a Swedish rather than a French maiden.

²Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Longfellow*, Vol. II, pp. 70-71.

³Hawthorne's *American Notebooks*, Vol. I, p. 203.

⁴"Later investigations and more recent publications have shown that the deportation had more justification than had been supposed; that some, at least, of the Acadians, so far from being innocent sufferers, had been troublesome subjects of Great Britain, fomenting insubordination, and giving help to the enemy. But if the expatriation was necessary, it was none the less cruel, and involved in suffering many who were innocent of wrong."—Samuel Longfellow.

⁵Pickard's *Life of Longfellow*, Vol. I, p. 342.

⁶In the first manuscript of *Evangeline*, "knarled oaks" was put in the place of "murmuring pines and hemlocks," according to Professor H. W. L. Dana.

⁷Letters in the *New York Times*, February and March, 1905.

⁸Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Longfellow*, Vol. II, p. 71.

⁹Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Longfellow*, Vol. II, p. 27.

¹⁰*Grand Pré*, pp. 15-16.

¹¹*Longfellow's Country*, p. 55.

¹²The Micmacs were of the Algonquin family of Indians.

¹³*Grand Pré*, pp. 15-16.

¹⁴Underwood, p. 146 (quoted).

IMPRESSIONS OF GOVERNMENT BY STATE CAPITALISM IN SOVIET RUSSIA

BY J. MACKINTOSH BELL

IT is often said that it is impossible to obtain an unprejudiced statement of what is happening in Soviet Russia — all accounts are either highly favourable or no less unfavourable. There is much truth in this statement, but how could it be otherwise in a country so vast, so difficult to cover even in a sojourn of years, not to speak of months? Inevitably one's story is coloured by one's experience, past or present. Maurice Hindus, in *Humanity Uprooted*, Sherwood Eddy, in *The Challenge of Russia*, and Michael Farbman, in *The Five Year Plan*, in general, are sympathetic or at least understanding of the political and social conceptions of the new régime. Other writers, no less well-informed, are more condemnatory. *The Soviet Primer*, by Ilin, which tells in simple language what the present government hopes to accomplish, is pure propaganda but, perhaps better than any other book, it enables us to understand the force of the Youth Movement in Russian affairs.

As for myself, I would be reluctant to discuss the controversial question of Soviet Russia as a result of a recent three weeks' stay, were it not for the fact that I had had much longer sojourns there in 1911, 1912, and during the closing years of the War, and that I recognize the desirability of Canadians being informed about so large a section of the earth's surface which is, in a sense, their territorial neighbour on two oceans.

My impressions may differ widely from those which may be given by observers no less anxious to tell the truth, but whose experience or whose background may have been unlike

mine. Being able to contrast conditions to-day with those known on previous visits, I have, perhaps, some advantage over newcomers, but this very fact carries with it a complementary disability. I would be ingrate, indeed; did I not remember the unfailing kindness, the generous hospitality received from all classes under the old régime, nor can I forget that some of my friends were killed by the present rulers of Russia and that many others have been exiled, often to form part of the flotsam and jetsam of the great cities of the world. In Sverdlovsk — formerly Ekaterinburg — where I had an interview with the head of one of the State Trusts, an indescribable feeling of gloom pervaded the atmosphere, which not even the dismantling of the building where the Imperial Family was murdered, and where much reconstruction is in progress, managed to dispel. It seems to me that the present régime, in its strenuous efforts to improve the living conditions of the formerly highly unfavoured inhabitants of the country, is losing many things which we hold dear, and which, if for no other than sentimental reasons, form part and parcel of the very woof and fibre of our western civilization. No observer of Russian conditions to-day, moreover, should lose sight of the fact that, by the repudiation of all pre-revolutionary internal and external obligations, the present régime inherited from the old a substantial structure which cost it nothing. He should remember also that the foundations of the present administration were laid in bloody revolution during which horrors unspeakable were committed to rid the country of an order which had become an anachronism in the modern world.

May I confess to having entered the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics at Negoreleye on the Polish frontier with a feeling of temerity, because of the fact that I had served with the Anti-Bolshevist forces during the war, and could scarcely expect to be *persona grata* with the present régime. Yet when I left the country at Manchouli, on the Manchurian

border, I was not conscious of having been subjected to any surveillance; I had received widespread courtesy, and had seen and learnt much that was at variance with my preconceived opinions. The most trying discomfort which I suffered in Moscow was from cold feet, not mental but physical, since no heating was permitted till the 1st of October. My rooms, though cold and expensive, were clean and well furnished, the food costly but good, and the service attentive. No less satisfactory were my quarters and my meals on the long journey by the Trans-Siberian Railway from Moscow to Manchouli. In Moscow I came and went as I chose, and generally on foot. The tram cars were almost always packed to overflowing, and the taxis so costly that I could rarely afford to use them.

The contrast between Germany and Russia was always great—in the old days before the war, between the “*verboten*” spirit and that of “*laissez aller*”; to-day, between depression, lethargy and unemployment on a scale of unprecedented magnitude in the one country, and hectic activity in the other.

To understand the import of what is happening in the U.S.S.R., to appreciate what may transpire there when the immense natural wealth of the gigantic country is fully developed, to gauge how formidable, under a well-organized and highly disciplined bureaucracy it may become, one must visualize the geographical background. Stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the Arctic almost to the Indian Ocean, Russia occupies one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. It is, for the most part, a country of vast plains, drained by mighty rivers navigable for long distances. Great chains of mountains separate it from India and China, and sprawl across its far eastern stretches. Unlike much of the surface of Canada, Russia has suffered little from the devastating effect of soil removal by continental glaciation. The climate shows every variation from sub-arctic to sub-tropical. No other political unit possesses such rich and such varied resources—

enormous tracts of fertile soil, limitless forests, widespread deposits of almost every known mineral. No other country, with the possible exception of the United States, is so essentially self-contained. The present population is about 160 millions and the annual increase about three millions. Unlike the countries of Western Europe, not only is there no effort to curtail the birth-rate, rather is there a tendency to stimulate the expansion of population.

Of no nation so much as Russia can it be said more truly that the seeds of the growth we see to-day were sown in the past. To appreciate the psychology of the present rulers of Russia, to comprehend their aims, their animosities, their ideology, one must realize what conditions were like in pre-revolutionary days, one must recall the ignorance and low standard of living of the vast majority of the population, the widespread corruption among the officials, the harsh treatment of liberal European minorities, the greater consideration for backward Asiatic subject races, the desperate cruelty of the political exile system, the close integration of the activities of Church and State. One must recognize that in Communism is a new and violent creed, struggling, so its followers believe, for its very life in its early days of intense fanaticism. In its present manifestation it is a religion which has for its avowed object the amelioration of conditions in this world; it rejects all conceptions of Divine intervention and of a future life. While it is opposed to all Orthodoxy, its hatred is more particularly directed against the *Pravoslavny* or Orthodox faith of Old Russia, with which, not unnaturally, the leaders of Communism associate the horrors they formerly endured and which they regard as having been responsible for the illiteracy, the superstition, and the misery of the people.

From the Czarist system—which carried tens of thousands of liberal thinkers into exile in Siberia and embittered them by infamous treatment among its arctic wastes and dismal

taigas, which drove countless others (many of them Jews) to find refuge abroad—developed the large class of energetic and experienced revolutionaries, who to-day are the leaders of Russia. Whatever we may think of them and their methods, we irresistibly feel a measure of admiration for the grim determination exhibited by the small group of resolute men who seized power during the chaotic months of 1917 and who, despite almost insurmountable difficulties of civil war, of famine, of widespread intrigue and counter-plotting, have not only been able to retain control ever since but have steadily consolidated their position.

The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics covers seven distinct Socialist Soviet republics, and a large number of Autonomous Socialist Soviet republics and Autonomous Areas carved from the great mass of the Soviet domain to gratify the racial ambitions of Asiatic peoples and other minorities. These Autonomous Republics and Areas are at least partly subordinate, in matters of administration, to one or other of the seven distinct republics. Altogether, there are about forty separate units.

The nominal supreme organ of authority in the whole Union is the Congress of Soviets which is “composed of representatives of town and township Soviets, on the basis of one deputy for each 25,000 electors, and of representatives of provincial congresses of Soviets on the basis of one deputy for each 125,000 of the population.”¹ The Congress of Soviets consists of some thousands of members and meets ordinarily once a year. Between sessions authority is vested in the Central Executive, composed of the Council of the Union—371 members—and the Council of Nationalities—five delegates for each of the Allied and Autonomous Socialist Soviet republics and one delegate from each Autonomous Area.² The Presidium, chosen from the Central Executive and containing

¹Soviet Union Year Book, 1930. Page 5.

²*Ibid.*

about 30 members, performs the same function as a cabinet in western countries, and acts for the Central Executive when it is not sitting. The system of administration is extremely complicated and the number of members in each of the bodies indicated changes from time to time as the technique of government is evolved. There is not space to describe the governments of the various individual units. Suffice it to say that the methods of election preclude the admission to the central organizations, or even to the administrations in the various units, of delegates who are not Communist sympathizers.

The real government of the Union is, as everyone knows, and as no one in Russia dare question, not any of the administrative organizations I have mentioned, but the Communist Party, which directs affairs and whose influence permeates every phase of the Union's activities. It is controlled by the Political Committee of which Stalin is the Secretary. Though the Autonomous Republics are nominally administered by their national soviets, the control, much as in the case of the British representative in the Indian States, lies with the agents of the Party, who are everywhere present.

The number of members of the Communist Party, that is, fully recognized members, is variously given as from one million to two million and a half, or roughly about one to two per cent. of the population. They form what is probably the most highly disciplined organization on earth. No member within it dare question its dictates, no member but must be prepared to undertake any task, no matter how onerous or how distasteful, allotted to him. The leaders, and I gather most, if not all, of the rank and file lead lives of monastic severity. To be found guilty of graft, of disloyalty to the Party, implies exile or even death. That there is corruption within the Party we need not doubt, but it is kept in check by a widespread system of espionage and by the constant purging such assures. Can

we question the influence on the youth of Russia of leaders who must be self-abnegating, who possess fiery enthusiasm, who are fiercely determined, and who are inspired by what they believe to be a holy cause?

These youthful satellites are said to number upwards of twenty-five millions. The youngest — the Octobrists — are mere children. In Moscow one sees them being trained in abandoned churches, being drilled in Communist doctrine, receiving inspiration at the tomb of Lenin, or before other shrines to his memory. Then there are the Pioneers, older boys and girls who, as they become more versed, more skilful, more able to assist the State, graduate as Komsomols. It is to them that the Party looks for its future members. No one who visits Russia to-day but can be impressed with the devotion of the young people to the revolutionary principles, with their willingness to accept control and sacrifice for the State. No one but can be struck, moreover, with the fact that they are so grimly in earnest that they seem almost to have forgotten how to be mirthful. There would seem to be great hope in this youth movement, but grave danger as well.

There never has been political liberty in Russia; there is less to-day even than in Czarist times. The Party, needless to say, has absolute control over the press, the schools, the universities, the theatre, the cinema. The peasants imagine they have liberty of speech. They have not. In their village meetings they harangue indefinitely, but as it is the educated young men and women who are most articulate, it is they who inspire opinion. The enthusiasm for the present system, indeed, seems widespread, but more so on the surface than beneath. There is apathy, if not hidden antagonism from those unable to divorce themselves from pre-revolutionary conditions, and these are not limited to what are known as the *Leeshentsi*. Fortunately the lot of those unhappy "deprived ones" tends to improve, though the odium in which they are held does not

decline. The so-called Kulaki, or rich peasants, have, to use a Russian expression, been "liquidated". The oppression of the priests, except for definite political offences, seems rarely to take the drastic form of a few years ago, but their position remains lamentable.

In few countries is law and order more rigidly maintained. The well-disciplined, well-clothed and well-fed Red Army not only protects the Union from possible external invasion and internal strife, but it assures the execution of the Government's plans and restricts serious crime. The military police of the *G. P. U.* fulfils the same function as did the *Okhrana* of the old régime, and is no less dreaded. Drunkenness and other forms of excess are regarded as unworthy of citizens in a socialist State. The delinquents are fined and their names published. An unprotected woman is regarded as being as safe on the streets of the large cities of Russia as anywhere else. There was, until a few years ago, a great deal of petty thieving but this and other relatively minor offences have recently become much less conspicuous.

The great majority of the citizens of the Union accept the present régime as *un fait accompli*, and, even if not working loyally for the plans of the government, do their part if for no other reason than to insure their material needs. The number of political prisoners consequently tends to decline, though dangerous offenders still stream towards the dreaded prisons of the White Sea and elsewhere, and milder culprits go into dismal exile in Siberia. The cells of the ordinary prisoners in Moscow and other large cities are said to be fitted with radio and running water, and their inmates work at jobs for which they are paid, though they are permitted to spend only a portion of their earnings.

In Russia to-day the sexes are regarded as equal, and women may not be excluded from any office for which their ability fits them, or their physique enables them to undertake.

One finds them in high positions in government offices and in the industrial plants, and in more menial jobs, acting as tram-conductors, digging drains, and laying pavements on the street.

To increase the output of the industrial plants, and to improve the mechanics of operation, the six day week has now largely replaced the uninterrupted five day week, except in restaurants, hotels and stores. The sixth day was found to be required for overhauling plant and equipment. Unemployment does not exist in Russia. Rather there is a dearth of labour, as one would expect where such tremendous expansion is in progress. There was none in Canada during the period of great activity a few years ago.

In a sense all labour in the U.S.S.R. is forced, in as much as everyone who is physically able has to work or do without his ration card. Marriage and divorce are made easy. In case of divorce, if there are children, the State regulations dictate that the parents make provision for their welfare, and if the father or mother is guilty of improper behaviour it is on him or her that the onus chiefly falls for their upkeep. The medical services and hospitals are free to all, and both are said to be scientifically conducted.

The population is fed on propaganda. Anti-religious and anti-capitalist agitation amounts to xenophobia. *Borba* (struggle) and *phront* (front) are words one constantly hears. The "fronts" and "struggles" are industrial, agrarian, and intellectual. The state of the Orthodox religion is pathetic, but some of the churches manage to survive and services take place regularly in spite of the disapproval and subtle persecution of the State.

Town-planning is making headway, and the physical condition of many of the larger cities is improving. In Moscow the great church of Christ the Saviour has been dismantled to make room for the palace of the Soviets. Many other churches

and monasteries have been turned to uses other than ecclesiastical. The older and more beautiful are, for the most part, being preserved if they are worthy examples of Byzantine art. Conditions on the existing railroads leave much to be desired, and urgently require the rehabilitation now planned. Many new lines are contemplated. Modern road building is still in its infancy, but a network of highways is proposed for the future.

A slight improvement in living conditions over those existing for two years before was apparent last autumn. Two factors accounted for the change—the recognition that too severe restrictions were unwise, and the fact that, owing to the depression abroad, a market there for primary products and manufactured goods was not available. While no one now need lack sufficient very ordinary food—black and white bread, sugar and vegetables—meat, tea, butter and other foods, generally regarded as necessary, are expensive and difficult to obtain but are certainly available to the “privileged”. Clothing, too, is no longer the luxury it was a year or so ago, but there is still a scarcity.

While it may be still necessary to tighten the belt, to wear old clothes, to be poorly shod, to live with inadequate heat, to pursue a life of sacrifice for the good of an ideal, the population now enjoys cultural advantages undreamed of under pre-revolutionary conditions. The homes of the former wealthy have been turned into rest houses or tubercular sanitariums; their gardens have become cultural parks where the workers may go free of cost and enjoy themselves in the crowds so dear to the Russian heart. The libraries are open to all, and much patronized. Quite as much so are the art galleries, which the whole day long throng with keenly observant spectators. The most amazing spectacle in Moscow is the Grand Opera. How, amid such intense activity, amid such difficult living conditions, this remarkable performance — splendid

music, excellent acting, superb dancing, and magnificent staging—can be presented successfully night after night is beyond comprehension. And such an interesting and interested audience!

The Soviet is making a great onslaught on illiteracy. The number of children of school age at school has risen, so they report, from four millions in 1914 to upwards of twenty millions last year. The number of students at the universities and higher technical institutions has also shown a great increase, but the standards, it is said, have weakened, owing to the inadequate number of professors available.

To the “privileged” classes—those who have served the State best, whether in the Red Army or the G.P.U., whether among the “shock” workers on the industrial fronts, or in the collectivist farms, whether the most effective engineers, physicians or scientists—belong the perquisites the State can bestow. They are better housed, they have favourable discrimination in the coöperative stores, they have seats for the Opera, they have opportunities for trips to pleasant localities within Russia, and even sometimes abroad. Their children receive first consideration for admission to the universities. A new aristocracy is arising. To quote the words of Stalin:³

“The industrial and technical intelligentsia of the working class will be recruited not only from peoples who have passed through higher schools of learning, but also from the rank and file workers in our industries, from the skilled workers, from the working class cultural forces in the mines, factories and workshops. The initiators of socialist competition, the leaders of shock brigades, practical inspirers of labour enthusiasm, organizers of labour in the various sections of our construction—such is the new stratum of the working class that together with the comrades who have passed

³Speech delivered at the Conference of Leaders of Industry, June 23rd, 1931.

through the higher schools of learning, must form the core of the intelligentsia of the working class, the core of leaders of our industries."

To appreciate the growth of State Capitalism in the U. S. S.R., we must recall the various periods of post-revolutionary history—the Civil War, the famine, the widespread destitution and misery, the New Economic Policy of Lenin, the return to Socialism, the elimination of private ownership and trading, and the launching of the Five Years' Plan. We must understand the historic background of its creation—the Mir, the lack of individual enterprise of the Russian, his familiarity with the whip, the very large submerged element in society during Czarist times. These explain why the imposition of State Capitalism has been possible in Russia, and why it would be quite inapplicable in Western countries such as Canada except in as much as some of the broader and more desirable features of State planning could be harmonized with individualistic conceptions.

The Plan is all-embracing in character. It covers the huge industrial plants, the great metal trusts, the lumber combines, the vast collectivist farms, the transportation systems. It affects the stores, the shops, the hotels, the theatres, the cinemas. It is responsible for chemical experimentation, for the developing of a synthetic composition resembling rubber, for the cultivation of a tree which provides a substitute for the same article, for extending the growth of tea culture, and for innumerable other forms of scientific research. There is scarcely a phase of production, development, distribution and social service—all directly controlled by the State—which is not affected by this gigantic scheme.

The Soviet is engaged in a tremendous struggle to convert an essentially simple, agricultural population into a mechanized-agrarian and industrial one. Russians have a capacity to learn quickly, but so great a transformation can scarcely be

expected in the space of five years. There is advance in some respects at astonishing speed, but inevitably the Plan suffers greatly from the inexperience and consequent inefficiency of the mechanical worker. The growth in heavy industry has been colossal. There has been much progress in scientific achievement, in aviation, and in other respects. The results of the agricultural activity during the year 1931 were less satisfactory than in 1930. A considerably greater area was under crop, but in the rich black soil region of Southern Russia the yield per hectare was less, and in the fertile region of Western Siberia, which physiographically and climatically resembles the Canadian prairies, the harvest, in many places, was a failure. The results in the "black metal" industry, and in fuel production and distribution were also disappointing last year, and there was even greater dissatisfaction in connection with the performance of the railways. On October 10th, 1931, Andreyev of the Commissariat of Communications gave a frank and lucid statement of the chaos then reigning on the transport system, which he said threatened to jeopardize the success of the Five Years' Plan. Strenuous efforts are being made to rectify the situation, and there have been drastic changes in the directing personnel. Certain phases of the Plan, it is said, are already fulfilled, and others it is hoped will be completed this year, or, in other words, in four years instead of five. Even when one discounts statements of unwarranted optimism it is inescapable that the great experiment makes headway, at least, in some directions. Behind its successes lie stupendous sacrifice, often voluntarily imposed, more often, in all probability, enforced.

The present Five Years' Plan was devised to cover heavy industry. Already arrangements have been made for a second Five Years' Plan mainly to develop light industry, and a third to provide luxuries, and all the advantages of modern invention. It is scarcely extravagant to say that the Soviet Govern-

ment has an impassioned, religious zeal for the distribution of the benefits of science among all grades of the population.

As the power of the Soviet régime has grown, as its hold over its people has increased, as the Five Years' Plan has progressed, there has come a recognition on the part of the leaders that the scheme of State Capitalism may succeed in an extensive, self-contained country without the need of precipitating a proletarian revolution in other lands. Consequently there appears to have been a decline in external propaganda, at any rate as far as western countries are concerned. The field in Eastern countries, more particularly China, is, however, probably too bright to relinquish.

Following the trial of the engineers about eighteen months ago on a charge of sabotage and subversive tendencies, of which there is reason to believe they were guilty, the government leaders have awakened to a realization of the necessity of marshalling the old technical intelligentsia in the services of the State. The stimulation produced by Stalin's speech⁴ has already been far-reaching. It is said to have increased the incentive for initiative among the industrial workers and to have brought a rapprochement with the intellectuals. The slogan which one sees all over Moscow to the effect that equal awards for unequal labour are incompatible with the ideals of a Socialist State sounds like a return to the system of diversified remuneration familiar to Western countries. Stalin says the object is

"to put an end to the instability of labour power, to abolish equilateralism, to organize wages properly, and to improve the living conditions of the workers."⁵

That he does not propose that the benefits should be confined to members of the Party, is indicated by this statement:⁶

"Many of these comrades are not members of the Party. But that should not prevent us from advancing

⁴*Op. cit.*, June 23rd, 1931.

⁵*Op. cit.*

⁶*Op. cit.*

them boldly to leading positions. On the contrary, it is particularly those comrades who are not Party members who must have our especial solicitude and must be advanced to commanding positions so that they may be able to convince themselves that the Party knows how to appreciate ability and talent in workers."

It will be interesting to compare the views of Stalin, just given, with those expressed by Lenin in an article entitled "How to Organize Competition," and written in March or April, 1918.

"Thousands of ways and means for the practical registering and control of the wealthy, of the scoundrels and the parasites, must be worked out and tested in practice by the commune itself, by the small nuclei in the villages and in the city. Here, variety is the guarantee of vitality, the pledge of success in the achievements of a general single aim: to free the land of Russia from all pests, from scoundrels, rich men, and other pernicious insects who infest the country like bugs and fleas. In one place, imprison a dozen rich people, a score of scoundrels, half a dozen workers who are shirking work. In another, make them clean the latrines. In a third, give them a yellow ticket when they leave prison so that the whole nation will be able to keep their eye on them as dangerous people until they have been reformed. In a fourth, shoot one out of ten idlers, on the spot. In a fifth, adopt a combination of different ways and means, as, for example, putting these elements of the wealthy, bourgeois, intellectuals, scoundrels and hooligans who can be reformed, on probation, as a means of reforming them rapidly."

A *volte-face*, seemingly, has taken place after thirteen years. Why the departure from equalized wages, from Communist principles? Why the more generous treatment of "non-party" workers, more particularly the intellectuals? Is it merely another case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*? Or is it part of the recognition by the administration of the wisdom of

acknowledging efficiency, of doing everything possible to encourage output? The finances of the Soviet Government have never been secure. The need for funds—real money to pay for the supplies obtained abroad—explains the proclivity for dumping. During the next two years many short term loans will mature. It will be hard enough to meet external obligations without having the schemes of the State retarded by internal slackness and discontent. Despite the still great inefficiency of the mechanical workers, the Plan makes progress through the fervid enthusiasm of the Party and its satellites and the inexorable effect of disciplined organization. Operations are becoming increasingly difficult to finance, partial collapse may occur, but the headway already made would seem to be an assurance against complete failure.

The ever-expanding Gosplan is the impressive feature in the Russian system. The recognition by the present régime of the responsibility and obligation inherent in the ownership of a great section of the earth's surface contrasts favourably with the old conception of Empire. Great changes may result from the wish of the State to confer on all sections of the people the practical benefits of science. In enigmatical Russia one still finds a striking difference between the materialism of the industrial organizations and the unsophistication of the majority of the people. The improvement in literacy is tending to lessen so paradoxical a discordance. The probability, too, is that the principles of government will continue to evolve and modify with the extension of education.

In the present state of its evolution the Soviet may have hopes of impressing a world suffering from the evil effects of competitive production by the dramatic success of a gigantic experiment. The workers in other countries, they may think, will be goaded to desperation by unemployment, by maldistribution, and by other unfavourable features of private as opposed to State Capitalism. It would be as unwise to mini-

mize the significance of the movement as it is futile to ignore the possible political and economic repercussions in other lands of a project applied in so vast an area, so rich in resources, by so prolific a people.

Soviet politics, in a sense, form a challenge to the whole background of modern civilization, but the system is still very much on trial and has yet to be proven to be practicable. If western countries set in order their own houses, and solve as satisfactorily the question of equitable distribution as they have done that of production, they can view without fear, and with interest if not sympathy, what is happening in far away Russia.

THE TRIAL OF THE TORONTO COMMUNISTS

BY F. R. SCOTT

THE trial and conviction of the eight Toronto Communists caused many Canadians to ask themselves for the first time just what our British traditions of freedom of speech and association really mean, if anything. The Communist Party is a lawful and recognized political party in almost every civilized country to-day. Its members are sitting in parliaments in France, Germany, and Czecho-Slovakia; it once had a member in the English House of Commons; in Canada, besides the fact that it has contested Dominion, provincial and municipal elections frequently, it was at one time represented on the Winnipeg City Council. Only in Italy, Japan, Poland and some of the more reactionary Balkan states is the party completely outlawed. By the Toronto verdict Canada has allied herself with this group of select reactionaries. She is the only country amongst them which claims to be a democracy.

The law under which this result was obtained is in itself remarkable. British countries in periods of great social danger have sometimes enacted repressive measures; the 1927 Public Safety Act of the Irish Free State is a recent example. But these laws have seldom remained long on the statute book. The common law crimes of treason, sedition, seditious conspiracy and unlawful assembly have always been considered an adequate protection for public security in any situation short of actual or impending rebellion. Yet Canada in 1919 proceeded to graft on to her criminal code a special section—the now notorious section 98—which for permanent restriction of the rights of association, freedom of discussion, printing and distribution of literature, and for severity of punishment, is unequalled in the history of Canada and probably of any

British country for centuries past. The temporary Irish statute is mild by comparison, for its maximum penalty is five years whereas the Canadian is twenty. The Canadian Act begins by defining as "an unlawful association" any association whose purpose is to bring about governmental or economic change within Canada by the use of force, violence or injury to person or property, or which teaches or advocates these methods of securing such change. All the property of such an association is forfeit to the Crown. Every person who is an officer or member of it, who contributes money to it, or who wears any badge indicating he is associated with it,¹ is liable to twenty years' imprisonment. Any person who has even attended any of its meetings, spoken publicly in advocacy of it, or distributed its literature, is presumed to be a member of it—*i.e.*, contrary to accepted British criminal law traditions, is presumed guilty until he proves himself innocent. Any proprietor of a hall who knowingly permits a meeting of the association "or any subsidiary or branch thereof", is liable to a fine of \$5000. Further, any person who prints, publishes, circulates or sells any literature which advocates the use of force to effect governmental or economic change, or who mails such literature in Canada, or who imports it by any means (whether or not he is aware of its contents) is liable to twenty years; and individuals, whether members of the association or not, who advocate or defend such use of violence, are to be similarly punished. Finally, it is the duty of every Dominion civil servant, in any position, to seize such literature and send it to Ottawa where the Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will make up his mind as to whether Canadians should read it.

With such statutory backing for the police, one may wonder how the Communist Party ever got a footing in Canada. Yet the fact remains that the party was organized

¹At the moment of writing, a man in Montreal, Steve Koslov, is awaiting trial under section 98 for having worn a badge on his coat on May Day, 1932. If found guilty he may be imprisoned for 20 years.

secretly in 1921, came into the open in 1924, and operated quite publicly, with conferences, demonstrations and newspapers, until the raid on the Toronto headquarters on August 11th, 1931, and the arrest of the eight leaders. Its programme, policy and general aims were well known to the authorities during all these years, for the spy of the Mounted Police, Sergeant Leopold, was a member of the party from 1921 till 1928 under the name of Comrade Esselwein, and indeed appears to have been active in building up its organization and inducing workers to become members. Even after his expulsion by the Communists in 1928 no action was taken by the Canadian authorities. Not till 1931, when the economic crisis had become acute, was the move to outlaw the party made, and section 98 of the Criminal Code, which had been a dead letter for twelve years, invoked for the first time. This tacit acquiescence of the police in the continuation of the party is what makes the sentence of five years handed down by Mr. Justice Wright seem so extremely harsh. The trial was a test case; the accused were first offenders; their "crime" had been tolerated for seven years. Yet they are to be imprisoned for this length of time and then deported.

There was no particular incident, no attempt at rebellion, which moved the police to make the arrests. On the evening of August 11th, 1931, they dropped quietly down on the Toronto headquarters of the Communist Party and on the offices of the Workers' Unity League and *The Worker* (the party newspaper), and at the homes of Tim Buck, Tom Ewen and John Boychuk. Tim Buck, the Secretary of the party, and John Boychuk, a Ukrainian organizer, were arrested immediately. Mike Golinski was arrested early next morning. A. T. Hill—secretary of one of the Finnish organizations—was taken at Cochrane. Sam Carr and Malcolm Bruce—the only native-born Canadians—were brought from Vancouver. The others arrested were Tom Ewen, Tom Cacic and Mathew Popovich.

Golinski was subsequently released, as it was proved he was not a member of the Communist Party but only of the Young Communist League.

The trial began in Toronto on November 2nd, 1931, before Mr. Justice Wright and a jury. Not even the accused could describe the latter as "capitalist": it was composed of two farmers, two electricians, an engraver, a draughtsman, an accountant, a watchmaker, a buffer, a salesman, a carpenter and a stockkeeper. Norman Somerville, K.C., and Joseph Sedgewick appeared for the Crown; Hugh J. MacDonald and O. Brown for all the accused except Timothy Buck, who conducted his own defence. The charge was, first, that the accused in the years 1921 to 1931 in the City of Toronto and elsewhere in Ontario "did become and continue to be members of an unlawful association, to wit, the Communist Party of Canada, section of the Communist International"; secondly, that they "did act or profess to act as officers of an unlawful association, to wit, the Communist Party of Canada"; and thirdly, that they became parties to "a seditious conspiracy contrary to the provisions of the Criminal Code."

A preliminary point of law was raised by Mr. MacDonald; he moved to quash the indictment on the ground that it was improperly drawn; it did not show why the Communist Party was to be regarded as "an unlawful association". Mr. Justice Wright overruled the objection, holding that the indictment sufficiently charged the offence in the language of the statute. In this he was later upheld by the Court of Appeal. The Crown was, however, ordered to furnish particulars of the offence.

Mr. Somerville presented the evidence for the Crown under two heads: first, to show membership of the accused in the Communist Party, and, secondly, to show that the objects of the Party were such as are prohibited by the sections of the Criminal Code dealing with unlawful association and seditious

conspiracy. The fact of membership need not be examined here at length, since it was amply established by evidence and admissions for all the accused except Golinski, who was released. The principal battle was about the "objects" of the Communist Party. Were these objects to bring about "any governmental, industrial or economic change within Canada by use of force, violence or physical injury to person or property, or threats of such injury"? Did the Party "teach, advocate, advise or defend the use of force . . . to effect such change"? Finally, was there an "agreement between two or more persons to carry into execution a seditious intention"?

The evidence submitted in regard to the unlawfulness of the Party's objects was most voluminous. It consisted principally of literature seized at the Party headquarters or elsewhere. A great part of the trial was spent in the reading to the jury of extracts from this literature. In addition to these documents, the Crown called twelve witnesses, all policemen except A. E. Smith, General Secretary of the Canadian Labour Defence League, and including the star witness and "stool-pigeon", Sergeant John Leopold. The testimony of all these men except Leopold (who told a great deal about the formation of the party "underground" and its coming into the open in 1924), was concerned solely with establishing the membership of the accused, the details of arrest and the identity of documents. There was no evidence of any reliable sort to show that the party had ever committed any overt act of violence within Canada. It was admitted by some of the accused that the Party organized mass demonstrations which the police frequently broke up, but these were said to be—and it was not shown that they were not—simply for the purpose of organizing the workers and teaching them to realize their solidarity and to protest against poor wages and insufficient unemployment relief. It was shown that the party was connected with certain strikes, but not in any illegal manner. In

any case, as Mr. Justice Wright said, striking is not the kind of force aimed at in section 98. The accused were tried, not for past or present violence, but for membership in an organization that, it was contended, aimed at and advocated the use of violence to effect changes in Canada some time in the future.

The strength of the case for the Crown lay in the fact that it was not difficult to show that the Communist Party of Canada was merely a branch of the Communist International and bound to follow the latter's policy on all fundamental points. The connection between the Moscow parent and the Canadian child was established by Sergeant Leopold's evidence of the formation of the Canadian party in 1921 at the instigation of agents of the Pan-American Bureau, the body used by Moscow to organize the Communist Party in North America; by the fact that Canadian delegates were sent to the Congresses of the Third International and given votes; by copies of actual orders from Moscow dealing with specific Canadian problems, such as the expulsion of Jack MacDonald; and by the membership card, which applicants sign before joining the Party, and which binds them to adhere to "the programme and statutes of the Communist International and of the Communist Party of Canada." Tim Buck explained that there was nothing in the programme of the Communist International that could not be deviated from according to the conditions existing in any particular country; that it was a general world programme and a "guide to action." But the connection was established sufficiently to enable the police to put in as evidence of the objects of the Canadian Party, all the literature they had collected dealing with the Moscow body, including the Theses and Statutes of the Communist International, resolutions of Party Congresses, and even explanations of Communism by individuals such as Bucharin and Vasiliev. It was Russian documents rather than Canadian which constituted the bulk of the evidence dealing with revolution.

In these documents there are numerous passages in which the use of force to achieve the overthrow of Capitalism is advocated. It is necessary to quote from these in order to appreciate what the jury had to decide upon. The following extracts are taken from an early edition "The Communist", June, 1921, which is interesting as being one of the few pieces of Canadian literature which directly refers to violence. It is speaking of the formation of the Party in Canada, and states:

"The result of the Constituent Convention is the organization of the vanguard of the Canadian working class into the Communist Party of Canada. Section of the Communist International, with a programme of Mass-action as the vital form of proletarian activity, armed insurrection, civil war as the decisive, final form of mass-action for the destruction of the Capitalist State, proletarian dictatorship in the form of Soviet power as the lever of the Communist reconstruction of Society."

And, further, showing that the actual revolution will come in the future through a gradual intensification of the class struggle:

"The revolutionary epoch upon which we have now entered forces upon the proletariat the application of militant methods, namely mass action which leads to direct collision with the bourgeois state, developing into armed insurrection and civil war. The centralized power of the capitalist class is exercised through its control of the state machinery, the army, navy, police, courts, bureaucracy, etc., by means of which it imposes its will upon the workers. Mass action is the proletarian revolt against the power and oppression of the capitalist class, and develops as the spontaneous activity of the workers massed in the large industries; the mass strike and mass demonstration being among its initial forms. In these strikes and demonstrations, large masses of workers are unified in the struggle. They develop new tactics and a new ideology."

“As these strikes grow in number and intensity, they acquire political character by coming into collision and open combat with the Capitalist State which openly employs all its machinery to break the strikes and to crush the workers’ organization. This culminates in armed insurrection and civil war aimed directly at the destruction of the Capitalist State and the establishment of the proletarian dictatorship.”

This article is equally explicit about the attitude of the Communists toward Parliaments. It declares:

“The bourgeois parliaments, which constitute one of the most important instruments of the bourgeois state machinery, cannot be won over by the proletariat any more than can the bourgeois order in general. The task of the proletariat consists of destroying the entire machinery of the bourgeois state, including all the parliamentary institutions.

The parliamentary system of the bourgeois government of Canada, based on a Constitution, which is inter-related with and subservient to the British Imperial Government, with an apparatus of independent legislatures, courts, etc., makes the capitalist dictatorship which is screened behind the bourgeois democracy, a formidable power in the hands of the capitalist for the crushing of the working class aspiration.”

Similar ideas can be found in the official Theses and Statutes of the Communist International, passed at its Second World Congress in 1920, and ratified by later Congresses. The following are some of the more outspoken paragraphs:

“The working class cannot achieve a victory over the bourgeoisie by means of the general strike alone and by the policy of folded arms. The proletariat must resort to an armed uprising. Having understood this, one realizes that an organized political party is absolutely essential and that shapeless labour organizations will not suffice.”

"The mass struggle means a whole system of developing activities growing ever more acute in form and logically leading to an uprising against the capitalist state. In this warfare of the masses, developing into civil war, the guiding party of the proletariat must, as a general rule, secure every and all legal positions, making them its auxiliaries in the revolutionary work and subordinating such positions to the plan of the general campaign, that of the mass struggle."

The above quotations have been given at some length because they contain certain ideas which go to the root of the offence charged. The mere desire to change the present economic order radically, to alter the nature of our governmental structure, and to vary the whole existing system of courts, is not illegal. As Mr. Justice Wright said to Mr. Somerville during the trial:

"It is needless and endless repetition to introduce evidence now to show that their principle is to destroy the present parliamentary system. This issue is, how they propose to do it, whether by lawful or unlawful means; that is the whole inquiry."

It is not difficult by ordinary legislation to destroy Canadian institutions. Nova Scotia recently abolished the Legislative Council—by legal means. The Dominion has set up a Court of Inquiry for deportees suspected of "red" activities, which is not composed of judges, which holds secret trials, and from which no appeal lies save to the very Minister who appointed its members: this is as dictatorial and contrary to Canadian traditions as anything could be, yet it is apparently legal. The Canadian constitution, unlike the American, guarantees neither personal liberty, private property nor religion. Not the novelty or strangeness of Communist proposals makes them illegal, but only the manner in which it is said they must be effected. Thus in all the evidence introduced the only portions strictly relevant to the issue are those passages, like the above,

which advocate the use of violence to attain the desired ends, or which evidence an agreement to carry out that elusive quantity known as a "seditious intention". In the same way there is no illegality in the fact that the Canadian Communist Party takes orders or even money from Moscow, so long as those orders are not illegal. Many religious bodies in Canada receive orders from external sources (*e.g.* The Vatican) and missionary societies receive money from abroad.

Counsel for the defence were faced with this difficulty; they had a number of their own publications before them, full of passages about violence, which to the average jurymen could only mean what they appeared to mean, and which to persons steeped in Communist philosophy could be interpreted in a very different manner. Yet how explain away the written word? There is a discussion between Mr. Justice Wright and Mr. MacDonald which illustrates the point:

MR. MACDONALD: "We must make our defence from this material, by attempting to explain it and indicate that it does not mean what it appears to mean.

HIS LORDSHIP: I doubt if that will be permissible. Here are certain written statements contained in documents. How can any witness come and say that it does not mean this or that? That is for the jury.

MR. MACDONALD: I may be quite frank about it now, my Lord, rather than have it come up by way of objection from time to time as I seek to put evidence in, and as I see the situation we are confronted with what is, in effect, a philosophic system which puts into practice the doctrines of Marx and Engels and Lenin.

HIS LORDSHIP: You will be confined to the system as disclosed in the evidence.

MR. MACDONALD: I quite understand that, my Lord.

HIS LORDSHIP: This trial is not an enquiry into the whole system, but an inquiry based on the evidence

adduced, and I am not going to allow you to travel beyond that."

The general line of argument for the defence was that the Communist Party had always conducted itself quite legally in Canada, that it was not under all circumstances bound to follow the dictates of Moscow, and that in any case the violence which was referred to in the literature was not something which it "advocated" or "taught" in the sense of "aimed to bring about," but rather was a form of violence which according to the Communist interpretation of history was inevitable and for which the Communist Party merely prepared. The first two points need only be outlined briefly. Four witnesses—all amongst the accused—appeared for the defence: Tim Buck, Thomas Ewen, A. T. Hill and Malcolm Bruce. In regard to the legality of the Party's behaviour, they showed how its members were continually running in municipal, provincial and federal elections. True, the Party had organized in an underground manner in 1921 because it feared repression, but it had come into the open in 1924 and had remained there. Its activities amongst the Finnish and Ukrainian benevolent societies were aimed at influencing these bodies in the direction of Communism, but that purpose was natural and not carried on in an illegal manner. Only a small percentage of their members were Communists. Indeed, a striking fact brought about by the evidence is that while the Party claimed 4,810 members in 1922, Moscow was blaming it for having no more than about 4000 in 1931. It obviously was not flourishing on liberty. In regard to the orders from Moscow, the witnesses contended, as stated above, that their affiliation with the Third International left them free to adapt its programme to the particular conditions of Canada.

The main task of the defence, however, was to convey to the jury some conception of what the Communist means by revolution. Was this "armed uprising" which was referred to,

this rebellion, this resort to force, a policy which the Communist Party attempted to put into effect? Was the object of the Party to "create" a revolution? Every one of the four accused who stepped into the box denied that it was. They based their position on the Marxian analysis of history. "Dialectical Materialism," said Tim Buck (and one can imagine the difficulties the jury must have experienced in attempting to understand a new system of philosophy in a day),

"is that Materialism which is based upon an understanding of the developments of history, which is based upon an understanding that everything which happens in history is a development from something which has happened and developed before; that the progress of the world, which does not go forward in a simple matter of steady development, is actually one long progress, although sometimes it goes very slowly, and another day it goes with revolutionary speed. Forces accumulate and there is a certain accumulation until suddenly the pressure of these forces. . ."

The change from Capitalism to Socialism, he contended, "is a process, it is not an act." There is no dogmatic assertion in Marxism that the change must be violent: it depends upon the correlation of forces at the time. If a socialist government came into power in Germany there would probably be peaceful revolutions in some of the Balkan states dependent on Germany. The following portion of Mr. Buck's cross-examination makes clear his position:

"MR. SOMERVILLE: Now the object of the programme is to bring about Communism? A. Yes.

Q. And to bring about Communism means the destruction of the Capitalist system? A. Yes.

Q. That is what you describe as the "Capitalist System" whatever it is? A. Yes.

Q. So that to bring about Communism involves the destruction of governmental organizations and industrial

organizations as they at present exist? A. It means much more than that; destroying them would not bring in Communism.

Q. Do you mean that is the first step? A. It would be necessary to establish a new form of State and State machinery before it would be possible to eliminate private property and exploitation.

Q. And the clash would come when one attempted to destroy or do away with the present State in order to establish a new State? A. I am not prepared to prophesy exactly where the clash would come; the clash might come on some other point altogether; the clash might come on the question of the socialization of certain industries, the expropriation of certain industries, the infringement of property rights.

Q. There would have to be that clash? A. I believe the clash is inevitable.

Q. And in order to bring about that clash one organizes the masses, the proletariat? A. Pardon me. Did you say "in order to bring about that clash"?

Q. Yes? Or rather, in order to direct that clash one brings about the organization of the masses? A. No. We organize the masses so that the masses while organizing themselves to-day, shall gain every measure that it is possible for the workers to gain under the present system, and, in gaining those measures, will prepare and when Capitalism is in a crisis the working class will be able to take advantage of that situation, instead of allowing economy to drop into chaos."

The argument was fully elaborated in the address of Tim Buck to the jury.² His position may be outlined in this way: Revolutions have developed through the past ages as a result of conflicting forces. They do not come because parties make them but because society progresses from one epoch to another

²This address, which contains an elaborate statement of the Party's views, is being distributed in pamphlet form by the Canadian Labour Defense League.

and because privileged classes will fight to retain their privileged position. They are part of the logic of history, which Communists cannot prevent or create any more than capitalists can. The Communist Party is thus on trial for something which it has not "advocated" or "taught", since it does not "advocate" the inevitable. The Party simply predicts that violence is coming and prepares for the inescapable day. If it is not ready when the time comes, if it does not then bring about the proletarian dictatorship, society will not come through to socialism, but will drift into complete anarchy or Fascism, and real social progress will be further postponed. The Communist intends to save the world for the worker by taking over the reins of power from the decaying Capitalist state.

Was this a fair explanation of the passages about violence in the literature presented to the jury? Evidently the jury did not think so.

Several incidents, useful as headline material for the press, marked the trial. Sergeant Leopold, "with eyes straight ahead, his red coat making a splash of colour in the drab surroundings" (Canadian Press), was something of an event. Seven years a spy in the Party, he spoke with authority. The Hearst papers carried his picture through the United States, and the reporters of the *Toronto Star* got a long story from him during the course of the trial. This was considered "highly improper practice" by the Judges. Some of the friends of the accused staged a demonstration outside the Court House, for which they were committed for contempt and fined. Then Ewen startled the court by admitting that in the event of a war between Canada and the Soviet Union he would look to the latter as his Fatherland, "no matter who the aggressor against the Soviet Union is." This admission does not seem to have much to do with bringing about changes by violence, which was the point at issue under section 98, nor has it a very

clear relation to seditious conspiracy. Obviously it would not make a good impression on a jury.

Tim Buck and Mr. MacDonald addressed the jury for the defence: Mr. Somerville for the Crown. Mr. Justice Wright summed up the evidence. The jury deliberated one hour and a half, and returned a verdict of guilty on all three counts. Cacic received a sentence of two years, the others five years each. In the Court of Appeal the objection of Mr. MacDonald in regard to the form of the indictment was not maintained in so far as section 98 was concerned. The charge of seditious conspiracy, however, was held bad, but as the maximum penalty for this crime is two years, it did not affect the result. Discussing the merits, the Court held that on the evidence the jury had reasonable grounds for finding as they did, and therefore their verdict was not disturbed.

Thus the Communist Party of Canada has been held an "unlawful association" by the Ontario Court. The Courts of another province might possibly hold otherwise: the case might conceivably reach the Supreme Court and be settled in some other sense. But these eventualities appear unlikely. Canada is now faced with a new social problem—how to deal with a large number of persons whose beliefs make them outlaws. The present remedy appears to be mass deportation.

Comment on political trials is somewhat of a waste of time, since there is no absolute criterion for judging the result. Nothing will convince Canadian radicals that the trial is not simply an example of the class-war, a temporarily successful attempt on the part of the privileged classes in Canada to defend their position against proletarian attack. Nothing will convince conservatives in Canada that the trial was not a perfectly reasonable enforcement of the criminal law against a lot of foreign "reds" who had clearly broken it. So the matter must rest. Which view will prevail will depend upon which class prevails. Mr. Gandhi breaks the law in India: is he a

criminal? Louis Riel broke the law and was hanged; there is plenty of French-Canadian literature which tells of him as "le martyr du Nord-Ouest." Twelve French-Canadians who took part in the rebellion of 1837 in Lower Canada were hanged in Montreal; to-day there is a monument erected to their memory on the place of execution—now named "Place des Patriotes"—which bears their names with the inscription "*Vaincus dans la lutte, ils ont triomphé dans l'histoire*", and the statement that they died on the scaffold "*Pour la liberté de leur pays.*" So the process goes on. Are the Communists any less sincere than the rebels of 1837? Have they any less injustice to protest against? It is difficult to believe so. Some day there may be a monument in Toronto to the memory of Tim Buck and his fellow-accused. In the meantime one can only repeat:

Malheur à qui fait des revolutions: heureux qui en hérite.

KENSINGTON INTERIOR

BY MALCOLM EASTON

Then time stands still and makes for ever his
the picture of that minute as it is:

the high Victorian room
taking its colour from the street outside,
a gentle transitory dusk that died
soon after into gloom;

Above her hair a bird-cage painted green;
beyond, the firelight on a lacquered screen;
a scarlet tragedy
of paper garlands hung at Christmas-time;
a marble mantel-piece; glass clock, whose chime
tells four hours mournfully;

She leans against the window, looking out;
draws up her arms and turns her head about,
and laughs in tune with him:
one curve of throat, one cheek, one half her head
all hot with splendour of a sunset-red,
one half of her all dim.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE UNITED STATES

J. A. STEVENSON

IN the first week in November in the present year of grace the people of the United States will exercise their quadrennial right of determining by their votes the character of their government for the next four years, and the change in the national fortunes and temper which has befallen since the last Presidential election in 1928 is little short of extraordinary. Gone is the exuberant national self-complacency, then in evidence, which looked with contemptuous pity upon the struggles of the nations of Europe with their variegated troubles; in its place there has come a widespread spirit of pessimism and even despairful anxiety about the future of the Republic. The dominant Republican party, which then achieved one of the most decisive victories in its history, has through the Congressional election of 1930 lost control of both houses of Congress under the blasting winds of popular disfavour, and its leader, President Hoover, has accumulated a fund of personal unpopularity, unmatched by any of his recent predecessors. His administration has been struggling with a welter of difficulties and lacking a majority in either house of Congress, has been compelled to seek the co-operation of its adversaries for the passage of its legislative programme. Meanwhile unemployment has been steadily mounting, until the number of the workless is placed at the lowest calculation at seven millions and by some as high as ten millions, business according to all the accepted indices has been steadily shrinking, misery has been spreading and popular resentment over the great débacle from prosperity and against its supposed authors has been becoming every month more audible and

overt. During the present session of Congress there have been passed a number of measures designed to provide relief for unemployment, mitigate the embarrassments of the banking situation and promote a revival of prosperity, and the seriousness of the crisis has induced the Democratic party to lend its assistance at intervals to the administration. But opposition politicians could not be expected to forego the opportunity of making capital out of the depression and they have laboured strenuously for the discomfiture of the Republican administration. Indeed throughout the session both parties have directed their actions and manœuvres with a single eye to the approaching election and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University has been moved to cry, "Would to God we could exchange a thousand politicians for one statesman!"

The grand climacteries of the preliminary intrigues and manœuvres in a Presidential year are the party conventions at which candidates are nominated and platforms adopted by the respective parties, and they are events only second in importance to the actual election. To these gatherings the politicians of the United States and their satellites and acolytes manage to impart much of the atmosphere of a circus performance and the city made famous by Al Capone and "Big Bill" Thompson, where both the historic parties elected for some reason or other to hold their conventions this year, seemed to provide a setting which encouraged political saturnalia. No more admirable descriptive articles upon the performances at Chicago were written than those penned by Mr. James Bone, the London editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, who thus described the scene on the fourth day of the Democratic convention:

"Yes; it is unbelievable; I admit it. I admit as did the Edinburgh man when some one said that it was a nice day. The show at Chicago stadium last night and

to-day beats the band, and although it may be the biggest in the world, the organ, too. Last night when the blue faded out of the windows and the terrific batteries of Klieg lights concentrated upon the vast concourse which rose into pyramids of delegates standing on chairs and shouldering high one another, on the procession of white-clad, gesticulating, cheering, sweating figures with banners and symbols parading for Smith along the aisles and on the great white throng in the galleries rising tier on tier always in movement, it was like a scene in heaven or somewhere by Paul Gustave Doré, the old phantasmagoric artist.

The great organ, the sweating, well-meaning bands, the tens of thousands of men and women singing the pavement theme song, "East Side, West Side," were almost quelled by the fierce light that beats upon democracy so much fiercer than any that ever beat upon a throne. The tumult was outside all political experience at home. . . .

The strangest thing of all was that these saturnalian parades with the accompaniment of "Sweet Adeline" and "Happy Days Are Here Again" all followed speeches of real thought and passion calling on the convention to search its heart and think of the serious issues and the greatness of America's destiny on which their decision to-morrow will have so vital a bearing."

It is invariably the convention of the party in opposition which is the livelier gathering and attracts more attention, because a party in power feels that it is imperative to keep its ranks closed and present an appearance of harmony and because it also has usually better control of its delegates. Moreover, when a President in office desires renomination, his control of patronage and the party machine usually renders opposition to him a hopeless adventure, and under such circumstances there is rarely a serious fight over the nomination. So, if the Republicans this year staged a comparatively humdrum show by comparison with their rivals, one of the reasons

was that for months past the renomination of President Hoover had been a foregone conclusion. Ex-Senator France of Maryland, who had challenged him in a few primaries and collected some delegates, gave up the contest as hopeless and Hoover was renominated virtually by acclamation. But observers noted a singular lack of enthusiasm in the proceedings attending his nomination and it is an open secret that many powerful Republican politicians take a very dark view of their leader and his prospects for re-election. As his running-mate he was given the present Vice-President, Mr. Charles Curtis, a veteran warhorse, who is a somewhat comic personality and brings no real strength to the ticket.

The only real fight in the Republican convention took place over the liquor issue. The administration forces, conscious of the accumulating evidence of a rising tide of "wet" sentiment throughout the country, realized that it was no longer safe for the Republican party to pose as a stern defender of the prohibition laws, and so they drafted a liquor plank whose avowed object, according to one of the chief defenders, Mr. Ogden Mills, the Secretary of the Treasury, was to preserve the solidarity of the Republican party by giving the maximum of satisfaction to the restless "wets" and the minimum of offence to the suspicious "drys". Its salient clause reads as follows:

"We therefore believe that the people should have an opportunity to pass upon a proposed amendment, the provision of which while retaining in the Federal Government power to preserve the gains already made in dealing with the evils inherent in the liquor traffic, shall allow states to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine, but subject always to the power of the Federal Government to protect those states where prohibition may exist and safeguard our citizens everywhere from the return of the saloon and attendant evils."

This proposal implied the adoption of a policy of "state rights" in regard to liquor, but the Republican "wets" disliked it as a feeble compromise and under the eloquent leadership of President Butler put a valiant fight for a plan of outright repeal. But the Hooverites, fearful of a complete alienation of the "drys", whipped up all their supporters to put through the administration plank and in the end succeeded by 681 to 422 votes. The course adopted may in the end prove good political strategy, but the *Chicago Tribune*, the most powerful Republican paper in the country, but an enemy of prohibition, denounced it as "the product of political hypocrisy and cowardice" and "a declaration of political bankruptcy," while Senator Borah, an unrepentant "dry", condemned it from the opposite standpoint and declared that he could not under the circumstances give Hoover any support in the election.

The rest of the Republican platform was of a highly conservative tinge and calls for little comment. It gave complacent praise to the record of the Hoover administration and limned the Democrats on the evidence of their record during the present session of Congress as incapable of giving the country decent government. It bestowed a cordial benediction upon the high tariff policy of the party with the addition of a meaningless rider to the effect that "parity should be maintained between the protection of agriculture and the protection of industry." It urged United States participation in the work of the World Court, but it was grimly silent upon the question of war debts. It approved of the financial policies adopted by the Hoover administration for the purpose of checking the slump, but suggested no means of coping with the unemployment situation except by fresh doses of public works. It also sounded the loud timbrel about the desirability of preserving the "rugged individualism" of the American people from the contamination of socialist ideas and in general was framed to

retain for the party the confidence of the "Big Business" interests who are the chief providers of its campaign funds. There was general agreement that not for many years had the Republican party had such a mournful convention and the delegates separated with grave forebodings in their hearts.

Chicago was likewise the scene of the Democratic Convention which began on June 27th, a week after the termination of the Republican gathering. The predictions that it would be a battle royal rivalling in ferocity the famous Democratic Convention in New York in 1924, when the internecine fight between the partisans of "Al" Smith and W. G. McAdoo brought it to a complete deadlock, were not fulfilled, but it was a much less harmonious gathering than the Republican assembly. The chief interest centred in the contest for the nomination, but it turned out that the support which Governor Franklin Roosevelt of New York had accumulated for himself was too extensive and too solidly loyal for his opponents to make any serious headway with their efforts to thwart his nomination. He came to the convention with definite pledges of over six hundred delegates, which is more than half the total delegate strength of 1154, but considerably short of the two-thirds majority necessary for nomination, and the strategy of the anti-Rooseveltians was directed to preventing the Governor of New York from getting a two-thirds majority in any of the early ballots. Roosevelt had ranged against him not merely the cohorts of the Tammany organization which dominated the New York delegation, but also a group of the most influential figures in the Democratic party, including two former Presidential candidates of the party, John W. Davis and James W. Cox, Governor Byrd of Virginia, Senator Walsh of Massachusetts and other puissant politicians. The opposition of Tammany was attributed to Roosevelt's attitude in an investigation into the maladministration of the municipal affairs of New York, but the

antagonism of politicians like John W. Davis was due partly to dislike of the radical tendencies disclosed by some of Roosevelt's recent speeches and partly to a belief that his physical infirmity and a certain weakness as a politician made him an unsatisfactory candidate. The recognized leader of the anti-Rooseveltians was "Al" Smith, once the close political ally and intimate friend of the New York Governor; the reasons of the quarrel between the pair remain a mystery, but they have gradually drifted apart, and Smith is reported to refer habitually to his old friend as "that feller at Albany". The calculation of the anti-Rooseveltians was that if Roosevelt failed to obtain his two-thirds majority in the first four or five ballots, there would be a steady erosion of his support from delegates who were only pledged to him for a limited number of ballots. His opponents intended to concentrate their strength at first behind Smith, but they had no idea that he could be nominated as, if Smith and his allies were capable of stopping Roosevelt, the Rooseveltians were equally capable of blocking Smith. So the plan was that as soon as there were any signs of a waning of Roosevelt's strength, the opposition should suddenly switch its votes to Mr. Newton Baker of Ohio, who had practically no delegate support but was regarded as the strongest possible compromise candidate. But all these nicely laid plans went astray and the calculations of his opponents about the possible weakness of Roosevelt's position proved sadly astray. The Rooseveltians, however, were undoubtedly fearful of the power of the opposition and made an effort to eliminate the rule which required a two-thirds majority for nomination; but the hostility which developed against this move resulted in its hasty abandonment.

On the first ballot Roosevelt, with 661 votes, polled rather more than his expected strength, and his nearest competitor was "Al" Smith who had 201 votes, drawn chiefly from the New York group of states including New York, Massa-

chusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Connecticut. On the second and third ballots Roosevelt more than held his own, making, indeed, a small gain each time, and the hopes of the anti-Rooseveltians were finally demolished just before the taking of the fourth ballot when Mr. McAdoo, the former Secretary of the Treasury and leader of the California delegation, arose and declared that the Californians had not come to Chicago to help in creating a deadlock which would ruin the party fortunes, and that therefore they intended to switch their votes which had been pledged first to Speaker Garner. The Texas delegation, which was controlled by Garner, followed their example, and it developed later that a deal had been made whereby Garner had been promised the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, which was accorded to him in due course. The acquisition of this batch of 90 votes gave Roosevelt the virtual assurance of the necessary two-thirds majority, and a regular landslide in his favour ensued, with the result that on the fourth and final ballot he was declared chosen as Democratic candidate for the Presidency by 945 votes out of a total of 1154. The New York group of states stood stubbornly by "Al" Smith to the end, but his final vote was only 190, a loss of 11 from his poll at the first ballot; the votes given to the usual tribe of "favourite sons" were negligible. Practically all the other candidates have cordially concurred in the nomination, but "Al" Smith has preserved an attitude of aloofness, and there is still some doubt whether he will give his whole-hearted support to the party ticket.

After his nomination Governor Roosevelt made a good impression by flying from Albany to Chicago to deliver his speech of acceptance. It served to remove apprehensions that his physical condition, which has for some years been so seriously impaired as the aftermath of an attack of infantile paralysis that he can walk only with the aid of a stick, rendered him unfitted for the Presidency. His speech of acceptance

has been well received in the American press, and in it he pledged himself if elected to summon immediately a world conference on tariff and monetary problems.

In regard to the party programme, the only real battle developed over the liquor plank in the platform. The Democratic party has all along been disposed to take the "wet" side of the controversy, and after the Republicans had committed themselves to a plan for resubmission of the prohibition laws the only question at issue was whether the "dry" Southern Democrats would be strong enough to prevent their party adopting a whole-hearted programme of repeal of prohibition. But the issue was practically settled at the sittings of the programme committee when the "wets" triumphed by 35 to 17 over the resubmissionists, and later the convention, by a large majority, adopted a plank urging directly the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It declared that to effect such a repeal Congress should immediately propose a constitutional amendment to purely representative conventions in the states called to act solely on that proposal, and that pending the repeal there should be an immediate modification of the Volstead Act to legalize the manufacture and sale of beer and other beverages of alcoholic content as is permissible under the Constitution and to provide therefrom a proper and immediate revenue.

The balance of the Democratic platform which is a lengthy document represented a distinct triumph for the liberal elements of the party, whose leader at the convention was Senator Cordell Hull of Tennessee, over the conservatives. Its preface was a comprehensive indictment of the Republican party and its administrations for a variety of sins and errors which were charged with responsibility for the present economic malaise of the United States and a declaration that the only hope of salvation for the nation lay "in a drastic change in economic and governmental policies." It advocated a "com-

petitive tariff for revenue" to be supervised by a fact-finding Tariff Commission free from executive interference, reciprocal tariff agreements with other nations and an international economic conference for the purpose of restoring international trade. On the question of foreign policy the platform was less satisfactory, for it opposed the cancellation of the debts owing to the United States by foreign nations and pronounced for what it called "a vigorous foreign policy". But it did give its blessing to all reasonable projects for disarmament, the adhesion of the United States to the World Court, the strengthening of the Kellogg Pact and co-operation in all efforts for the promotion of international peace, and it declared for the granting of independence to the Philippine Islands. It called for drastic cuts in governmental expenditures to effect a saving of 25% in the cost of Federal administration, an accurate balancing of the annual Budget, the preservation at all hazards of a sound currency and the summoning of an international conference to consider the rehabilitation of silver and correlated questions. It suggested improvements in the system of rural credits, gave its approval to unemployment and old age insurance under a system of state laws, and for the protection of the investing public urged full Federal regulations over the rates of public utility companies operating across state lines and exchanges trading in securities and commodities. It also declared for the simplification of legal procedure and the reorganization of the judicial system in order to make the attainment of justice speedy, certain and less expensive,—perhaps the reforms which the United States needs above all others.

The Democratic programme, if it does not blaze many new trails or raise any banners of flaming radicalism, at least represents an effort to revert to the liberal ideas which Woodrow Wilson imposed upon his party in the decade from 1912 onwards, and which the more conservative leaders, who

directed the party's fortunes after him, allowed to be submerged in an opportunism of a distinctly conservative stripe, until there were visible only fine shades of difference between Democratic and Republican policies and the genuinely liberal elements in the country were left politically homeless. The Democrats, for example, are traditionally the party of low tariffs, but at the Houston convention in 1928 they made a complete capitulation to protectionism; now they are evidently resolved to exploit popular dissatisfaction with the protectionist excesses of the Smoot-Hawley tariff and by their advocacy of a "competitive revenue tariff" are returning to their old fiscal faith.

Their Presidential candidate, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, belongs to the same old New York family of Dutch stock which gave to the American nation the celebrated Theodore Roosevelt, of whom the Governor is a fifth cousin, and as "T. R.'s" spectacular career in the White House is still green in the public memory, the name itself will be an asset to his Democratic kinsman. Governor Roosevelt, who was born in 1882, had as his father a prosperous business man of New York, and he received a good education at Groton School and Harvard. Qualifying for the Bar, he spent some years in the office of a New York law firm, but his ample family fortune enabled him to contemplate a political career and before he was thirty he was a member of the Senate of New York State. There he came into prominence by heading a revolt against the local Democratic bosses and in 1912, when the Democrats came to power at Washington, this promising recruit was given the minor office of Assistant-Secretary of the Navy. He was very busy during the war years and meanwhile he rose steadily in the councils of the Democratic party with the result that for the Presidential campaign of 1920 he was chosen as the Vice-Presidential running mate for Governor Cox of Ohio and shared in the overwhelming débâcle which

•

befell the Democrats. Some time afterwards he was seized with an attack of infantile paralysis which left him for a time a hopeless cripple and compelled his withdrawal from active politics. When the improvement of his health enabled him to resume public life, his first prominent action was to propose "Al" Smith, with whom he had formed a close political friendship, as the party candidate for the Presidency, at the Democratic convention in 1924. Again in 1928 he did the same service for Smith and at the latter's request ran for the Governorship of New York and was triumphantly elected. In 1930 he sought re-election and greatly increased his majority; he runs a large farm in Dutchess County in the middle of the state and he is the first Democrat in many years who has developed any political strength in the "upstate" counties of New York, which are traditionally Republican and have often been able to wipe out the Democratic majorities invariably rolled up in the City of New York. Owing his election largely to the influence of "Al" Smith, he continued in office the progressive policies of the latter and carried on his fight to save the remaining water-power resources of the state from falling into the hands of the power trust. He has shown a persistent interest in measures of social reform and has given the largest state in the Republic efficient administration. Although he is what is known in the United States as a "silk-stocking" politician, meaning thereby a person of culture, he has always contrived to keep on very friendly relations with Tammany Hall which has always supported him at elections. Now, however, his friendship with Tammany has confronted him with a very embarrassing problem. A wave of public indignation about gross scandals in the municipal administration of New York forced Roosevelt to appoint Judge Seabury to conduct an investigation. Seabury has performed his task without fear or favour and has submitted to Roosevelt a report which reflects in very severe terms upon the administration

•

of Mayor "Jimmy" Walker, the picturesque and irresponsible figure now occupying the mayoralty chair. Indeed Judge Seabury in his report asserts that certain charges proven against Mayor Walker reveal him as unfit for his office and demands his immediate removal, which Roosevelt as Governor has the power to order. But "Jimmy" Walker is a Tammany man and as other members of this organization are involved in his misfortunes, its whole strength is massed behind him. The leading papers of New York are almost unanimously demanding the dismissal of Mayor Walker but Roosevelt is on the horns of a delicate dilemma. If he exercises his authority to remove Walker, he will offend the Tammany leaders and they are liable to sulk during the coming campaign and take revenge by allowing the Republicans to carry the pivotal state of New York which has 45 votes in the electoral college, more than any other state. Roosevelt needs New York to be sure of victory but on the other hand if he finds some excuse for taking a light view of the charges against Walker and refuses to dismiss him, he will forfeit the confidence of a large body of liberal opinion throughout the country which is now well disposed to him and will lay himself open to the accusation that he is the complaisant tool of Tammany or at least has allowed his anxiety to propitiate Tammany to interfere with the discharge of his proper duty and the fitting punishment of a dishonest public servant. Meanwhile he has temporized about this thorny issue by asking two eminent New York lawyers to examine and report upon the evidence submitted by Judge Seabury and inviting Mayor Walker to reply to the charges made against him. But his decision in the case cannot be indefinitely postponed and its character may have a vital effect upon the fortunes of his campaign. Roosevelt has in the preconvention campaign proved himself a very adroit politician but he is not regarded with any enthusiasm by liberal weeklies like the *New York*

Republic and the *New York Nation*, who accuse him of feeble vacillations in his views and policies, and, while admitting his personal attractions and high personal integrity, will not accept him as a sincere progressive. However, although "Al" Smith and the Tammany leaders still maintain an ominous silence and have not fallen into line behind their party nominee, the main body of the Democrats seem satisfied with their new candidate, and thanks to his social status and his long record of "wetness", he seems likely to get the votes of a large body of Republicans of the country club class, who are tired of Hoover, but would not vote for a Democratic candidate of the type of "Al" Smith.

Roosevelt's managers have decided that he must lose no time in taking the offensive in the campaign and in the near future he will begin to deliver a series of speeches throughout the country. There seems no reason to doubt that the six southern states which broke away from their old moorings and gave majorities for a Republican Presidential candidate in 1928 for the first time since the Civil War, will revert to their old allegiance and line up a "solid South" in the Democratic column once more. Roosevelt has also an excellent chance of carrying what are known as the "border states", Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Oklahoma, which are fitful in their political allegiance, and he has considerable strength in most of the other states beyond the Mississippi. In these the attitude of the Republican Progressive Senators will be an important factor; they entertain an acute dislike of Hoover and his ways and have long been at odds with his administration. Some of them like Senator Norris of Nebraska and Senator Wheeler of Montana have openly commended Roosevelt for his power and other policies, and after the latter's nomination speech Senator Hiram Johnson of California, who is one of the stormy petrels of United States politics, gave it his cordial approval. If these Progressive politicians

throw their influence in favour of Roosevelt at the election, as they may easily, he is quite likely to carry states like Kansas, Nebraska and Washington which are normally Republican. His hardest task to get votes will be in the New York group of states and the great central states of Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, where the more conservative elements in the Democratic party are undoubtedly suspicious of his progressivism and have had their suspicions increased by the friendliness shown to him by radicals like Senator Norris. However, most of these latter states are now definitely "wet" and the outright "wetness" of the Democratic platform should win many votes.

The Republicans on their side are frankly disappointed that the family quarrels of the Democratic party did not leave behind as in 1924 resentments and fissures fatal to the party's fortunes, but their leaders frankly admit that they are now committed to a difficult defensive battle. They, however, profess to discuss signs of a gradual betterment in business conditions and think that, if they continue to improve during the autumn months, Hoover's stock will steadily rise and that he will have a reasonable chance of re-election. They hope that the Democratic liquor programme of immediate repeal of the prohibition laws will frighten the women voters and the "dry" elements generally, but they have at present to take into account the possible menace of a "dry" third party movement, which the formidable Senator Borah is being pressed to head. If it materializes, it is likely to deprive the Republicans of a substantial number of votes which they would otherwise as the "drier" party secure and greatly increase the chances of a Democratic victory. The Socialists have nominated as their candidate, Mr. Norman Thomas, an ex-clergyman, who is an effective platform speaker and advocates a programme of the Fabian brand, and they expect to record a heavy gain over their previous polls but not to compete seriously with the two major parties. The Communists have also

nominated one of their leaders, William Z. Foster, and a Farmer-Labour party, which has suddenly come to life in California, has entered a champion for the Presidential contest, but the vote given to each of these two factions will be trivial. The real fight is between the Republicans and the Democrats and, while the *New York Nation* can see nothing distinguishable in the views of the two Presidential candidates and the party platforms, other commentators hold that the American people are being offered for the first time for 16 years an alternative choice between the standpat conservatism to which the Republicans cling and the liberalism which the Democrats under Roosevelt's leadership have somewhat timidly resurrected. Political prophesy is always a dangerous enterprise, but in view of the widespread signs of social unrest and political discontent, the tremendous volume of unemployment, the poor grain crops in the West and the personal unpopularity of President Hoover, the prospects for a Democratic victory in November are rosier than they have been for many a long day.

CURRENT EVENTS

LAUSANNE.

As in earlier centuries it was Versailles, to-day it is Lausanne that provides that peculiar atmosphere most conducive to dispassionate discussion, to blotting out of ancient animosities, and to the forward vision which issues in agreement and in friendship. But as the record of Versailles became somewhat sullied in later years, Lausanne is not yet free from risk of encountering a similar fate. The acclaim which heralded the Treaty of Lausanne reducing reparations may have been premature. A "gentlemen's agreement," originally secret, making ratification contingent on conditions which conceivably may not be realized, turns the edge of the first, spontaneous enthusiasm.

The movement which resulted in the preparation of the treaty began with the Hoover moratorium of June, 1931, and was, seemingly, expedited by the conversations between President Hoover and former premier Laval of France. The circumstances surrounding the declaration of the moratorium did unquestionably associate the payment of war debts with reparations, while the Hoover-Laval discussions left an impression among European nations indebted to the United States that were those nations to reach an agreement for the virtual liquidation of reparations the United States would probably adopt a benevolent attitude in the matter of war debts. There have been no misgivings in Britain or in Europe regarding the intimate association between economic depression and the burden of public obligations left as a legacy by the Great War. It was not unnatural that the British government in its effort to promote economic recovery should have asked the co-operation of the states of Europe in an effort to remove this great weight. It is doubtful, however, if the end achieved by the

negotiations is that envisioned by Mr. MacDonald when he issued invitations to the conference.

The British prime minister fought strenuously for an unconditional cancellation of reparations payments. While France has insisted on receiving a 'substantial balance' above debt payments, Britain's receipts from reparations are virtually the equivalent of her payments to the United States on account of war debts. These items are not a factor in the balancing of the British national budget. Mr. MacDonald doubtless felt that with the European slate cleaned the debtor nations could then approach the United States with the strongest possible case for the cancellation of war debts.

But such heroic measures proved more alluring to the imaginative Celt than to the realistic Gaul. If France should wipe out German reparations and the United States should still insist on the payment of debts, what then? Once already in the matter of security the pledge of their President had not been implemented by the people of the United States, and in this case there was on record the most unequivocal statement of public policy against cancellation. Conditions in France, financial and political, simply did not permit her prime minister to assent to an unconditional abandonment of reparations.

An insuperable difficulty in the negotiations at Lausanne arose from the absence of the United States. There is a measure of delicacy involved in inviting a friend to 'sit in' on a 'little game' at which you and your associates hope to extract from him the tidy sum of 11,000 million dollars. And thus the United States was not invited to Lausanne and the necessity arose for providing for contingencies depending on the extent to which debts will be cancelled.

Virtually, therefore, on the assumption that the United States would either cancel or reduce substantially the war debts owed by European States, the nations assembled at Lausanne proceeded to determine the extent to which repara-

tions payments by Germany might be reduced. The Bank of International Settlements had already reported after investigation that the capacity of Germany to pay reparations had declined seriously and that she could be expected to pay only a relatively small part of the amount fixed by the Young Plan along with other obligations incurred since the war. The payments required by the Young Plan amount to 34,000 million gold marks. France proposed that this should be reduced to 8,000 million, but Chancellor von Papen, representing the German Reich, insisted that this amount was beyond the capacity of his country to pay. The negotiations were complicated by the insistence of Germany that the virtual extinction of reparations should be accompanied by a declaration absolving Germany from the formal accusation of war guilt contained in the Treaty of Versailles and which seemed to provide the justification for the collection of reparations. In the end the Germans were persuaded not to press the question of war guilt and the amount of reparations was reduced to 3,000 million gold marks or \$714,000,000.

More specifically, the agreement requires Germany to deliver to the Bank for International Settlements bonds for the sum mentioned bearing interest at 5%. These bonds shall not be negotiated by the Bank within three years from the date of the agreement and the amount remaining unnegotiated at the end of fifteen years shall be cancelled. The appropriation of the proceeds of the issue of the bonds shall be settled in due course by agreement among the parties to this treaty other than Germany. Should negotiations with the United States regarding war debts fail, the agreement becomes of no effect and the status of the various parties becomes that which existed prior to the declaration of the Hoover moratorium.

Associated with the main treaty are at least two subsidiary understandings or agreements, one, in the form of a

memorandum of conversations and now known as the 'gentlemen's agreement', that ratifications of the main treaty shall not be sought until after satisfactory terms have been arranged with the United States, and the other a more formal declaration in which France and Britain agree to work together in the quest for a solution of the problem of disarmament and in the 'careful and practical preparation of the world economic conference', and, more significantly, in which they agree to an exchange of views respecting 'any questions coming to their notice similar in origin to that now so happily settled at Lausanne which may affect the European régime.' The hope is expressed that the scope of this last provision may be extended to include other European nations. This clause seems designed to prevent separate and independent negotiations by European nations with the United States on the question of war debts and to prevent, likewise, one nation receiving more favourable treatment than another in the adjustment of war debts.

This series of Lausanne agreements does unquestionably place on the door-step of Uncle Sam the lusty baby of debt cancellation, and at a time when its wailings are likely to be most embarrassing politically. It has been difficult to avoid creating the impression that the Lausanne agreements represented the formation of a European bloc *vis-a-vis* the United States. A lack of frankness and an ill-concealed clumsiness with respect to the 'gentlemen's agreement' did not improve the situation in the United States. The time chosen for forcing this issue on the attention of the people of the United States is most inopportune. The determination of the United States to insist on the payment of war debts has recently, as a result of the moratorium, been written into an Act of Congress. The platform of the Democratic party holds no promise of a more benevolent attitude should there be a change in administration following the presidential election. The mass of the people

in the United States are not prepared for such a drastic sacrifice. There is danger that political leaders in both parties will seek popular favour by beating the horse of debt cancellation and will give pledges that will make compromise more difficult later. To obtain the cancellation or substantial reduction of war debts there must be an extensive saving of political faces; the projection of this issue into the presidential campaign may distort certain political countenances beyond the hope of salvation.

After all, the sum of 11,000 million dollars is not to be waved aside by a dramatic gesture. Only the stupendous deficit which confronted Congress this past year could have reconciled the people of the United States to substantial new taxation. It will not be surprising if the taxpayer of the middle and farther west who is not 'world-conscious' will require to be 'shown' why he should pay the debts of the Frenchman and the Englishman. There will be little satisfaction in being told that the tariff policy of his own nation has contributed to making impossible the further payment of war debts.

Opinion in the United States is undoubtedly divided on this issue. During recent years a large amount of United States capital has been advanced to German corporations in the ordinary course of lending. The repayment of these loans is the obligation of private individuals in Germany. It is now agreed that there is not sufficient earning capacity in Germany to pay reparations, which must come ultimately from taxes, and the private obligations of German nationals. Investors in the United States owning the bonds of German corporations will be in favour of such a reduction of war debts as will permit the liquidation of reparations. Support will be obtained, likewise, from the manufacturers who will see in the general economic recovery of Europe the opportunity of entering new markets and starting the wheels of industry

moving again. It will be most interesting to observe the 'reaction' of the people of the United States; one result may be a revision of certain popular conceptions regarding the winning of the war.

It is probable that whatever relief may be given by the United States will be made conditional on the reduction of the burden of armaments in Europe. The chief advantage to be gained by the United States from a scaling-down of war debts will be in the form of increased exports and a general industrial recovery. Nothing would contribute more effectively to such an issue than the release for normal purposes of commerce of the enormous sums now paid in taxes for the maintenance of armies and armaments. Lausanne does bring the problem of reparations and war debts one stage nearer a solution—even if that solution may yet be remote. The spirit of accord which prevailed at Lausanne may be an earnest of that intellectual disarmament which alone can create a sense of security and pave the way for the reduction of material armaments. With reparations, war debts and disarmament on the way to solution there may be hope for a return to reason in the field of tariffs and international trade. Then we might expect the dawn of a new era.

IRELAND.

Our Irish friends continue to enjoy a bad time. Mr. de Valera's bill amending the constitution of Ireland in such a way as to abolish the oath of allegiance to the Crown passed the Dail Eireann with the support of the Labour party. In the Senate, where there is an anti-government majority, the bill encountered difficulties and was returned with amendments which defeated the purposes of its sponsors. These amendments have now been rejected by the Dail and, according to the constitution, will remain in abeyance for a period of

eighteen months when they may be introduced again and when the Senate will be powerless to prevent their passage into law.

In the meantime the issue has shifted from the oath of allegiance to the payment of land annuities, an issue which figured largely in the election campaign which gave Mr. de Valera's party control of the Dail. The annuities take their rise in the purchase by British investors of securities guaranteed by the government of the United Kingdom and issued for the purpose of raising money to enable Irish tenant farmers to purchase their farms from their landlords. As a consequence of the adoption of several land-purchase schemes in the earlier years of the century the character of the tenure of Irish farm lands became completely changed. The landlords were 'bought out' but the funds employed to effect this change were raised by the issue of securities sold extensively in Britain. At the time of the formation of the Irish Free State an agreement was reached fixing the amount to be paid by the Free State government to the government of the United Kingdom representing the balance still due on account of this indebtedness. Payments have been made regularly under this agreement, the British government acting practically as the collecting agent for the British investors. Mr. de Valera has maintained that the agreement was unfair to the Irish farmer and declared his intention to suspend payments. The moneys due in June, £3,000,000, were actually collected by the government of the Free State but instead of being paid to the British government were retained in a special account pending an adjustment of the differences between the two governments.

The issue with respect to annuities has now been reduced to the character of the tribunal to which these differences may be referred for arbitration. The British government insists that such a tribunal shall be chosen from within the British Empire; Mr. de Valera, fearing that an empire tribunal will not be impartial, insists on one chosen from foreign countries.

As a measure of reprisal for the withholding of the land annuities the British government has imposed a duty of 20% on agricultural products imported by Britain from the Free State, while the Dail has retaliated by giving the government power to impose by executive order such duties against British goods as it may deem expedient.

The last issue of *QUEEN'S QUARTERLY* stated Mr. de Valera's position sympathetically and at some length. It is difficult to maintain that the form of oath to be taken by members of the Dail Eireann should determine the allegiance of the people of the Irish Free State. We would admit that the form of government the people of the Irish Free State wish to have within the Commonwealth is their own affair and we see no fundamental objection to a republic within the group of British nations. Apart wholly from the provisions or implications of the Statute of Westminster, the spirit of British policy in relation to the Dominions in the last half-century has implied the right of a Dominion to determine its own form of government.

Mr. de Valera's difficulty now seems to arise from doubts as to whether he would have the Free State within or without the Commonwealth. In that case the issue changes and other factors must be considered. If there is to be an Irish nation, separate and independent, it should contain the Irish people and not one section of it alone. The broader issue of Irish nationhood and independence should be decided by the Irish people as a whole. There are facts of history and geography which cannot be overlooked.

Assuming that Mr. de Valera, for the present at least, is content to remain within the Commonwealth, the issues between the Free State and Great Britain seem to be reducible fundamentally to manners and procedure. Had Mr. de Valera on the formation of his government represented politely to the Dominions Office that certain features of the Irish

Treaty and of the settlement were considered unsatisfactory by the people of the Free State and had requested a conference, it is conceivable that, assuming the maintenance of good temper, some form of agreement could have been reached which would have satisfied the essential demands of both parties. To a Canadian not unappreciative of certain elements of strength in the case of the Free State government it would seem that the issues have not been handled with skill or diplomacy. Passions have been aroused on both sides of the Irish Channel; realities have been obscured, and agreement seems to have been postponed.

Nor, in our opinion, have the Irish been the sole offenders. The imposition of duties in reprisal will not expedite the settlement of this problem. Assuming that the British government is able to collect in duties an amount equal to the annuities withheld, the procedure will have been quite as arbitrary as that to which Mr. de Valera is resorting in the abolition of the oath. For Mr. de Valera's position there was the justification of a possible interpretation of the Treaty. For the action of the British government there is no justification other than superior power. This procedure is painfully suggestive of the 'big stick'. Irish history is a long and sad commentary on the futility of the resort to force. Irish nature has not changed in the last quarter century. The duties imposed on Irish agricultural products may produce a revenue equivalent to the annuities; they may even bring the government of the Free State to its knees or to defeat, but the price paid in ill-will and resentment within and without Ireland may leave a heavy debit balance.

It is unfortunate that Mr. de Valera is not coming to Ottawa. Had he been permitted to occupy a 'ring-side' seat at the conference of British and Canadian cotton manufacturers he might have been persuaded that the Commonwealth provides a stage sufficiently extensive to satisfy even an Irishman's love for encounter.

THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE.

By the time this is published the Ottawa Conference will be well on its way and, doubtless, will have demonstrated the perils of prophecy. On the eve of the assembling of the Conference there is among most Canadians a feeling of confidence that the meeting will be productive of substantial if not spectacular benefits. All delegations manifest a determination that the Conference shall not fail and that agreements shall be as generous as economic conditions and as opinion in each section of the Commonwealth will permit.

At one time there was deep anxiety in certain quarters in Canada regarding the inadequateness of the preparation of the Canadian case. Although there may have been tardiness in beginning this work the past several weeks have witnessed almost feverish activity among the officials of the departments of the public service most intimately concerned with Conference problems and among the corps of experts drafted for the occasion. A wide range has been covered in the investigations, and in the inquiries made in the tariff schedules which will be the subject of special discussion thorough information has been obtained. From an administrative point of view the work of preparation would seem to have been completed adequately. There exists, however, one serious defect, a defect inherent in the method adopted and, seemingly, in the point of view of the administrative officer. Special briefs have been prepared presenting the point of view of every industry likely to be affected by changes in tariff schedules. The approach in each case is special, and is interested. It has not been possible for any group or individual to piece together a composite picture of the economic life of the Dominion as revealed through these special sections. If there has been any inadequacy in the detailed work of preparation, it has been in the field of the co-relation of industrial interests and, particularly, in consid-

eration of the interest of the general public. The special interest is limited in range, it is well organized and knows its subject; the public interest is extremely complex, is not easily defined and does not possess the facility of expression enjoyed by the special interest.

By reason of this condition the government is confronted with a very definite and a heavy responsibility. There is no reason to believe that this responsibility will be evaded. The Canadian consumer, the exporter of food products who is looking for enlarged markets in Britain, is insistent that there shall be a reduction in certain of our tariff schedules. So far, the interests benefited by this tariff protection have, in the main, given little assistance in indicating where and to what extent the tariff may be reduced. In certain industries, such as steel, British and Canadian producers seem to have been able to achieve substantial agreement regarding a division of the Canadian market; in other industries similar negotiations have not produced satisfactory results.

Certain it is that concessions must be mutual. If the Canadian producer of food products, of metal, of chemicals, is to obtain an advantage over his foreign competitor, there must be reductions in the Canadian tariff in favour of British exports. To effect these reductions it may be necessary for Mr. Bennett to disregard the advice of Canadian manufacturers and to determine for himself where the axe shall fall. The prime minister has already demonstrated his courage; if courage in dealing with Canadian industry is alone required to save the Conference from failure, the situation is by no means hopeless.

Two pitfalls, in any case, should be avoided. There is real danger of the loss of economic freedom through attachment of Canadian currency to the pound or to any other standardized Imperial currency. We are not yet sufficiently far out of the tangle of currency and its implications in inter-

national trade to be able to see our way clearly. The flow of currency is intimately associated with the movement of trade between nations. Until many of the barriers impeding the course of international trade are removed the way will not be clear for currency to perform its natural functions. Modifications of our relations in matters of currency can well await the forthcoming economic conference of the League of Nations when some advance may be made in the removal of obstructions to trade. The other danger lies in the direction of the creation of bureaux to direct and 'manage' intra-Imperial trade. No objection whatsoever can be taken to offices whose function it will be to collect and disseminate information. Should the duties of new bureaux to be created now extend beyond this field there is real danger of loss of freedom and consequent dissatisfaction.

Be the results what they may be, Canadians should feel proud of the opportunity of acting as hosts to representatives of the mother country and the Dominions. Canada will become better known to the visitors from abroad and, it is confidently expected, the impression will not be unfavourable.

D. McARTHUR.

BOOK REVIEWS

Recovery, The Second Effort. By Sir Arthur Salter, K.C.B.
The Century Co., New York. George J. McLeod,
Toronto. 347 pp. \$3.50.

Trained in the exacting school of Civil Service with its high standards and its realistic point of view, experienced in the co-operative work of war-time organization and mellowed in the international atmosphere of Geneva, Sir Arthur Salter is uniquely qualified to discuss with good sense and good temper the causes of "depression" and the possible means of recovery. He writes, moreover, in a lucid, easy style and brings his story well within the understanding of the ordinary reader. Those who are learned and skilled in the problems of contemporary history and finance may find here little that is new to them and some ground for disagreement. But their number is small. The rest of the world in both continents will find his book full of revealing information and a stimulus to thought.

Sir Arthur stresses first, what his sub-title implies, the astonishing speed of Europe's recovery from the war, which dislocated rather than destroyed its financial resources. He then traces the immediate causes of the collapse which has resulted in the situation that "ability to produce is unable to translate itself into ability to purchase" because "the world's economic mechanism has lost its self-adjusting quality". The main causes he finds in the survival of war mentality in Europe and in the action of the United States first in lending too rashly abroad and then in suddenly ceasing to lend at all.

The second and much longer part of his book discusses first the financial and economic problems and then the political situation. In both spheres he suggests remedies. A feature of especial value is his ability to state clearly and without either

heat or prejudice the point of view of other nations, excusing or at least explaining the actions and attitudes which most annoy their neighbours, a task for which he is peculiarly well fitted by his wide acquaintance with statesmen and financiers and manufacturers of many different nations.

His conclusion rests on national psychology. "At the basis of any world order must be assured peace". "A world now apprehensive and defensive needs most the qualities it has for the moment abandoned: courage and magnanimity". If reasoned wisdom can convert men to these qualities, the author of this book has done his generation sovereign service.

W. H. F.

* * * * *

A Liberal Education in a Modern World. By R. C. Wallace.
The Macmillans in Canada. 114 pp. \$1.25.

This volume contains the Burwash Memorial Lectures delivered last autumn in Toronto by the President of the University of Alberta. It is an attractive volume, well packed with wisdom and good sense. The manifold demands upon Universities from the modern world of business and industry makes it necessary to enquire into the nature of "liberal education" and to find some criterion to distinguish higher education from technical or industrial training. The sacred circle of the learned professions—Law, Medicine and the Church—has long been broken. Which of the invaders can claim a right to resist exclusion? What is a Profession? How should a University regard, for instance, Commerce, Engineering, Nursing and the Training of Teachers?

Dr. Wallace prepares the ground for these enquiries by an admirable historical introduction which clearly shows how the nineteenth century demand for more and more knowledge of the material world altered altogether the sense of cultural value. Humanism could no longer exclude Science. After

describing the ever widening circles of University education and discussing some of the more suspect new arrivals, Dr. Wallace finds a sound criterion in the distinction between fundamental principles, which are the proper interest of a University, and technique, or method, which is the concern of purely vocational training. Like all good educators he stresses the fact that education is a life-long activity and that the function of a University is to strengthen the mental appetite and digestion of its graduates. In other words it must stimulate their interests. These interests must be centred on man but cannot exclude his environment.

Anyone who from any angle takes an interest in education will get pleasure and profit from these lectures and find them worthy of their author's high reputation.

W. H. F.

* * * * *

PHILOSOPHY

An Essay Concerning the Understanding, Knowledge, Opinion, and Assent. By John Locke. Edited with an introduction by Benjamin Rand. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1931. Pp. lx, 306. \$3.50.

John Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, published in 1690, is a landmark in philosophy. It is the manifesto and the source-book of that tradition of empiricism which is the common heritage of British thought from Berkeley to Bradley, and from David Hume to the Cambridge rationalists of our day. However diverse their interests and various their conclusions, they all insist on 'experience' as the first source and final testing-ground of ideas. Any light that can be thrown on so influential a document is important not only for Locke himself, but for the whole of that succession of thinkers.

The manuscript which Dr. Rand, resourceful and conscientious scholar, here makes available to the public is an

early draft of the famous *Essay*, antedating the appearance of the latter by nineteen years. It contains Locke's essential doctrines unencumbered by the encyclopædic ramifications that burden the heavy tome of 1690. Here is Locke's philosophy trimmed to fighting-weight: his passionate rejection of "innate principles"; his doctrine of the mind as an original "*rasa tabula*, quite void", progressively marked by incoming simple ideas of sensation and reflection; his nominalistic treatment of universals as words; his relational theory of spatial extension as the "measure", and of temporal duration as the "succession", of ideas, and his subjectivistic idea of substance as "a collection of several simple ideas" (p. 123); yet with his obstinate realistic "assurance of something existing without us, when we see and hear, etc." (p. 88). The study of this first formulation of his life-long doctrine and the comparison with its later expansion and application is the important chapter which this book opens in the understanding of John Locke.

* * * * *

Collected Papers of Charles Sanders Peirce. Edited by Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1931 and 1932. Volume I: *Principles of Philosophy.* Pp. xvi, 393. \$5.00. Volume II: *Elements of Logic.* Pp. xi, 535. \$6.00.

For years in certain circles Charles Sanders Peirce has been a name to conjure with. Little was publicly known of him, his printed work consisting of a few obscure and widely scattered articles. Yet he was spoken of as the founder of pragmatism (James, Royce, Dewey, Lewis all freely acknowledged their indebtedness to him); as one of the creators of modern symbolic logic (Schroeder's *Algebra der Logik* is little more than the elaboration of a few general ideas received directly from Peirce); as a pioneer in the logic of induction and probability (despite the energy and talent since devoted

to it, exemplified in J. N. Keynes' admirable *Treatise on Probability*, in important ideas the subject is very much where Peirce left it); as a student and interpreter of the scientific method (son of the famous Harvard mathematician, himself a life-long scientific investigator and laboratory-worker, he was acquainted as few of his contemporaries with the history, results, and spirit of the natural sciences); as a skilled and venturesome explorer in the history of philosophy (his masters include Aristotle, Augustine, Abelard, John of Salisbury, Duns Scotus, Berkeley and Kant); as a friendly critic of the nascent science of psychology (much confusion would have been spared workers in this field had they known and understood his criticism of introspection in 1868); as the author of speculative ideas of the greatest fertility and sweep (his theory of signs, his new list of categories, his doctrines of synechism and tychism are a rich heritage which American philosophy will claim when it has finally emerged from epistemological trivialities); in short, as one of the most powerful and original intellects that America has produced.

So heralded, these volumes, the first out of a series of ten which are to be the definitive publication of Peirce's extant writings, may prove disappointing to some. For all the careful and discriminating editorial arrangement of the material, it still remains scrappy, repetitive, incomplete. Yet the ideas are there. Unrefined and disarranged, they await the patient seeker, more intent on the object of his search than on the form in which he finds it. Peirce will probably remain in these volumes, as he has been over the past two decades and in his own lifetime, a philosopher's philosopher: unknown to the general public, a name to the dilettante, a mine of stimulus and inspiration to the serious student.

A word about the mechanics of the publication: the arrangement is excellent, probably the best that could be done under

the circumstances; the editorial references and foot-notes valuable; the type clear and generous, the binding solid. But the printing is by no means free from errors, and the Greek is sometimes treated with school-boy slovenliness. American publishing has something to learn in this respect from the immaculate work of the English university presses.

* * * * *

Reason and Nature: An Essay on the Meaning of the Scientific Method. By Morris R. Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1931. Pp. xxiv, 470. \$5.00.

Speculation is vision in philosophy; its work is criticism. Large ideas flash at rare moments upon favoured individuals; but the task of applying reflection to the correction and clarification of current opinion still remains for the constant lover of life, the shrewd observer, the man of broad interests, clear judgment, and wide erudition. Such is the author of this volume.

Morris Cohen has no new philosophy to propose. His task is rather to expose in the name of philosophy fads and superstitions. He does not enter the philosophic arena to join with one or another of the conventional champions. Aloof, impartial, his only consistent loyalty is to reason itself—and that not an abstract, intellectualistic rationalism, but the concrete reasonableness of the scientific method, of which he gives a clear, sane, penetrating analysis. His avowed canon of criticism is his own version of the Aristotelian mean and Hegelian mediation: the “principle of Polarity”, from which, eschewing all monisms, dualisms and pluralisms, absolutisms and relativisms alike, he takes up the most diverse issues over the whole field of science—logic, mathematics, physics, biology, psychology, sociology, politics, ethics—offering at each point his cool and balanced judgment.

Science and First Principles. By F. S. S. Northrop. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1931. Pp. xiv, 299.

This is not a "book which is unreservedly recommended to the general reader." The general reader may read it at his own risk: it may inspire him, or, more probably, it may confuse him. There is so much that is fresh, vigorous, and intriguing in this book, that one should stretch a point in speaking a good word for it. Yet what is one to do with reasoning such as this:

I consist of atoms.

Now I am conscious.

Hence they must be conscious also. (p. 120).

What is one to think of his Pythagorean god, the "macroscopic atom", "which the kinetic atomic basis of relativity physics necessitates" (p. 120), eternal in being, spherical in shape, finite in size, "congesting" the microscopic atoms of physical science and so "accounting" for the order of nature, providing "the ideal toward which changing systems proceed, as well as the mechanical cause of their procedure" (p. 271)? What is one to say when he finds Professor Northrop pressing a second god into the bargain: "Hence, there are two gods. One, the macroscopic atom, is a simple perfect substance. The other, the macroscopic unity of nature as a whole, is a complex substance." (p. 282).

It would be a gullible theology indeed that would accept such dialectical boons from the theory of relativity. But philosophy is a tolerant family. Even *enfants terribles* have a service to perform, if only to rouse their duller brethren from their somnolent conventionality. And no one can tell how much of real wisdom this remarkable intellect may still contribute to American thought, when severer thoroughness and critical self-consciousness have tempered this first outburst of enthusiastic genius into the "more modest and workmanlike efforts" for which Morris Cohen has pleaded.

Ideas: General Introduction to Pure Phenomenology. By Edmund Husserl. Translation by W. R. Boyce Gibson. Library of Philosophy: London, George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1931. Pp. 465. 16s. net.

Ethics. By Nicolai Hartmann. Translation by Stanton Coit. Library of Philosophy: London, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 1932. Volume I: *Moral Phenomena*. Pp. 343. 16s. net. Volume II: *Moral Values*. Pp. 476. 16s. net.

Rumours have long been floating in England and America of a strong philosophic movement influential in Germany under the leadership of Husserl and the name of Phenomenology. Yet little was definitely known about the new school, whose *Jahrbuch für Philosophie und Phänomenologische Forschung* was more subscribed to than read. Odds and ends of information regarding its realistic persuasion and psychological approach were gathered from asides in Russell and the paragraphs in Professor Perry's *Philosophy of the Recent Past*. When lately Santayana in a condescending appendix fraternized with Husserl as a fellow-discoverer of the Realm of Essence, most of his English-speaking readers must have been mildly surprised. And Nicolai Hartmann, brilliant member of this school and independent speculator, whose *Metaphysik der Erkenntnis* and *Ethik* (to say nothing of his work in the history of German Idealism) became standard references in more than one German university, was altogether unknown except to such alert students as Sidney Hook. Such is language in the realm of ideas: a barrier to exchange as effective as tariffs in trade; and the 'learned' world is often its saddest victim.

These important books will now be available to students in America and England, thanks to the Library of Philosophy and the labours of their respective translators. Both will come

as powerful reinforcements to the recent tendency to regard philosophy, like logic and mathematics, as the systematic exploration of pure concepts, postponing existential considerations as much as possible. Husserl's "intentionality" and "transcendence", his distinction between the "hyletic", "noetic" and "noematic" factors in the knowledge-situation, and Hartmann's discussion of values as "Ideal Self-existents" will enrich the discussions of essence and the *a priori*. That either will meet with whole-hearted acceptance, however, is a matter of grave doubt. Husserl's American readers, haunted by James' unanswered question "Does Consciousness Exist?", will wonder how secure a foundation essences will have received when they are "grounded" in consciousness. And much as they have to learn from Hartmann's profound, thorough-going, and at times inspired analysis, his final "ontological-axiological" dualism will be received as a problem rather than as a solution.

G. V.

* * * * *

Voltaire. By A. Maurois. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. London: Peter Davies, 1932. Pp. 158.

A very common view of Voltaire is that he only needs to be forgotten and yet he continues to hold the stage. Since the biography by Condorcet, soon after his death (1778), the number of lives, editions of his works and critical studies is enormous. Within the last few years there have appeared in England the elaborate work of Brandes, lives by V. Thaddeus, C. E. Vulliamy, the brilliant sketch of W. Durant in his *Story of Philosophy*, and now A. Maurois, who, by this time, is well known to English readers, presents his picture of the great sceptic and satirist. It is not a severe analysis, after the manner of Faguet or Brunetière, but what the French call a "work of vulgarisation", that is "a popular" statement, though,

as Maurois remarks, that does not necessarily mean "vulgar". Into this brief space he manages to enclose an outline of Voltaire's career from his sickly precocious childhood to his sensational triumph and his death; a description of social and literary features of the classic (Louis XIV) and rationalistic period (Louis XV); a summary criticism of his works; and many of the smart sayings that were made by him and about him. He has really nothing to say on the poem, *La Pucelle*, which, though enjoyed at the time, has received the severest censure. That was wise and discreet. A little of the same wisdom would have been useful in the story of *The Divine Emilie*, Madame Du Châtelet; this is so important a part of Voltaire's life that it could not be ignored altogether, but the chapter on *Saint Lambert* and the wretched tragedy (comedy also it is called) at the end of her life, might have been dismissed with less detail. That, we may be told, is English prudery and hypocrisy since only by such facts can we see the social life and standards of that time.

Voltaire does not belong to our history and our life, though he spent three years of his youth in England, but his influence on France has been immense and lasting. One French critic has said that Voltaire had a remarkable intellect, but no feeling for the sacred. The poet Cowper said the same thing, long ago, when he declared that the pious old woman, with all her lack of learning, knew things that were hidden from the brilliant Frenchman. M. Maurois tells us that "Diderot, d'Alembert, Montesquieu had perhaps played just as great a rôle in the transformation of Eighteenth Century France. But Voltaire and Rousseau have remained both to France, and to the world in general, the two symbolic figures of that period. Voltaire stands for the satiric and destructive facet, Rousseau for the popular and sentimental facet. Throughout the Nineteenth Century battles raged round these two names. In the long warfare between Church and State,

which ended (if it did end) at the time of the Dreyfus Affair, with the victory of the State, Voltaire was the sacred writer of the Church's adversaries. Voltairian became a regular adjective, defined in one famous dictionary as 'a man who has feelings of mocking incredulity regarding Christianity.' The contradictions of his character and conduct have often been brilliantly expressed by Macaulay and others. This is Maurois' version: "Was his character great? He was complex. He laughed at Kings and flattered them. To the Churches he preached forgiveness of insults and did not show his own enemies mercy. He was generous and miserly, frank and untruthful, cowardly and brave. He had the fear of blows which is natural to human beings but all his life long he flung himself into affairs where he could receive blows."

Of the vast number of his productions, plays, poems, histories and essays, a large part has lost interest except for antiquarians, though such works as *Charles XII* and the *Reign of Louis XV* give to students good specimens of his style free from anything repulsive. I do not know how many would agree with our author's judgment, but here it is:

The author of *Zaire* and the *Henriade* would doubtless have been prodigiously surprised had he been assured that the only book (or nearly the only book) of his which would be read in 1950 and held as a masterpiece of man's wit, would be a short novel, written at the age of sixty-five, and bearing the title of *Candide*. . . . In the body of every writer's creation there are things of sheer delight: *Candide* was the best of such in Voltaire.

W. G. J.

THEOLOGY

The Pastor of Poggsee. By Gustav Frenssen. G. Harrap & Co.

The Veil of Veronica. By Gertrud von le Fort. Sheed & Ward. 7/6.

The Nature of Belief. By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. Sheed & Ward. 7/6.

The Church a Necessary Evil. By Alfred Fawkes. Basil Blackwell. 4/6.

The Great Amphibium. By Joseph Needham. Student Christian Movement. 6/-.

The Idealistic Conception of Religion, Vico Hegel Gentile. By Aline Lion. Oxford University Press. 12/6.

Mysticism East and West. By Rudolf Otto. Macmillan. 16/-.

The Pastor of Poggsee and *The Veil of Veronica* are two novels, the one of astonishing power, the other of most exceptional beauty, as different as two novels could be, yet both dealing with the same religious problem, the clash of Christianity and paganism. The setting of the former is the pastor's manse in the strange and marshy land of Holstein, of the latter a house in Rome that faced on one side on to the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva and on the other on to the majestic Rotunda of the Pantheon. Both books give us the picture of a noble Stoic, but, whereas in the former the magnificent Stoic, so nearly Christian, so devoted to Goethe, is the hero of the tale, in the latter the pride of Stoicism appears humbled and destroyed. *The Pastor* gives us a memorable representation of the confluence of Christianity and the fierce, jovial, independent northern spirit of Europe; *The Veil of Veronica* reveals the soul of Catholicism in its most winning aspect—two really great novels exquisitely translated.

It is rarely that the philosophy of religion is treated with such literary elegance, such wit and humanity, such felicity of illustration as in Fr. D'Arcy's *The Nature of Belief*. Not only is the book a first class piece of work but it is of the greatest importance, above all to Protestants, and this not by way of controversy but of stimulus and correction. It deals with the basis and nature of certainty, protests that scientific knowledge is not the only form of knowledge, deals not too drastically with those modern varieties of Protestantism which in their strange anti-intellectualism would relegate the knowledge of God to the sphere of inward states, and proclaims once again that man's reason was given him to guide him to God. The book demands the consideration of "Liberal" Christians and, not less, of scientists and philosophers; it is a very noteworthy contribution to the Christian cause and to epistemology.

Obedience to Reason, which makes Fr. D'Arcy a philosopher of the Roman Church, led the late Alfred Fawkes out of Catholicism into—Erastianism! This posthumous work, *The Church a Necessary Evil*, reveals a very charming and gifted spirit; it is a kind of answer, though not very convincing, to *The Nature of Belief*; but there is authority, and that of the highest, for Alfred Fawkes' trust in the religious insight and inspired ethical common sense of the average man. Was he wrong in thinking that Parliament is a better judge of moral issues than the bench of bishops, and that Bp. Butler's sermon on *The Ignorance of Man* is the greatest sermon in the English language?

Dr. Joseph Needham is a well-known biologist; he is also a man of a philosophical mind and moreover a very accomplished man of letters. *The Great Amphibium*, therefore, like all the books mentioned above, is a delight to read. Intellectually it stands at the furthest pole removed from *The Nature of Belief*. "The histologist who looked up from his microscope and remarked that he was thinking God's thoughts after him,

is a ridiculous figure; nothing could be more irrelevant than divinity to a microscope or a serial section," writes Dr. Needham; and, again, "thus we may say that science attends solely to the metrical aspects of the universe, and neglects both the alogicality and individuality in it; we may say that history neglects the former and attends to the latter, and we may say that religion resembles history rather than science, but has no intellectual business to do, and is concerned with the sense of the holy just as art is concerned with the appreciation of the beautiful." This in Fr. D'Arcy's view is religion in full and unnecessary retreat; none the less, because of its immensely interesting analysis of the scientific mind and its emphatic, if partial, vindication of the independent right of religion this book deserves attention both of avowedly religious thinkers and of scientists.

It is not possible in brief compass to do justice to *The Idealistic Conception of Religion*; it is not altogether easy reading, but it is a book of real importance to all who are concerned with the philosophy of religion. "That religion should be considered as belonging to practical life, that emotion should be considered the essential feature of religion, finally that religion should be considered an inferior form of knowledge and therefore an historical stage to be outgrown, are views which are not compatible with a philosophical understanding of the life of Mind." The gifted authoress expounds this conviction by means of an exposition of Vico, Hegel and Gentile, and contends "(a) that it is possible to consider religion as autonomous and eternal, owing to its character as a necessary and therefore universal aspect of life; (b) that religiousness, whether poetical, scientific, or philosophical, is not equivalent, still less superior, to a positive religion, for it lacks the definiteness which it can only receive from its historical embodiment, that is, from the limitations which the latter involves, and that can alone determine religiousness,

giving it actual concrete reality; (c) that in fact religiousness, when devoid of historical embodiment, being purely subjective, goes hand in hand with humanitarianism, sharing the vagueness of that comfortable benevolence; duties to mankind mean duties to nobody, and the worship of an indefinite notion means a worship that cannot be regulating, still less binding." In the end, however, the authoress represents religion very much in the form of Oriental and classical mysticism, and the relative neglect of the ethical moment is disappointing.

Dr. Otto has the advantage, rare among European philosophers of religion, that he is at home in the Sanskrit literature. To his earlier studies he has now added this comparison of the two great mystics, Sankara and Meister Eckhart; he shows the extraordinary similarity of their ecstatic thought and the not less remarkable and fundamental differences of their religious outlook. Those constitutionally debarred from a sympathetic understanding of the higher flights of mysticism may regard these flights as of psychological rather than metaphysical and theological importance, but at the more human level of religion, where the great Hindu and the great Christian most diverge, they are not least significant and humanly moving. In both cases, be it noted, we have an intellectual mysticism as far as possible removed from the emotional and erotic forms of religion often called "mystical". The translation is admirable apart from one or two deviations from the standards preferred north of the Great Lakes. This is a very great addition to the literature of mysticism.

N. M.

LITERATURE

The Story of English Literature. By Edmund Kemper Broadus, Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Alberta. New York: The Macmillan Company; Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1931. Price, \$2.25; edition de luxe, \$6.00.

The zest with which Professor Broadus has written this book will be likely to induce a corresponding enjoyment in the young readers to whom it is addressed. The work is, of necessity, elementary; the effort is to attract the youthful mind by simple exposition, narrative and comment. There are far too many youthful minds that, stumbling through critical 'Introductions' to English Literature, become befogged by unnecessary detail and disheartened by undue solemnity of style. Professor Broadus has such enthusiasm for his subject and sympathy with the juvenile and adolescent that he has been in no danger of alienating his readers' affections from Literature. His discussions are so friendly and chatty, and, generally, so sound, and the illustrative passages he has chosen from the works of England's great poets and prosemen are so inviting that a young reader is likely to recur to the book with growing interest—an interest that may be kindled into delight. That is the way to win the early learner, by conversational charm and a real fellow-feeling. These fourteen chapters seem to have been well tested before publication, and have something of the quality of Sidney Lanier's more mature *Shakespeare and His Forerunners*.

Every method, however, has its peculiar dangers. Professor Broadus's very ardour tempts him to employ sometimes questionable or indefensible superlatives, as on pages 152, 177, 180, 185, 325, 337, 376, 396, 475, 535, etc. Even more serious are some of the self-contradictions. Ranking is a

delicate and difficult business, and Professor Broadus is not always happy in his classifications. On page 453 he places Shelley and Keats together as belonging to "the first rank of English poets;" but on page 602 he seems to change his mind, and reduces Shelley to membership in "a second group". Again, while sound enough, no doubt, in his view of Wells, he does not distinguish between Wells the artist in spite of himself, and Wells the propagandist; and he ranks the Galsworthy of *The Forsyte Saga* with Arnold Bennett. Among important writers whom he does not discuss at all are Caedmon and Cynewulf (the Anglo-Saxon period is rather scantily treated), Massinger, Greene, Browne, Borrow, Butler, Swinburne, De Quincey, Morris, the Rossettis, Mrs. Gaskell, Reade, Mrs. Browning, Kingsley, the Brontës, and Trollope; while the treatments of Bacon (even though he has a whole chapter), and of Marlowe, Blake, Coleridge and Browning seem rather inadequate.

We are inclined to question also the remark that Spenser's influence may not have been "altogether good" for Keats; and to regret the association of Benét's *John Brown's Body* with Hardy's *Dynasts* in the same footnote. In detailing the echoings in *Lycidas* Professor Broadus might well have included a reference to Ezekiel XXXIV: 1-10 (surely a direct source of a famous passage in the elegy); and in the account of Browning's first acquaintance with the work of Shelley, Professor Pottle would have proved a safer guide than William Sharp. Amy Lowell's biography of Keats is given, one feels, undeserved prominence. Masfield did not run away to sea, and it must be admitted that he does sometimes sentimentalize. Perhaps in the last chapter of future editions of the book some mention might well be made of Binyon, Francis Thompson, Dobson, Watson, Davidson, Mrs. Meynell, Chesterton, Hewlett, Phillpotts, and Walpole, and of some of the finer poetry and prose engendered by the Great

War. In a popular rendering of the story of English Literature *some* names must be omitted; but the omission of these and of the others mentioned above is to be regretted.

The good taste of both author and publishers is shown in the format of the book, but the misspelling of Wordsworth's name (it appears as 'Wadsworth') on the Literary Map seems to have passed unnoticed.

G. H. C.

* * * * *

The Imperial Theme. By G. Wilson Knight, Chancellor's Professor of English, Trinity College, Toronto. Oxford University Press. 1931. Pp. 367. Price, \$4.00.

Professor Knight, author of *Myth and Miracle* and *The Wheel of Fire*, is little interested in those modes of Shakespearean criticism which examine sources, weigh intentions, analyse individual characters, or concern themselves with dramatic structure as such. In *The Wheel of Fire* he remarks that "‘intentions’ belong to the plane of intellect and memory." But is this invariably true? And in *The Imperial Theme* he suggests that "to devote excessive attention to ‘characters’ is, indeed, fatal." But what degree of attention is "excessive"? Shakespeare wishes us to have an intimate feeling for his chief characters. He wrote plays, not metaphysics. Nor is his implicit philosophy consistent; he was not concerned with that. Professor Knight is interested, rather, in what he chooses to call "imaginative interpretation", although he has not succeeded in defining that term very clearly. Is the method a personal method of imaginative response in Professor Knight to the symbolic 'values' that he finds in Shakespeare? Or is it a path inviting universal use and, if rightly followed, general agreement touching these 'values'? If it be the former only, then the worth of the author's excursions is limited by the degree (a high degree) of his own imaginative sympathy as a student of Shakespeare,

by the temper of his style (a little positive), and by the idiosyncrasies that affect the quality of his thought. If, however, it be the latter alternative, the author does not seem to have proved his case. To re-create adequately in the footsteps of a great creator is a task for all gifted and conscientious critics, working together (even when they seem at variance). It is not a task merely for this man or 'school' or for that, not for critical textualists, æsthetes, psychologists, philosophers, historians, antiquarians, as such, but for all combined. To be sure, we dare not undervalue the immense importance of imaginative sympathy in the study of a great work of art. It is fundamental, indispensable. But to set it up against 'criticism' as a subtly superior thing is not reasonable. It is criticism in the sense that it constitutes the very core of that process, but core without extension and periphery lacks real identity. Professor Knight almost gives his case away when after affirming in *The Wheel of Fire* that "Criticism is a judgement of vision; interpretation a reconstruction of vision," he admits, at the end of the same chapter, that "much of the critical work of to-day is . . . work of a high interpretative order."

The author seems to have become so engrossed in the yields of his method that, like Moulton, he has fallen a victim to the method itself. Neat labellings and facile balancings of 'values' in the interest of a schematic patterning of specific plays, do sometimes result in useful contributions, but sometimes also in artificial distortions. We do not mean to suggest that Professor Knight has followed Moulton. He is much less mechanical, much more his own man; yet he impresses one as similarly anxious to discover an 'order' (by no means Moulton's order, or Brooke's, or even Bradley's) in Shakespeare. There is an order. There is a rhythm. But it is the order of the rose, not of the haystack; the rhythm of the wind, not of the pendulum.

The eleven chapters of this volume resume the method of interpretation of Shakespearean tragedy employed in *The Wheel of Fire*, and include discussions of the Roman plays (notably, in length and detail, of *Antony and Cleopatra*), with further examinations of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. It will, perhaps, sufficiently illustrate the author's determination to see 'spatially' (that is, to derive a meaning and a *motif* not merely from choice of story and kind of opposition existing between hero and antagonist, but also and chiefly from the play considered as a 'spatial' or 'atmospheric' whole, involving the natures and the symbolic uses of group-members), if we indicate some of the conclusions concerning *Hamlet* reached in this book or its predecessor. In *The Wheel of Fire* Professor Knight considers Hamlet himself the chief symbol of the Death-theme of the tragedy, despite the similarity between the atmospheres of *Hamlet* and that of the normal revenge-play of the time. He thinks that Hamlet "as King of Denmark would have been a thousand times more dangerous than Claudius" (Fortinbras knew better). He calls Claudius "a good and gentle king", "in a state of healthy and robust spiritual life"; but he is throughout the whole play a selfish, politic, drunken and sensual king, "a Vice of kings," as Hamlet declares, . . . "*this* king," as Laertes contemptuously dubs him. Gertrude is "an affectionate mother"; Polonius is "eminently lovable"; Horatio, after the ghost scenes, is "a queer shadowy character." The author maintains these views in *The Imperial Theme*. "Death, in the form of the ghost, brings to birth a death in Hamlet's soul: his father's life gave him birth, his father's ghost begets him a second time in death." But is Hamlet thus re-born? Is not the Hamlet of the play implicit in the Hamlet of the antecedent action? The central soliloquy is called "a perfect unit as a piece of suicide-thought", when it ought to be obvious that the dualistic Hamlet is weighing here against each other objective human action and

subjective passivity, and that suicide is merely glanced at as part of the theme, the whole soliloquy circularly returning upon itself. Similarly, the nature of the crisis is mistaken. "He must plunge Claudius in death, death absolute and eternal: which is hell." But Hamlet rants at the king only to cover his sense of failure, assuring himself that the postponement is for religious cause, and will not affect the mature moment of the future, even while his instinct teaches him that the mature moment is here and now. Professor Knight insists that Hamlet's death-like meditations lead always to hell, or to purgatory. "This play is a play throughout of death: and death, essential and absolute death, is hell, not heaven." Against this we need only call attention to Hamlet's references to heaven in III-iv-171; V-ii-48; and V-ii-335.

With these illustrations of the danger of focal distortion that arises from the author's critical homiletics—from his determined exploration of what he supposes is a definitely identifiable symbolism in Shakespeare, we must conclude. For all his protesting, Professor Knight's interpretations are as ethical as they are metaphysical. Apparently he does not think that a conduct-ethic and an art-ethic are compatible (and tries to prefer what he conceives to be the art-ethic); yet the latter enfolds the former and rescues it from the limitation of the merely temporary and conventional. G. H. C.

* * * * *

SCIENCE

The Spirit of Research. By T. Brailsford Robertson.
Adelaide: F. W. Preece & Sons. 8s. 6d. net.

The History of Science and the New Humanism. By George Sarton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
\$2.00.

The appearance of an occasional book interpreting what one might call the spiritual value of the study of science and

of scientific research is an encouraging sign in days when the daily press makes a feature of discoveries and inventions. A few outstanding men of science, it is true, like Haldane in biochemistry, publish now and then books in which certain aspects of the work in their fields are presented in more or less popular fashion, but, of the inner meaning of science, of the part it has played in the history of civilization and the part it should play in any sound co-ordinated scheme of university education, all too little has been written. The two books under review are welcomed as belonging to this class.

The Spirit of Research is a fitting memorial to the life of a brilliant scientist, cut off at the age of forty-five, after accomplishing more than falls to the lot of the vast majority of those who reach the full threescore years and ten. The book consists of a collection of a dozen essays on such general subjects as *The Spirit of Research*, *Science as a Vehicle of Education*, *The Historical Continuity of Science*, *Science and the War*, *The Mechanistic Origin of Finalism*, *The External Inheritance of Man*, etc. So little technical are most of these, and so broad is the outlook of the author that one can read many of them without realizing in what special field this famous scientist laboured. This fact in itself is a striking testimony both to the breadth of view of the author and to his clear appreciation of the creative urge, the discipline of thought and, at times, the "exalted vision" which control the true scientist. Robertson freely admits the failure of many of his scientific brethren to impart to students, let alone the general public, a proper understanding of the broader aspects of science and scientific investigations, but one cannot read these essays without sharing with him the hope that the day may come when "public men of the future shall have at least that measure of acquaintance with contemporary scientific literature which we would expect any educated man to possess of contemporary artistic literature"; when "the average busi-

ness man, lawyer or politician" shall "realize the historical significance of science, the part it has played in moulding the world as he saw it to-day, and the part it may come to play in creating new and undreamt of civilization."

If there is one man more than any other who is helping in the realization of some of Brailsford Robertson's ideals, it is Dr. George Sarton, a world authority on the history of science. In the three addresses given as the Colver lectures at Brown University, the reader will find a wealth of information dealing with the history of science and its relation to the life of mankind. Throughout the book the author develops his main thesis that "between the old humanist and the scientist there is but one bridge, the history of science, and the construction of that bridge is the main cultural need of our time." Or, again, "The only way of humanizing scientific labour is to inject into it a little of the historical spirit, the spirit of reverence for the past, the spirit of reverence for every witness of goodwill throughout the ages. However abstract science may become, it is essentially human in its origin and growth."

Probably because of the extent of ground covered in but three general lectures, the book is at times a bit discursive, but it is one which should be read by every teaching scientist and his literary colleagues. Although a knowledge of English was acquired by the author comparatively late in life, his excellent use of this language is an indication of his industry and scholarship.

J. K. R.

* * * * *

The New Conceptions of Matter. By C. G. Darwin, M.A.,
F.R.S. G. Bell and Sons, London, 1931. 10/6. 192 pp.
The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.00.

Prof. Darwin is Tait Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh and has been well known as

a mathematical physicist for many years. In *The New Conceptions of Matter* he attempts to give the general reader an account of present day ideas about atoms and their behaviour. A few years ago this would not have been exceptionally difficult. On the views then current it was easy to form a mental picture of atoms and to visualize their behaviour in a way which afforded an explanation of a wide range of facts. With the accumulation of more knowledge, however, flaws appeared in the scheme which could not be removed, and in the search for more adequate conceptions the Wave Mechanics arose.

It is not nearly so easy to give an illuminating description of atoms and their behaviour from the new viewpoint. The fundamental difficulty lies in the fact that it is no longer possible to form a precise mental picture of them; we must suppose them to behave in ways that have no counterpart in our experience. The best that can be done is to seek as apt analogies as possible and then to make use of each only so far as it runs parallel to the line of thought to be conveyed. That is what Prof. Darwin does, and with great success; the analogy with which he goes farthest is that of wave motion, of which he gives a very excellent discussion. Occasionally it happens that no analogy can be found taking just the right direction but this does not occur often enough to prevent the reader getting a good idea of the world of atomic physics as it appears at present.

H. M. C.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

NOVEMBER, 1932

OUR DEBT TO SCOTT TO-DAY

BY W. MACNEILE DIXON

LOOKING back upon it, how leisurely seems the life of a hundred years ago, how sleepy and rural! How large and half-explored was then the world, how small the cities, and uncongested the traffic! The astronomers have since enlarged the heavens, but the electricians have contracted the earth. Anxiously, for example, as you might desire speed in those days, speed in our sense of the word was unobtainable. Dr. Johnson's idea of supreme earthly felicity was to drive rapidly in a chaise with a pretty lady. How happy, then, should we be who can drive with the lady of our choice at a pace which would have taken the old moralist's breath away. Scott, a generation later than Johnson, never sent a telegram, or even bought a railway ticket. When he and his friends travelled they took coach, or rode on horseback, rarely exceeding the decent limit of eight or ten miles an hour. India was then a two months' voyage. Our trains attain sixty or seventy, our

aeroplanes three to four hundred miles an hour. Scott took six or seven days to reach London from Edinburgh. The journey from London to Rome and back has recently been accomplished in a day. Scott and his friends were unacquainted with such admirable things as postage stamps or policemen, and the idea of income tax was then no more than a pleasant novelty. The most inspired prophets of that time, not so very long ago, hardly more than the span of a single life, had not foretold, so limited is human foresight, the coming of motor cars, or picture houses, or telephones, or aeroplanes. Not one of them, for all their wisdom, had even dreamt of wireless or electric light. They were not aware, poor souls, that space was curved. I am not sure that they had ever heard of the ether. But that was not, perhaps, of much account, for there are persistent rumours that it is dead, murdered in cold blood by the mathematicians. It was Faraday's electro-magnetic work, in the years between 1830 and 1840, that transformed the whole fabric of our existence. We have certainly travelled fast and far since Sir Walter's day. A revolution has taken place in our ways of living.

Yet it is not this revolution which divides us, as anyone can see we are divided, from the times and from the thought of Scott. After all, these wonderful toys have not altered in a single fibre the structure of our souls. If the millennium has arrived it is only the millennium of machinery. There is nothing fundamental in changes such as these, nothing in them to chill our sympathies with Scott's creations, nothing to prevent our sharing to the full his beliefs, his loves, his admirations. Yet it is transparently clear that in fact his ways of thinking are no longer our ways of thinking. A great breach with belief and tradition has taken place. The externals of life have changed, manners have changed. Most of all, minds have changed. No one who reflects for a moment but is aware that Scott's vision is not our vision. We think in different

dimensions, we employ different concepts. We look out upon the world with very different eyes, and, it cannot be denied, with saddened and disillusioned eyes. Somehow the sky has darkened and our mental landscape is, by contrast, sullen and overcast.

What then has happened? To say all in a word, Scott was a Romantic and a hero-worshipper, and we have ceased to be Romantics and hero-worshippers. He was a poet. We have lost faith in poets, and transferred our allegiance from poetry to science. He looked out upon the great panorama of human life with unconcealed delight: we regard it with anxiety and misgiving. He was quick to love, to believe and to admire. We are sceptical and critical, quick to doubt, to decry and to defame. He came before Darwin and Freud, and was persuaded of his much closer kinship with the animals. He thought nobly of the soul. "The soul?" we ask, "What is that?" Honour and chivalry were for him words of profound depth and meaning. Words such as these occur but seldom in the vocabulary of modern authors. They have dropped out of use. He praised glory and patriotism. With us glory and patriotism are both under suspicion. He had a passion for soldiers and valiant deeds. "I, Walter Scott of Abbotsford, a poor scholar, no soldier, but a soldier's lover," he called himself. He never doubted that death in his country's cause was the noblest death a man could die. "Never let me hear that brave blood has been shed in vain," he cried, "it sends an imperious challenge down through all the generations." We speak of wars and battles with loathing, and declare the lives they take as wholly thrown away, as madly wasted. One might have imagined that at least the magnificent heroism, the fortitude, the self-sacrifice displayed by men of all nations in the late war would have inspired modern writers. Not so, they have no eyes for them, do not rejoice in them or praise them, but are plunged in the deepest dejection.

Since, then, Scott's sentiments and ideas are no longer ours, since we have parted from them, has he any living force to-day? Is he anything more than the shadow of a great name?

Well, for my part I believe that for his ideas, his ways of thought, there is still an audience, and still something to be said. At least—and it is not an altogether negligible matter—the world he lived in, whose ways of thought he shared, seems to have been a happier and more hopeful world. We have captured speed on earth, air, and sea, but not happiness. It is a remarkable fact that despite all the splendid achievements of science a great restlessness prevails. More than that, disappointment with life, aversion from life, even hatred of it, are plainly written, so that all may read, in the world-wide discontents, in the books, in the spirit and temper of our times. Our century ponders, like Hamlet, with the skull in his hand. Do not let us imagine that all this is merely the aftermath of the war. There is no exit that way. For you may see it clearly enough if side by side with the novels and poems of Scott you place the works of Tolstoi, or the novels and poems of one of the most popular of our pre-war authors, Thomas Hardy. In his writings there is not much cheerfulness abroad. They do not sparkle with the joy of life. Whatever their genius and merits, no one, I suppose, will claim that they are charged with happiness and hopefulness, that they increase our love of existence or desire for it. Contrast Scott, who searched the annals of his country, the annals of mankind, for deeds to admire and characters to praise. For him the long avenues of history were crowded with heroic figures, lined with the statues of illustrious men and noble women, examples to be revered and imitated. It was his happiness and pride to be the guide of ardent youth through the fields of fame, the inspiring scenes, the gallant deeds and splendid enterprises. Our modern writers prefer to dwell upon the gloomier prospects.

They appear to share the opinion of Hobbes, that human life may best be described as "nasty, brutish, and short." You may take that view, but it digs the grave of poetry. To make poetry of it is wholly impossible.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.

It would seem that only what is ugly is true, and beauty another name for falsehood. Wisdom consists in thinking meanly of ourselves and of human life. How many of our authors write, to borrow a phrase of Goethe's, "as if they were ill, and the whole world a hospital." The cupboards have been ransacked for their skeletons, for which they exhibit a peculiar affection. No wonder, perhaps, for to discover a skeleton to-day is to discover a gold-mine. If I could prove that Scott was a drug addict, or the father of illegitimate children, I should awake to-morrow to find myself famous. But there are no skeletons in Scott's cupboard, and I must content myself with academic obscurity. For the younger generation, the new-comers on the stage of time, I cannot discover that our age has any very inspiring tidings. The babies are met with bad news. Nature, fortunately, has some kindness in her disposition, and has made youth the season of hope. But I am glad that I did not begin life with the information that it was a bad business, a vale of tears, a losing battle, leading to nothing but the grave. Scott knew what a losing battle was, but he was a soldier, a fighter, not, like so many of our contemporaries, a defeatist. Who can read his *Journal* without consuming admiration, without a movement of the heart towards its author? "I shall do my duty. Do what is right, come what may." "I will never relax my labour." "I will die with honour." Scott had something more than genius, he had character. With us pity for ourselves, pity for our neighbours, has drowned all the other virtues. But the sorrows of the world are not new sorrows, and men before our time have endured

them. More even than his talents, I admire in Scott the iron in his soul, the "No Surrender" resolution, like that of which he wrote in his description of Flodden, where

The stubborn spearman still made good
The dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.

Yes, Scott was a Romantic, heroic himself and a hero-worshipper. Not yet a century has passed, and where are now his poetic outlook, his eager high-hearted enthusiasms, his pride in human nature? Not yet a century, and how many of the old faiths, the ancient loyalties survive? The sunshine has left the fields, and romance lies dead. Are we to congratulate ourselves?

Let us not be unduly pessimistic. There have been gains as well as losses. If our age is truly engaged, as it asserts and proclaims, in a battle against shams, if it demands everywhere and at all times the truth, if it refuses any longer to look at life through rose-coloured glasses—these decisions are not to be deplored. It is not to be deplored that we have set our faces against senseless slaughter, against falsehood, and cant, and hypocrisy.

But Truth is a mysterious lady. No one knows where she lives. No one has yet discovered her palace, nor even the lodge at its gates. And as matters now stand, we find ourselves in a strange situation.

Scott's was an age of poetry, the age of Byron and Shelley, of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Keats. He represents a very ancient faith, a very ancient doctrine—the support and consolation of the human race since the dawn of time—the faith and doctrine of poetry. The succeeding age believed it had found a better, and transferred its allegiance to a new faith and new doctrine. Reason and science, not poetry, were to lead the coming generations to truth and happiness. Here at last, we were told, we stood upon sure

foundations, upon solid rock. Yet somehow, such is the strange situation, we have not found happiness, and even truth seems to have escaped our grasp. For to the discerning eye it is clear that, despite all her victories, science stands to-day bewildered before her own conclusions, and reason is ill at ease upon her imperial throne.

Well, you may ask, whither does this argument lead, and what has this to do with Scott? It leads, I think, to the conclusion that the old-fashioned among us, the lovers of poetry and the lovers of Scott, need not forsake their old loves, their old loyalties. I have read a good deal of contemporary literature, philosophy and science, and I confess to you that I have found nothing better than Scott gave us, no better literature, no more secure or solid creed than his, no better example than his of how life should be lived. I think him a wiser and better friend for old and young than any writer of our own time. For my part, too, I am still convinced that poetry goes nearer the heart of things, goes deeper than logic, and that the language of poetry is better suited to interpret life for us than the language of science. Human problems are not to be solved by machinery, by algebra or decimals. We live by the inner light. Take away from the world its romance and its poetry, the belief that we are greater than we know, and may become greater than we are, which is the essence of the poetic creed, and you take away hope, you "take the Spring out of the year." For this creed Scott stood—still stands. He is of the noble army in whose company we experience a lifting, not a sinking of the heart. It was said of Wellington in the Peninsula that in moments of doubt and anxiety the sight of his nose was worth ten thousand men. Scott, too, had a lion's heart. He has encouragement in his voice and presence. He stirs the heart like a trumpet.

But, it may be objected, even if what you say is true, or half true, Scott is not, after all, of the first order of poets, not

among the great spiritual leaders of mankind. He was no thinker. He had a boyish mind, and wrote boys' books. He is not merely out of fashion, he is out of date. We have outgrown him. It may be objected, too, that he is no trustworthy historian, that his antiquarianism is all false, that the past he describes for us is a past that never was a present. I am not concerned to claim for him divine honours. He himself knew very well that greater minds than his own had appeared in the world, and was properly impatient when overpraised. "The blockheads talk of my being like Shakespeare," he wrote, "not fit to tie his brogues." But when all is said, I remain a stubborn and impenitent admirer of the man. For some reason character is, alas, often divorced from talent. But when I am inclined to dwell upon his literary defects, I think of the man, and he rises once more to his heroic stature. And when all is said that can be said in his dispraise, I still approach with reverence a writer in the first rank of creative genius, who has given happiness to millions, who has nations for his audience, and readers in every continent. When I contemplate his vast canvas, the breadth, the opulence, the power, he still seems to me a Triton among the minnows; I ask "Where are now his peers?" It was said of Plato that "he took his view of everything as from a lofty rock." And with Scott, too, we ascend an eminence to share his wide, genial, affectionate survey of all things human. The world to-day is full of clever writers, immensely cleverer than Scott. He was not, thank God, a clever writer. He has no witticisms. Yet not a man of them for all their glitter can bend as he bent the great bow, the bow of Ulysses. I cannot avoid the conviction that it is not so much talent as the great soul that makes the great writer.

Certainly he was mortal, and had his faults, his weaknesses. If you have a modern taste, there is much beside cleverness you will miss in Scott. Unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw,

for example, he had a poor opinion of his own performances. "You know," he said to Lockhart, "you know I don't care a damn for anything I write." Modesty is not a modern failing, but personally I do not find it disagreeable. Then again, he had a respect and affection for his forbears, whereas the authors of our time are constrained to deal faithfully with the faults of their fathers and the follies of the mothers who bore them. Every one to his taste.

There are other items in the indictment against Scott. "He wrote nothing," it was said and repeated, "that appealed to the immortal part of man." Then, in the name of all the saints at once, I ask, "What is immortal in us?" Of all the charges against him this is the charge to which I listen with the keenest impatience. As if the best in us could be aroused only by sermons! As if the breathing earth, the hills and streams, the movement of the human heart, of which he wrote, as if his sweetness of temper, his magnanimity, his fortitude, his transparent, deep affections, which shine through every sentence, were not divine! For my part I count him among the heavenly influences.

There are superior persons among us who smile if you speak of Scott as a poet. To be sure, he is intelligible, and that goes grievously against him. He is also objective, unequipped with any knowledge of psycho-analysis or the ductless glands. He sees men and things as they appear, and not as the learned doctors tell us they really are.

He judges men by their actions, and things by the impression they make upon our senses. And how else are we to judge them? And how else in practice do the theorists judge them? Nature and the soul have, indeed, their hidden depths. But till exploration has gone vastly farther than it has gone, or, I venture to think, will ever go, the actions of men and the impression made by things upon our senses will remain, and cannot but remain, our daily standards and measurements.

There is a pernicious habit abroad in criticism of judging artists by what they have not done, or by the ideals of other ages than their own. Why demand the qualities of Milton in Shelley, of Beethoven in Scarlatti, or of Rembrandt in Raphael? Let us take the best we can get anywhere and be thankful. And as for poetry, are there many poets even now, however superior, who would not gladly accept the authorship of Scott's lyrics? If they will not have them, let me be their author, and any one who pleases may have the better and profounder poems of to-day.

What else remains on the charge sheet? The historians have discovered that Scott's pictures of the past are inaccurate. The high-powered microscope of modern research has revealed his errors. An earlier, and far more significant, discovery had, however, been made by Scott himself, the discovery of the human values of history. He discerned that it was not a matter of curious ruins and musty parchments, a desolate, waste land, but an inhabited country. He first peopled the past with men and women like ourselves, and made it live. Before his coming old times were a vague shadow-land, through which flitted the pale phantoms of forgotten generations. In his novels the sun came out, and the mists rolled away to reveal the past as a great and significant and ever-present reality. It rose sharp and clear in vivid pictures, and we saw, as never before, that it was our own past, that we were ourselves in the story. We saw our ancestors at work upon the social fabric in which we ourselves reside. We perceived that we were successors to a family estate, and that without a knowledge of those old times we could not hope to understand either the institutions we possess, or how in fact we came to be what we are.

Let us cheerfully admit that Scott's works are full of errors. But let us at the same time recall the story told in Lockhart of the French sculptor, who had executed an equestrian statue of the Czar Peter. He lectured in Rome, and

comparing his own with the ancient statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitoline Hill, pointed out all the anatomical imperfections upon which the Roman emperor is seated. He then turned to his own faultless model, took a pinch of snuff, and remarked, "Nevertheless, gentlemen, it is necessary to admit that this miserable animal is alive, and that mine is dead."

But it is time to turn homewards. Look around anywhere from the Solway to the Shetlands, from Ailsa Craig to Berwick Law, and you are reminded of a man, whose name, by a magnificent coincidence, sounds like *Destiny*. Scotland, for millions over all the earth, has become the land of Scott. I cannot recall any other author who has so identified himself with his country's scenery and story, so exemplified in his own person her peculiar sentiments and virtues. Till he arose, it is no more than the truth to say, the world knew little or nothing of Scotland. He drew all eyes to her, and made surrounding nations bow to the genius of his native land. For them he is Scotland's shining mirror, in which they see reflected her lakes and mountains, her towers and abbeys, lore and history, her strong progeny. You may go farther and say that her own children knew little or nothing of their country till Scott enthroned her as a queen of *Romance*. So incalculably vast is our debt to him that we can scarcely begin to calculate it. Try to think of Scotland without him. Who among her sons and daughters has brought her the greatest honour? It is Scott. The greatest love and admiration? Again, it is Scott. The greatest wealth? Well, the most materially minded of Scotsmen must admit that this *Romantic* has put money in their purses, and is to be reckoned among their commercial assets. Truly did Leslie Stephen say, "the old town of Edinburgh should tremble to its foundations if a sacrilegious hand were laid upon his glory."

There is a peculiarity of genius that has hitherto, as far as I know, been overlooked. Great men have a knack of

choosing the right moment to be born. As in Homer the shining Immortals descended from Olympus to take part in the battles of the Greeks and Trojans, so from some coign of vantage on the ramparts of eternity these great men perceive an opportunity in the plains of time and descend to our assistance. Scott chose his moment well. Edinburgh, it has been truly said, then "monopolized pretty nearly all the philosophy which existed in the island, and a great deal of the history and criticism." His arrival secured for her a splendid supremacy over all rivals. Is there any reason why our Scottish nationalists should not aim at a restoration of that supremacy? Or is there any other aim which would so greatly have rejoiced Sir Walter's heart?

I have used superlatives, but a cold catalogue of Scott's services, not only to his own country, but to humanity, would suffice. And of such services we are at all times in need. There is no escape from the conclusion that life has always been and will remain hard. The world is no paradise, and we but deceive ourselves if we dream of a sovereign remedy for its pains and distresses. It is the high privilege of the poet and artist amid these inevitable accompaniments of existence to provide fair visions for our refreshment, to bring us some measure of support and consolation, to be the sword and buckler of the human soul on its strange and dark adventure. Happy is the man to whom Heaven has granted the privilege so to help his fellow-creatures. And never did Heaven confer a greater blessing on Scotland than in the gift of Scott. What need has this man of our garlands and our praise? What need of memorials? His native land is itself his monument, a house of fame not easily shaken.

THE POETRY OF SCOTT

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

IT is not easy at the present time without referring to the shelves of some curious collector—problem, to find him!—to bear in mind the place of verse in English literature of an earlier day. Our keen, or restless spirits have developed an impatience with metrical composition unless it conveys immediate and poignant sensation, or else in brief compass concentrates a meaning more artfully than the oracles of antiquity. Probably there is nothing amiss with this new and decisive appetite. It has come in the course of nature. But if our judgments on the poetics of a century and two centuries since are solely made with reference to our own needs, customs and manners in reading, we lose humanity and history. So, on occasion, we must look away from the *Shropshire Lad* and other companions of our vicissitude to a spectacle of verse not written so much for poetic rage and lightning revelation as for evenings at home, for sailing-ship voyages, for mild regular sustenance. We must cogitate ourselves far out of the generation in which the following remarks may be heard: “He is an author.”—“What has he written?”—“O, he writes poems.”—“But doesn’t he write *books*?”

To be a poet at the close of the eighteenth century was without any further subtlety to write books. Verse (in spite of Coleridge’s autobiographical definition, “a breeze ’mid blossoms playing”) was in the shafts almost as often as prose. It had feet, and they were used; in the invaluable scientific terms of Wordsworth,

Hoof after hoof
It raised, and never stopped.

Perhaps the novelists usually had a longer course than the

bards, as many as five or six volumes expressing *their* staying power at times; but you could not accuse verse of being invertebrate when so many solid volumes were composed that way. Reflect on *The Task* by William Cowper, Esq., of The Inner Temple, *The Botanic Garden* by Dr. Darwin, *The Borough* by the Rev. George Crabbe, *The Curse of Kehama* by Robert Southey, *The Pleasures of Memory* by Samuel Rogers, *The Pleasures of Hope* by Thomas Campbell, *The Pursuits of Literature* by T. J. Mathias, *Walks in a Forest* by the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, *The Favourite Village* by the Rev. James Hurdis, *The Farmer's Boy* by Robert Bloomfield—but the catalogue can take care of itself and swallow up even Wordsworth's *Excursion* too. The reader of poets in these days truly deserved the adjective, "gentle." For him Cottle produced the epic *Alfred*, and Sotheby sang of *Saul*; but this subject is too affecting. The martyrdom of man is already interpreted. It is enough to sum up the position when Walter Scott began to publish as being favourable to the exercise of verse in quantity, though not classical quantity. People were still consulting even their doctor in metre; the *Art of Preserving Health* was admired alike for its blank verse and its advice.

Scott, who excelled at the end of the eighteenth century as an antiquary, and already displayed his native gift of ballad-writing, was by no means out of his period in his conception of the function of verse. He did not see what was the matter with it as a way of writing *ad libitum*; it was easy enough to produce, and by all the evidence it was acceptable to a large number of book-lovers. One day, much as Cowper received (with thanks) the request of "a lady" that he should write a poem on a Sofa, Scott was desired by a young and pleasing Countess to provide "a ballad on the legend of Gilpin Horner," and the ballad was attempted "in a light-horseman sort of stanza"—the sort that goes a long way. When he was fairly started on this, a canto a week was his speed, and Wordsworth

arrived at Lasswade in the autumn of 1803 to hear "the first four cantos of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*"; and "the novelty of the manners, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse, greatly delighted" him. At the outset of 1805 the poem was published; "it would be great affectation," observed the poet some time later, "not to own that the author expected some success from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*." The expectations can scarcely have been greater than the success, which was measurable before the year 1830 in the sale of 44,000 copies in Great Britain alone.

A poem by another Scot, under the title *The Minstrel*, was in existence and known to everybody who read at all widely. Beattie's preface to that plaintive temporary classic includes the definition of a minstrel: "an itinerant Poet and Musician:—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred." In his device of the Last Minstrel, then, Scott had the good fortune to meet his public half-way; and there was no difficulty in making this particular minstrel negotiable to fashionable persons of the Regency, because he *was* the Last, "who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model." Indeed, his style was on the whole polished and correct, and his topics were various and thoughtful. Suspicious observers might have fastened on the fact that now and then, as though aware of his dangerously cultured manner, the Minstrel suddenly produced a Gothic touch—a "welaway," a "me lists not," a "so mot I thrive." The Ancient Mariner had been better antiquated; he had come less sheepishly out of the shadowy past, though not furnished with a harp. The good sense of Scott was in the long run equal to the occasion, and instead of attempting to "disappear" his non-magical Minstrel at the close he gave him a Dickensian pension—almost three acres and a cow.

"And did he wander forth alone?
 Alone, in indigence and age,
 To linger out his pilgrimage?
 No:—"

the happy ending was not invented by the Victorians.

"Large Fish," remarked Coleridge, mentioning Scott's Lay; "*net profits.*" And yet he was not aiming at the marks, in the poem, of Scott's apparent indebtedness to himself, about which everybody knows. Scott had heard *Christabel*, as yet unprinted, in the "casual recitation" of Sir John Stoddart, and requiring "some new variety of diction and rhyme," had been tempted to create a similar lyrical fantasy. In the result, Scott did not go very far into his poem under the full power of this temptation; the metrical subtleties which even Coleridge seems to have been unable to continue soon evaded him and left him on his road at his own pace, of which the irregularities were merely muscular changes of gear. Having shaken off this incubus of Coleridge's genius, Scott was vastly relieved; for his own sturdy versification had force and speed. In imagery, and in means of refreshing attention, the northern poet also found the southern difficult to avoid; the magic manner was apparently to be acquired by attention to gesture and costume. *Christabel* had gone this way before, but that young divinity—*incessu patuit*. Fair Margaret was given a hopeless task.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
 And don her kirtle so hastily;
 And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
 Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;
 Why does she stop, and look often around,
 As she glides down the secret stair;
 And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound . . . ?

In the next stave we have all these "why's" answered; the mystery was a very thin one; for example, she patted the blood-hound "lest his voice should awaken the castle round." This, though plausible conduct, was poor writing; and much of the

verse is scarcely for a severe analysis. It abounds in arbitrary inversions, which suggest comic nonsense: for instance (and only one)

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark;

in unconsidered and irrelevant metaphors,

The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,

And threw on the pavement a bloody stain;

in mere accumulation of words,

And how the Knight, with tender fire,

To paint his faithful passion strove.

All this notwithstanding, the Lay's wonderful reception was not without good reasons. "Intended to illustrate the customs and manners, which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland," it fulfilled the intention, not without "poetical ornament" to be sure, as in the miraculous passages. The plain painting of antiquities here, being a new theme to the majority in 1805, and done with such a gusto and resource, was enough for victory. You turned the pages sure of encountering something or somebody from another sphere, whether it were a palfrey or a peacock pie. The wrath of battle, moreover, was alleviated with agreeable episodes, such as the prototype of the Christmas truce of 1914; a hoary Seneschal appeared with invitations to the enemy, and two armies instead of cleaving each other's skulls were soon playing at dice, draughts and football. In this matter of truces, Scott had the instinct of a lover of his kind. He knew when to change the subject. His Minstrel is instructed not to stick all the time to his mystic books, prancing steeds and Bilboa blades, but to utter his sentiments on contemporary themes. And hence we have those passages which are still current among us, on viewing pale Melrose aright, on the effect of the death of poets, on loving one's country; and incidentally, it is only by way of digressive entertainment that the important stanzas on *All Soul's Eve* occur—important because they have the look

of being an inspiration to Keats in *St. Agnes Eve*. Without Scott, that finer poet might have been less concerned with mediaevalism, so fruitful through him. I could wish that connection carefully reviewed, but this is not the place.

In a short time, Scott began *Marmion*, and had no more than begun it when he received a thousand guineas for it. Verse, as has been remarked above, was not in those days a poor relation. The Minstrel was not in the book, the author taking over his duties though not his harp; the attempt was "to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story" than before. The epic was not more "sensuous and passionate" than the former poem, but the definition of the tale and the verse were sharper, besides which, the author's introductory epistles were more extensive and personal than the Minstrel's generalizations. In them particularly Scott disclosed his full power of communicating scenes and moods of external nature, and possibly achieved more profoundly than in any of his set pieces of chivalric reconstruction the art of far away and long ago. The ghosts who vanish are not separated from "something in the air":

Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
And long, dim, lofty aisle are gone,
And lingering last, deception dear,
The choir's high sounds die on my ear.
Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown,
The farm begirt with copse-wood wild,
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

He discerned the Romance, in such an hour, that lives or seems to live beyond the relics of iron and stone.

Paradox is the other name of poetic performance; for it was "the scenery of the rivers Tees and Greta" which first set Scott about his third quarto poem of chivalry—*The Lady of*

the Lake—of which over 50,000 copies were sold before 1836. The topographical parts of the poem are in Scott's best way, and it has been pointed out how skilfully he uses a method scarcely understood, and still less respected, in our period—rhyme emphasis. Sometimes (as he had done magnificently in *Marmion*) he builds up *place* in its distance and mass by his insistency on certain rhymes; sometimes it is doom, or action, which he makes intense through this simple-seeming technique. In the third Canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, the ninth section opens with the word "Woe," which recurs as a rhyme-word, and its echo comes in (a devilish litany!) through the tenth section too until finally we hear its savage, ogreish boom.

On Beala-nam-bo.

This and other suggested excellences of the work, however, did not impress a contemporary whose redoubtable letter on the poem, to Wordsworth, has just been published in Professor Griggs's valuable volumes of Coleridge's additional correspondence. I fear that, from the highest point of view, Coleridge there pronounced the just verdict on the total claims of Scott's verse narratives as poetry, if any such claims were ever made for them by Scott. To abbreviate the drastic censor drastically: "It is time to write a *Recipe for Poems* of this sort . . . The first *Business* must be, a vast string of *Patronymics*, and names of *Mountains*, *Rivers*, etc. . . . Secondly, all the nomenclature of *Gothic architecture*, of *Heraldry*, of *Arms*, of *Hunting and Falconry* . . . 3, some pathetic moralizing on old times, or anything else, for the head and tail pieces—with a *Bard* (that is absolutely necessary) and *Songs* of course—for the rest, whatever suits Mrs. Radcliffe, *i.e.*, in the *Fable* and the *Dramatis Personae*, will do for the Poem. . . . Then the Poet not only may but must mix all dialects of all ages—and all styles from Dr. Robertson's to the *Babes in the Wood*."

Though these observations did not reach Scott, his next production was non-Caledonian; but we do not find in *The Vision of Don Roderick* (inspired by the Peninsular campaigns) more than the customary rhetorical largeness of manner indulged by poets at home during great wars. That work dutifully done with, Scott sent forth his *Rokeby* and *Bridal of Triermain*, which could not do much more than extend the list and contrivance of his poetical works; he had little now to reveal in point of imaginative treatment or spiritual perception. The distinction of *Rokeby* was to have been its studies of character, but is (in our complex days) that it includes such songs as "A weary lot is thine, fair maid," which we do not hunt through *Rokeby* to find. Were we to do so, we should be beguiled here and there with lively descriptions of the unfamiliar, the otter, for instance,

As between reed and sedge he peers
With fierce round snout and sharpened ears,

or the abstract and brief chronicles of war

Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

In *Triermain* there is a fresh inclination to catch the music of Coleridge, with diversions towards the light art of Tom Moore. For a moment the granite-souled Scott seems menaced by the Peris.

Wreath'd with flowers, with odours graced,
Their raven ringlets reached the waist;
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
The hennah lent each shapely nail,
And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous dye. . . .

The archness of this feminine vignette cannot divert the austere critic from the point: Scott had not yet managed to write verse without tying himself into a knot at frequent intervals. Still, he did not find that embarrassing. He was after all going at too great a rate to be embarrassed by details; his

prose works were multiplying, and his new glory and reward were crowding in upon him. *The Lord of the Isles* seemed to mark the conclusion of the remarkable, if mechanical, pageant of antiquarian verse. The portcullis's clang no longer attracted quite the multitude that once awaited it, and "thousands of the slain" were beginning to rhyme with "bloody plain" without the use of cambric handkerchiefs.

One more opportunity of celebrating Wellington (already bephrased in *Don Roderick*) and of bringing heroic poetry out of the mists into the immediate event was the one dated 1815. Scott's *Field of Waterloo* (first to appear of the conspicuous poems on the subject) is not a thrilling voice from 1815; masterly in the artificial, he could not come to grips with this actuality; he struggled hard, but the nearest way in which he could express shell-holes was this,

These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell,

and shock-troops in his idea moved thus:

In one dark torrent broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along.

There was still a characteristic Scott in verse to appear, a narrative poem with which, in 1816, he published explanatory stanzas. *Harold the Dauntless*, he insisted, was the product of

Ennui!—or, as our mothers called thee, Spleen!

It has a kind of forced vigour, a whipped-up rhythm, and some humour; remembering his effect on tourists, Scott includes a warning to them not to come North for the imaginary castle of his poem. At the end is a single stanza, dropping the business, and pointing out that he does not add "a single note"—a sad alteration from those former stacks of prose information concerning the high sheriffs of Yorkshire or the musical enthusiasm of sea-lions.

So, there was Sir Walter Scott, at the age of forty-five, with a shelf of poetry-books to his name, a set of compositions

not like anything before them in England, yet not truly original; verse mainly existing because the age heard verse without automatic alarm, and even with eagerness; verse usually fluent but often struck out at the expense of the genius, even the grammar of our language; and the whole confined to a small area of the possibilities of human thought and passion. It was an astonishing display of ready writing, and even when the novelty of revived historic figures and actions had faded there were preserving virtues—here and there the swing of the martial verse, the expression of ideal courage, and wide or minute description (castles and mountains are not so common as to render fine description unnecessary). Reading Scott's poems was the nearest many would ever approach to anything more desperate than a quarrel between two cabmen, and such vicarious war and adventure has obvious advantages. It was an inexpensive tour, a dream at command, a transference possible to those who would have been, who were, baffled by "faery lands forlorn." But there was one more volume of Scott's verse to come, which perhaps only the astuteness of his publisher caused to be a volume at all—and it was the most delightful, the most artistic of the family. Happy should be that hour when a man acquires "The Poetry Contained in the Novels, Tales and Romances of the Author of Waverley" (1822). In it are several pieces not by Scott, some not wholly by him, and many of his purest impulse. Like Scotch poets in general, he was a singer of ballad directness; a poem like *Proud Maisie* may not have those undercurrents which some harmonics of another poetic spirit keep, its force appears at once; but its force is never diminished. Each time the words come forth, their cool grim incisive certainty happens; their author, whose journalism in verse flowed into such long lagoons of commonplace, is discovered in command of the intensest and most calmly operative expression, alike in term and in movement.

SCOTT AND HIS MODERN RIVALS

BY M. O. SMITH

THE year 1832 saw many notable and critical events in its course, among other things the death of two famous and very extraordinary men. Almost exactly at the vernal equinox Goethe passed away in Germany, and at the autumnal equinox, September 21st, died Sir Walter Scott in Scotland. In their latter days these two famous writers had entered into cordial and friendly correspondence, largely through the medium of Thomas Carlyle, and it had been one of the last wishes of Sir Walter Scott, now already a broken and a dying man, travelling in the vain search of health through the different countries of the Mediterranean during the closing winter of his life, to come round by Weimar on his homeward way to Scotland, and to visit there the great German in person. But death forestalled that visit.

The Germans possess their "Goethe Gesellschaft" here in the midst of us; the English, their Dickens Fellowship; surely when we remember how Sir Walter Scott was a very prince in the rare and precious art of true hospitality; how genial, and how kindly; what a perfect master in that priceless gift of making his guests feel at ease and at home, it must appear that the fitting memorial for the centenary of his death is not a formal article, like this, in a Review; but a banquet, and a good dinner; then in connection as well therewith the formation of a Scott Society. And all the more when we remember the fact that the various appendixes and notes, the introductions and other documents connected with the writings of Sir Walter Scott in general, but, of course, more particularly with the Waverley Novels, form a mine of reminiscence, memoranda,

scenes, and deeds, and incidents of history, much more inexhaustible and much profounder than the novels of Dickens, for example, and of much more immediate interest, at least to Englishmen and Scotsmen, than the writings of Goethe. All this can be properly handled and developed only by a regular society.

But such a commemorative article, if it is to be undertaken, may well begin by setting out a single reader's reasons; why Sir Walter Scott is, in the literary sense, secure of a place among the immortals; why the *Waverley Novels* will not be forgotten and laid aside unread upon the shelf; and more especially why the true aim of a novel is fulfilled by the romantic writers, as was Sir Walter Scott, and not by the school of realists.

Aristotle, in his *Rhetoric*, somewhere lays down the rule that the proper subject of all true poetry is action. To take the world's great epic poems, the *Iliad*, for instance, is, doubtless, destined to be immortal, in a sense in which *Paradise Lost* will prove nothing more than mortal; *Paradise Lost* is a poem mainly of purely speculative interest, while the *Iliad* is a poem of action. But among the ancient Greeks the essential aim of poetry was precisely to secure immortality; they did not directly aim at mere entertainment in their poetry, not at mere beauty, and not at edification or at instruction. They aimed at immortality, largely in the sense in which the admirers of Sir Walter Scott hold that he is also to be immortal.

Again, Shelley's *Ode to the Skylark* is a gem of poetry more entrancing and more melodious than that *Praise of Famous Men* which in the Book of Ecclesiasticus occupies full seven chapters. But the ode is not immortal in the sense in which the *Praise of Famous Men* is destined to be immortal. This has been translated into many languages and will yet be translated into many others, for readers who have never heard of Shelley, not because it is beautiful, but because its theme is

men who are in a fair way to be remembered. They will be remembered longer than are mere skylarks.

In the sphere of Latin Literature also we can observe the working of this same principle, in regard to the respective fame of Lucretius and Ovid. Lucretius was a far greater, more serious, profounder poet than was Ovid; but Ovid has won immortality more surely than Lucretius. The fact is that we no longer entirely sympathize with the searching speculations of Lucretius, but are all entertained by the steady, rapid action of Ovid. In the same way Milton's interpretation of the Bible is not the interpretation of modern criticism, and we no longer fully sympathize with the speculations of *Paradise Lost*, powerful and bold as these may be, but we can still follow out the action of the *Iliad*. And as long as the life and history of Scotland is remembered, it will be remembered largely through *The Heart of Midlothian*, through *Old Mortality*, and through the *Tales of a Grandfather*. Sir Walter Scott was essentially and always a novelist of action.

Here may I be permitted to be bold, and, perhaps, even to be vain and impertinent enough, to venture upon a list of what I would regard as the great novels in the whole range of English Literature. Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian*; Thackeray's *Pendennis*; George Eliot's *Romola*; John Inglesant, by J. H. Shorthouse; *The Scarlet Letter*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. Not a single reader naturally, not any critic, any writer, is bound to fall in with the half-dozen names placed upon that list. But there remains at least this small practical advantage in thus showing oneself at the outset as impertinent and self-assertive; and that is that I am able to lead up naturally and without any jolt to the remark that two at least of these six great novels have had their followers. Followers in each case distinctly inferior and weaker, but which have come in the wake of the great master novels, as a faint reflection, or as a shadow. *The Scarlet*

Letter has been followed by *The Silence of Dean Maitland* as its reflection; and *The Heart of Midlothian* has been followed by *Adam Bede* as its shadow.

Actions talk louder than words, and example is better than precept. After all Jennie Deans acted when it became a matter of the life and death of her sister Effie; Adam Bede talked Hetty over with this Dinah woman, and moralized. Sir Andrew Macphail, in one of the ablest of his essays, has described certain men and women, who "by continually regarding humanity as it is, have developed a capacity for analysis at the expense of a certain dryness and hardness of heart." This is the true characteristic, as I think, of *Adam Bede*... "A certain dryness and hardness of heart." Dinah Morris founds her whole prosperity, her future, and her home, directly upon the overwhelming of little Hetty; and the steady drift of the whole teaching of the book is simply that it pays to be good; which is the very essence of hard-heartedness.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles again in its turn has certain of the characteristics of a true Greek Tragedy; it ends with the death of Tess, and that at any rate is tragedy. There are besides distinct traces—although not more than traces—of the presence of "Ἀτη, that family fate which supplies the vein of power to those Greek Tragedies. This novel in a sense fulfils what Aristotle himself considered as the proper usefulness of the art of tragedy; it tends to soften the harsh judgments of men upon one another, and make them more tender. We can see here that a deed of murder may be after all the outcome of mere vanity, ignorance, and bungling; that good motives may lead up to crime; that the road to hell may be paved with good intentions. But the work is vitiated by one fundamental error as to the meaning of this whole trade of writing novels; it stands out before us on the very title-page. "A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented."

Thomas Hardy has here been misled evidently by his perverse conception that the duty of the novelist is to present acceptably the subject of the purity of woman; not to tell us a story simply about a pure woman, and to leave our minds at liberty, as we read the story, to form gradually and naturally our own judgment as to how far this woman was pure or otherwise. There has here been exercised much of that "capacity for analysis" which Sir Andrew has referred to, and it has left a trace of hardness in the novel. Judged by its "fruits," that is to say, judged by the outcome and the practical effect, Sir Walter Scott's great story far more effectively attains the end which Aristotle had originally in view; it has filled the world with a tender and a kindly feeling alike for Jennie Deans and for Effie. Sir Walter told the story, and it did its work. But with *Tess* there remains a vague, unsatisfactory, and unsettled feeling; probably the death of *Tess* was actually necessary, justice must be done; but there is too much uncertainty, perplexity, general dissatisfaction, scepticism and confusion.

Sir Walter Scott once more was pre-eminently the great story-teller for England. Alexander Dumas was the same for France; it has been a common remark that Dumas for the French was very much the same as Sir Walter for the English. Can there be traced any contrast between them? I believe that there can.

What writer can adapt himself so naturally, spontaneously, and easily, to the moving-pictures as does Dumas? Take that scene out of one of the closing chapters of *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, in which D'Artagnan goes in pursuit of Fouquet, King Louis XIV's fallen minister. "*Deux chemins blancs montaient en divergeant comme les doigts écartés d'une main gigantesque.*" Can we not see the very picture before our eyes on the screen at the cinema?

“D’Artagnan qui avait embrassé tout le panorama d’un coup d’œil.” Exactly as we do at the cinema. *“Un point mouvant qui gagnait du terrain.”* Can you not see it coming into view on the screen? *“Le cheval blanc courait, courait toujours dans la direction de la Loire.”* *“Une forme blanche qui se montra, disparut, et demeura enfin visible sur un terrain plus élevé.”* *“Son cheval noir prit le galop. Tous deux suivaient la même route.”*

There are the two great horses—the dark horse and the white one—sweeping round before our eyes in the moving picture. That is where exists the true point of contrast. Dumas presents a spectacle, and Sir Walter Scott tells a story. Every chapter in Alexander Dumas is thrilling, there is a thrill in every scene placed upon the boards; but in real life there are such things as dull days, and gray days, as well as invigorating, bright, thrilling days; hot, bright days of summer, and clear, bracing, cold days of winter; but also rainy days. Just as in Sir Walter Scott there are dull and merely ordinary chapters, which, as a general rule, can easily be skipped; the thrills come in suddenly and unexpectedly, as in real life.

Sir Walter Scott as a story-teller was the true wizard of the north; he takes you by the hand and brings you along as he tells you his story. There is the same difference between Scott and Dumas as between the game of cricket and the game of baseball; cricket exists for the amusement and enjoyment of the men who play the game, baseball for the entertainment of the spectators who behold it. There is this same difference between a French hotel and what in England Samuel Johnson referred to as a “capital Tavern.” In the capital tavern you are immediately at ease and at home; in the hotel you are waited on and entertained as a guest.

I have myself never been in Scotland; I have never seen the heath and the braes. I have not been myself to the wars.

I have never listened to the scream and rattle of the shells in their explosion; I have never heard the balls whistling by. I have so far never seen a battlefield. But all this is not true. Have not I been in Scotland in my reading of *The Abbott*, following in the very steps of Sir Walter Scott; and at the battle of Langside there? Have not I followed Mary Queen of Scots to the yew-tree, which stood by the Castle of Crookstone, and watched with my own eyes the tide of battle near the dazed, distracted Queen? Have not I scrambled with Roland Avenel through furze, and rock, and brushwood; have not I seen the young Scotsmen marching in dense ranks out of Glasgow; have not I watched the long lines of steel breast-plates as they "swayed slowly to and fro"? Have not I seen the serried soldiers of Sir Halbert Glendenning wheel on the broken flanks, and struggled with young Roland in the wild dismay of pursuit? Still it remains the fact that there is a note in the Appendix at the end of this very novel, which says that the Castle of Crookstone should have been Cathgart Castle; and that the whole scene of that interesting group beneath the yew-tree has been shifted, possibly a mile and a half too far to the east. Exactly so. What young Canadian soldier home-bound from the Great War, though he had recently been through a battle, was entirely clear in his own mind as to the question whether the Ypres Salient was a mile and a half to the right hand or to the left? Or was entirely confident as to the precise name of the castle which crowned the hill in the distance? What fighting man could give a neat, precise, and accurate pen picture of the battle? These neat and vivid pictures are supplied by writers who have not been soldiers, and have visited the scene of battle long after all fighting has been over. I do not say that I can describe the battle of Langside correctly. I do say that I have been there with Sir Walter Scott.

It remains now to maintain the cause of Sir Walter as a great romanticist, as against the school of the realists.

The philosophy of romanticism has been traced in a few inimitable lines by one of the best of our Canadian poets:—

Said Life to Art, "I love thee best,
Not when I find in thee,
My very face and form expressed,
With dull fidelity:

But when in thee my yearning eyes
Behold continually,
The mystery of my memories,
And all I long to be."

This phrase "dull fidelity," in itself a fine one, when it is driven home, is not so very different from that other expression, "faithfully presented," which we came across in the subtitle of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*; and the great weakness in Thomas Hardy as a novelist is precisely this, that he conceives it to be his duty faithfully thus to present a subject in all its details, and not simply to drive ahead with a good story which illustrates the subject. "How do you wish the photographs?" said the Chinese photographer to his customer, "Makee likee, or makee handsome?" "Makee likee, of course," was the answer. "Naturally I wish my photograph to be something like me." But when the purchaser received his pictures he became indignant. "I never gave any order for such hideous photographs as these. I must have better pictures than these." "Why," replied the meek little Chinaman, "you said, 'Makee likee,' how can?" Here is the whole philosophy of realism in a nutshell. When we complain, "This is a thoroughly repulsive, disgusting picture that you present to us," the novelist replies, "Must not I depict the real world? These things really exist, and must not I paint them? Am I the creator, and did I myself create these scenes, or is it my own part only faithfully to describe them?" Thus he reveals himself at once as neither a great novelist, nor yet a great philosopher.

There does not exist the philosopher, at any rate, who thinks that questions in philosophy stand to-day upon the same

plane as they were left three hundred years ago by John Locke; as if Immanuel Kant had never lived and written, and as if there had been no labours of Charles Darwin. Whatever be the constitution, and powers, and the operation of the human mind, modern psychology does not regard it as a *tabula rasa*, or as the mere plate of a camera. It is well known that the general effect of the camera upon a landscape is to exaggerate distances and to depress mountains; to bring out the details of some cosy little corner in a pretty picture, but to disappoint the spectator in a wider outlook. The work of the camera in a panorama must distinctly be reinforced by the skill, intelligence and knowledge, by the heart and the mind of an artist. Let us suppose the instance of a scene of horror in the old country during the course of the World War.

Simply to paint a picture of the horrors of the bursting of a shell from a Zeppelin in England, is not to give a real picture of the life of that country as she came through the war. There were hopes and fears in England in the course of the war. There were unseen elements, such as cannot be depicted, intangible considerations, which cannot be handled; movements such as cannot be weighed and estimated, but can only be suggested and imagined. Realism ignores all such things as these, and yet advertises and proclaims itself as real. Truth is a victory and a creation of the active mind of man; Darwin and Kant between them have at least proved that much to the hilt; the mere reception of impressions upon a blank, despondent, sensitive, and purely passive mind leads to no progress and no truth. The defect in the present state of science is largely nothing else than the absence of imagination, that precious and rare gift of scientific imagination. More especially is that, perhaps, the case in historic science, and in what is known as political science. That realistic school of the great Russian novelists, the doctrine of non-resistance preached by Count Tolstoi, the pessimism of writers such as Gogol and Tourge-

nieff, lead to no great conquests in the sphere of psychology and science, any more than to practical conquests in the sphere of government and progress.

Tolstoï in Russia and Carlyle in Scotland, in a way, were morbidly and preternaturally sensitive. Tolstoï declares, I think, in one of his writings, that in the breaking of the bright spring weather after the severe cold of Russian winter, he could almost hear the plants in the forest growing. As to Carlyle, there is a shrewd remark by Sir Andrew Macphail in his essays, that words must be taken in the sense in which they are employed by the men who use them; that when Carlyle wrote remorse, he meant to say regret, and that when Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle wrote about domestic tragedy what they meant was the ordinary inconveniences of married life. Carlyle did not give a real picture in his *Reminiscences*, spreading abroad the distinct impression over two whole continents, that his domestic life was more unhappy than it really was; that what was merely the unavoidable annoyance of domestic life was real domestic tragedy. All this false impression Carlyle succeeded in building up about himself, simply by the entire absence of the sense of due proportion; simply by remembering all the little things, and losing all the reminiscences of great things. But Tolstoï gives such a perfect instance in *Anna Kerenina* of this over-sensitiveness, egotism, and the absence of proportion, that I cannot refrain from the use of it as an apt illustration.

"Levine, clad in black trousers, but without either waistcoat on or dress-coat, was walking with long strides up and down his room in the hotel." Levine, of course, was Tolstoï himself, and it had been the fact that upon the day of his wedding, Tolstoï in a fit of absent-mindedness forgot clean linen, and kept the wedding waiting, while he rummaged about the city for a clean shirt. This is a good story, and as it really happened, Tolstoï must work the story in. Novels are meant

to tell what really happens. The man had been keeping it as good novel-writing material for years, stowed away until he became eager to use it, and the first chance that he gets he consecrates a chapter to the good story. Volume II: Part V: Chapter IV. Because this would have been a good story, ferreted out, and told by some other later writer about Count Tolstōi, does it, therefore, follow that it is a good story told about himself? "Least said, soonest mended." If the count was really short a clean shirt at his wedding, should this fact be put on record as a memory for ever, or should it be forgotten? And to come to the main point, is it the perfection of the art of novel-writing, thus to intrude the personality of the writer upon the reader; or to keep the writer's personality out? What trace is there of the personal peculiarities of Richardson, in *Clarissa Harlowe*? What trace of Oliver Goldsmith is there in *The Vicar of Wakefield*? What trace in *The Bride of Lammermoor* is there of the fact that the entire novel had been dictated to an amanuensis from a sick bed? Sir Walter Scott was a great novelist, but he was not a man of this peculiarly sensitive type.

Carlyle spent what was, relatively to his purse, quite a fortune, and the better part of an entire summer, trying to make his study absolutely noise-proof. Sir Walter Scott wrote in hotels and taverns, and with the servants and the dogs about him, and with the children playing on his knee. Sir Walter Scott had many more annoyances in his home than Thomas Carlyle, yet he never allowed himself to feel annoyance; he had much more serious occasions of financial worry than had Carlyle, yet he never allowed himself to worry. But Sir Walter Scott practised the creative art. A novel is a poem in prose, and the underlying aim and principle in poetry is properly creative, not descriptive. Shelley's ode does not describe a skylark; for a skylark after all is a bird, and the very opening line runs, "Bird thou never wert." The poet at the

instigation of the song of the skylark has created the conception of the spirit pouring forth strains of joy out of the region in the more immediate neighbourhood of heaven. Sir Roger de Coverley was a pure creation of the genius of Steele and Addison. There never existed any particular squire in an English country village, who sat for the memorable portrait of Sir Roger. Sir Geoffrey Peveril constitutes a genuine creation of Sir Walter; he is not simply taken out from the circle of acquaintance of that author, and then described in a pen pictures. Critics have maintained that Tourgenieff, in *Dmitri Roudine*, for example, served as a pattern for the later work of Henry James in his novels, such as *The Portrait of a Lady*. Add to this the fact that some recent critic has decided upon Henry James as the prince of the whole companionship of great American authors. The Sultan of Turkey was particularly delighted with J. Fenimore Cooper, whom he read both in the English and in a good Turkish translation. All that I can say is that my own tastes run along the lines of the views of the Sultan; and not the views of the North American critic. Because after all *The Deerslayer* is a novel of action, while the Lady sat still for her portrait, and never acted; and the Deerslayer is himself a creation, while the Lady is, doubtless, something of an interesting picture, but yet has simply been painted as a picture.

But the real point of contrast which I would establish in connection with the writings of Sir Walter Scott is with Tolstoï. Tolstoï has made himself famous for his description of the Battle of Austerlitz in his other novel, *War and Peace*. Of three celebrated descriptions of a battle in a novel, Thackeray's description of the Battle of Waterloo, in *Vanity Fair*; Victor Hugo's description also of Waterloo, in *Les Misérables*, and this last description of Austerlitz by Tolstoï, the third is undoubtedly by far the most vivid and the most effective. Thackeray evidently feels the description of the

battle itself to be beyond him; he brings his hero and heroine to the city of Brussels in the neighbourhood, and then goes on with the story after the great struggle is past and over. Victor Hugo wrestles with a gigantic problem of description. But Tolstoï breaks up the main battle into many little scenes, or moving pictures; he thus distinctly eases the mental labour of imagining what was taking place; but he also illustrates the principle that the photographic methods of the school of realism paint little pictures better than they handle panoramas. This is a very brilliant and well-drawn picture of a scene of battle, provided that the only thing of lasting human interest in a battle is the way that some soldier faces death; how he lies helpless upon his back dreaming, gazing into the sunlight, into the clear, far-receding, blue vault of heaven. Provided that there is no such thing as any plan of battle; no such thing as a plan of campaign; no necessity that drives the rival armies into battle; no policy that paves the way, and leads up to the battle; no effects that result from it. Tolstoï's description chiefly consists in following out the mists that wind through the mountains, and pointing out that it is a great mistake to suppose that any of these things just mentioned existed. And all this is supposed to be the real world. A real battle means that soldiers wander up and down quite aimlessly, protect from nothing, and accomplish nothing.

"Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." In fourteen words Isaiah covered many chapters of Tolstoï's famous description of the field of Austerlitz; all these details and all these vivid little touches he simply passed by in fourteen words. Many years ago in the circle of my acquaintance there was found a white-haired old soldier, who had in the course of his career been through many battles; I never could persuade him to describe a single battle, or the whole series of battles put together, in any other words than just these fourteen. The vivid description of the

battle drawn out in detail in many chapters he left to Count Tolstoï, who, as we all know, did not believe in battles. Personally I feel very doubtful whether, after all, the palm for vividness in the description of a battlefield should be allotted to Tolstoï's celebrated novel; I should be inclined to assign it to Plutarch, in his *Life of Timoleon*. And yet Plutarch, so far at least as I am aware, had never been in Sicily; certainly he had never seen the field of the battle there in the mountains between the Greeks and the Carthaginians. But he describes the typical battle. The spirit of Plato is not entirely extinct as yet in the world; with all our matter of fact temper, and our love of what our eyes have looked on, types are still of importance. In the space of three brief paragraphs, or of four small pages, in a few bold and brilliant touches, Plutarch has set the type before you; you can perceive the season, and what was the weather on that day in Sicily, and what was the organization of the Greek army, and of the Carthaginian army. You can catch a glimpse of the scene in the mountains; hear the thunder-storm; grasp what was the plan of battle; estimate something of the Greek policy, of the Carthaginian policy, what was the character of the great Greek general, of the Carthaginian men and officers. You can form some conception of the practical outcome of the whole encounter.

Sir Walter Scott was, like Plutarch, able to create and to handle types. "During December, 1821," writes Lockhart, "appeared the splendid romance of *The Pirate*." This absolutely characterizes the novel; it is in very deed a "splendid romance." There in the Shetland Islands, lying far distant to the north of Scotland, where the long, hard winter has bred the Shetland ponies, Sir Walter has set the type before us of the pirate of the Spanish Main. Sir Walter Scott had never been near the Spanish Main. And, what is more, he had never seen a pirate. Yet he has distinguished the type of the modern pirate from the ancient viking; he has separated the true north

blood, the Norwegian, or the Norseman from the Scotchman, or the Englishman in the large island to the south. You might naturally think that a Scotchman and a Norwegian in such a narrow little island, were very much the same type of man; when you have followed the fortunes of Magnus Troil a little, you will be able to correct that false impression. You will be able to estimate what is the effect on the island of the policy of Scotland, of the policy of England; what is the difference between the commerce and the policy of England, and the commerce and the policy of Scotland. You can see what were the dreams, and what were the hopes and the political ambitions of the islanders themselves; and in the conversations between Minna Troil and Cleveland you can obtain distinct light upon the real underlying controversies and difference between Ireland and England to-day. Contrast this with what you learn about Russia from Tolstoï's long novel. It is much like looking over some mighty album of snap-shots from the work of a photographic camera; you have a vague impression that you have seen such a picture before somewhere, but you cannot exactly remember where. To my mind this is the outcome of wading through the works of such writers as Tourgenieff, Tolstoï, and Gogol. You are simply worn out in eyes and nerves with professional sight-seeing. It is simply that plague of sight-seeing from which every true host and hostess endeavours to protect his guest, and from which Sir Walter Scott with his fine instinct of hospitality does succeed in protecting you.

What we wish is not every detail of the life of Tolstoï and his family, but types of Russian character. Whatever may be thought about this celebrated household of Count Tolstoï, certainly it was not a typical Russian family. Where then is the interest in it? Whatever may be thought about *Anna Karenina* and her long story, she was not a typical Russian woman. Even if the story really happened, yet it was not typical. Why

then does it give a real picture of the life of Russia? Gogol, in his undertaking of *The Dead Souls*, seemed to think that it was some sort of religious duty and a life vocation, to write out an exact description complete in every detail, of the life of the huge Russian Empire. Naturally he broke down in soul and body beneath the task. He never thought out and analysed the grounds and reasons for his own failure; but he followed a sound instinct in the feeling that it was failure. What he really succeeded in producing was a sort of encyclopedia of Russian curiosities, written out at long hand, by his own unassisted personal labour. Johnson's personal attempt at a dictionary of the English language was a small matter in comparison. The subject of the novel of *The Dead Souls* was a clever swindle. But a clever swindle is never typical, even if it is clever. Had Gogol been able to plan out for us and to create a clever swindler, he might have performed something of the same work for Russia that Sir Walter Scott in his romance of *The Pirate* performed for Scotland.

Lockhart records the fact that at about the fortieth year of his life Scott visited the valley of the Tees along the borderline of Yorkshire and of Durham; there his host "observed him noting down the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that grew on the side of the crag." In other words, Scott was not a dreamer, and was not careless; he was a close and accurate observer of nature; and he entered his observations also in a note-book. But yet I cannot remember that he ever actually employed that note-book; I can remember no novel the scene of which is laid particularly in Yorkshire, and no special description of the flowers along the valley of the Tees. Scott, that is, did not, as Gogol did in Russia, transfer his memoranda direct from his note-book to the pages of his novel; these were retained in a powerful and retentive memory; pondered in a sound, vigorous imagination; thoroughly assimilated and digested; mellowed with time, worked up into types; and they

appeared long years after, and in unexpected places, in the description, as it may be, of the Isle of Man in *Peveril*, or of the Alps in Switzerland in *Anne of Geierstein*; places where Scott had never been. For it must be remembered that there are no types in nature. The type never is completely represented and exemplified in any concrete, particular, and material object of nature; no detailed description of a scene in nature in itself represents a type. And yet the type is never, upon the other hand, far removed from nature; and it is invariably true to the main, bold outlines of nature. It is my contention that the secret of the failure of Gogol as a novelist is that he conceived that it was his business directly to depict the various villages, men and women, of Russia simply as things of nature; and not to build them up into Russian types. There is no end to this mere descriptive writing; as often as the bulb is pressed the photographic machine will record a picture; it will wear out the strength and patience of Gogol, and of every other writer, and the patience of every reader.

It might be as well to remind those who are so fond of holding the "mirror" up to nature, what the Bible says about the man "beholding his natural face in a glass," that he "straightway forgetteth" what manner of man he is. All these vivid pictures out of Tolstoi's *War and Peace* we have absolutely forgotten. No man remembers pictures; therefore, pictures are of no use in education. What men remember are images, wrought out and pondered in their own minds slowly, and by the energy of their own imagination; a picture, indeed, may suggest these images, but it cannot replace them. No Englishman remembers the Duke of Wellington; what he remembers is the fact that the Duke of Wellington rose in his stirrups at the close of the battle of Waterloo, and shouted, "Up, guards, and at them"; although he did not do so. Criticism has most abundantly proved that types do not exist in nature; and yet it is with the world of types that the novelist

has to show himself familiar, and with these he has to do. A novelist is not, as men seem sometimes to think, a returned commercial traveller, turning in a report to the general public of the sights that he has seen in his wanderings; Marco Polo was not a novelist. Neither is a novelist exactly a painter; although Thackeray, it is true, could make sketches. A novel is a poem; and what is needed in a novelist is a strong, wholesome, vigorous and fertile imagination. Moreover, the proper foundation for the trade of novelist is not a college course in modern psychology, and the power of subtle and minute analysis; which is the mistake that Flaubert made in France. All these merely hard-working, conscientious, unimaginative writers would be well advised to eschew the art of writing novels altogether, and to devote themselves, like the present writer, to composing essays.

But be that as it may, it is necessary probably to be bold and blunt in the main assertion, that the whole trade and trend and tide of novel-writing recently has been shifted largely to the wrong track. I shall never myself write a novel; but if I can do something in this article to shunt the heavy freight train back to its proper track once more, and to get it running smoothly along its true lines, I shall have done no injustice thereby to the memory of Sir Walter Scott as a very great novelist.

THROUGH A SCOTTISH LAYMAN'S EYES

BY JAMES MILLER

MOST of us older people have read the better known novels of Sir Walter Scott some time between the ages of ten and fifteen or have had them read to us. The mere mention of them recalls winter evenings and family gatherings round the fire, when one or other parent or perhaps an elder sister read from the romantic pages. We remember the fascination of the story unfolding from the less interesting initial chapters, gathering impetus as the threads of the mystery are woven together to culminate in some siege or battle or duel. We can recall the tantalizing gaps as one thread is dropped to pick up another and the difficulty in putting away the volume when bedtime came. 'Just one more chapter, please!' with the unanswerable reply, 'You won't be any more ready to stop if I do read another.' Why do Scott's novels lend themselves so well to this most delightful method of acquiring a taste for good literature? First, because they can be read aloud with ease. Because they were tossed off page by page from a teeming brain, not laboriously written and rewritten, corrected and polished, for that very reason the novels are best read aloud. Moreover, the tale appeals to both sexes, to most ages and to many tastes. But perhaps what influenced our parents most was the same reason as that given by Bismarck to Arthur Balfour at the Conference of Berlin in explanation of his rather remarkable familiarity with the novels. (He had asked if Balfour of Burley were an ancestor.) "When we were young," said Bismarck, "we all had to read Sir Walter. He was considered so very proper." There are exceptions to the 'very proper'. Maurice Baring recalls that while he and his brothers had license to browse as they wished, his sisters were

discouraged from perusing certain of the novels, notably of course *The Heart of Midlothian*. All this seems very curious to the adolescent of the present day, who abstains from reading Scott largely because the custom of reading aloud *en famille* has been to a great extent given up. A few families of the older fashion continue it, and I for one am heartily sorry to see the custom disappearing. The movies, the radio, dancing and other things have helped to kill it. And yet I feel sure that, were the introduction properly made, the modern youth would enjoy the novels just as did his Victorian predecessor. For middle and old age the appeal will always exist.

Wherein then lies this appeal? It may help to reach some sort of answer if I attempt to analyze my own impressions on re-reading the novels, as I have done during the last two or three years.

The actual incitement to undertake the task was my coming into possession of an edition of Scott published in 1842, illustrated with steel engravings and woodcuts by such artists of the time as Wilkie, Nasmyth, Duncan, Scott Lauder, Stanfield and Turner. But once started on the business I have not been without one or other of the novels as a companion for more than a week or two at a time.

Harold Nicholson, in a pamphlet entitled *The New Spirit in Literature*, establishes as a touchstone for the proper appraisal of a book the effect which it leaves on the mind. "The man or woman," he says, "who reads a thriller should look out for a sense of dissatisfaction, a sense of wastage, in himself." "If you read good books there is no sense of wastage." As Nicholson says again, "It may be an effort, it may at first be dull, but when you have triumphed, you feel within your soul a little glow of achievement, a half-sense of creation." "Nor is this feeling unjustified," he continues. "You have in fact created something. You have created a new corridor or passage to the higher centres of your own

brain.”¹ With the reading of historical novels there comes the incitement to study more fully the history of the times and the lives of the principal actors, and by so doing the corridor is broadened and the half sense of creation further fortified. Thus the all too frequently drab incidents of history are rendered real, the actors living. Scott, as Trevelyan says, has done more for history than any professed historian of modern times. As Carlyle puts it, “these historical novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others till so taught, that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies and abstractions of men—but men in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with passions in their stomachs and the idioms, features and vitalities of very men.” Scott’s interpretations of historical personages may not always be those current among historians, but they are nevertheless convincing; the characters live and move and have their being. So, too, with the other figures in the novels. They also give the impression of reality. This is not to be wondered at, since so many of the portraits were drawn from life. The Dandie Dinmonts, the Hobbie Elliots, the Cuddie Headriggs and the David Deans were the men Scott met daily by Tweedside, or at market, or on the moor, and with whom it was his highest pleasure to hold converse.

Perhaps the thing which strikes anyone reading the novels for the first time most strongly is the almost complete absence of what may be called the conventional hero. Scott was very well aware of this. He writes to Morritt: “I am a bad hand at depicting a hero properly so called and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of Borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers and all others of a Robin-Hood

¹David Cecil says of Scott’s novels in *The Atlantic Monthly* (October, 1932): “Those who are prepared [to delve and sift] will never close these books dissatisfied.”

description. I do not know why it should be, as I am myself, like Hamlet, indifferent honest; but I suppose the blood of the old cattle-drivers of Teviotdale continues to stir in my veins." The hero is frequently the centre of the story and he marries the heroine as a rule, but he is not the admirable person who always does the right thing and is equal to every occasion. Scott appears to take a positive pleasure in sometimes making a fool of his hero. He refers to his first, Edward Waverley, as "a sneaking piece of imbecility". Others of his heroes have more backbone and character. Such are Henry Morton in *Old Mortality* and the Master of Ravenswood in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, but only one or two of them (Quentin Durward and Hal o' the Wynd) are the strong, silent, intrepid type. This carelessness concerning the light in which the reader may regard the heroes of his romances is the more remarkable in view of the fact that in several of them Scott has portrayed himself or aspects of himself. This is of course notably so with Edward Waverley.

The first seven chapters of *Waverley* were written long before the rest in 1805. They were shown to Erskine, and his opinion being unfavourable, were put aside and forgotten, to be discovered five years later in the drawer of an old bureau when Scott was searching for some fishing tackle. These chapters form tedious reading, concerned as they are with the politics of the generation previous to Scott's and with the early life and education of the hero. The chapter on the education James Ballantyne indeed wished Scott to excise altogether, but it is here that the author reveals his identity with the hero. Stephen Gwynn brings out this point by a series of quotations and concludes, "What other young men except Edward Waverley and Walter Scott ever went through this course of reading in his teens?"

But *Waverley* is not the only novel in which Scott himself appears. Colonel Mannering has much of the author

about him. As Gwynn says, "Walter Scott was the one young man in all Scotland who might conceivably have cast a horoscope when he had just left the university." The Ettrick Shepherd said that he was always certain of the author of *Waverley* after the second novel appeared, for Colonel Manering was Scott to the life.

It is, however, in *Redgauntlet* that we get the portrait of young Walter Scott in his actual early surroundings. Alan Fairford, the young lawyer, is Scott; Saunders Fairford, the Edinburgh writer, is Scott's father; Darsie Latimer is his friend, William Clerk; and Greenmantle is his first lady-love.

In Jonathan Oldbuck, the Monkbarns of *The Antiquary*, Scott created a personage with some of his own peculiarities and possessed of his favourite hobby. It is a caricature in which Scott pokes fun at himself *et hoc genus omne*. The Antiquary is a dear old gentleman with many admirable qualities, but when he gets upon his hobby-horse he becomes an unutterable bore. In no novel of the series have I been so much tempted to skip and have so frequently succumbed to the temptation. Did Scott insert all this padding just in order to extend the novel to the three volume size; or did he love the old man and his foibles; or was it, as Buchan asserts, of set purpose to provide a rest for the mind in the midst of exciting action?

How much of self-portraiture there is in the Master of Ravenswood it is difficult to say. As is well known, Scott was himself crossed in love and the incident left an indelible impression. One of Scott's intimates, writing to another when Williamina Stuart's engagement was announced, fears for some violent outburst, and late in life, long after the death of the lady, we see him shedding tears with her aged mother. Grierson rates very high *The Bride of Lammermoor*, the most tragic amongst the small group of tragedies, and the Master of Ravenswood he considers one of the best of Scott's heroes.

He rejects Saintsbury's characterization of him as a silly, sulky, stagey creature in theatrical poses and a black plumed hat. To me, too, Ravenswood is a clear-cut, convincing character. The whole story is sombre and tragic. There is little of the comic relief usually present in the novels, and that is understandable, as it was written during Scott's worst attacks of gall-stone colic when the author was frequently under the influence of opium. Scott himself read the proofs as if the story had been some other man's work and characterized it as "monstrous, gross and grotesque".

But the real heroes of the novels are not the young gallants who marry the heroines but the men in humble life—the Borderers, the buccaneers, the Highland robbers. These are the characters on which his pen lingered lovingly. The hero of *Rob Roy* is not Frank Osbaldistone, but the Highland Cataran himself, with perhaps Andrew Fairservice as a close second. Edie Ochiltree, the King's Bedesman, vies with the Laird of Monkbarns as the outstanding character of *The Antiquary*. Dandie Dinmont is the real hero of *Guy Mannering*, "one of the most complete, four-square, three-dimensional and vital figures in literature." Hobbie Elliot is the only man who matters in *The Black Dwarf*. Scott himself states in the introduction to *The Fortunes of Nigel* that he intended George Heriot to be the hero of the story, although Nigel Olifant occupies the title rôle and marries the heroine.

That is the right answer to Carlyle's criticism of Scott, "that he wrote daily with the ardour of a steam engine that he might make £15,000 a year and buy upholstery with it." He wrote because he had to, because there was that in him which must find an outlet, and because he loved the humble Scottish folk whom his pen portrayed.

It has been said of Scott that he did not understand women and could not depict their characters in his novels.

Neither statement is true. He numbered many eminent women among his friends and correspondents. He was frequently asked to pronounce upon "delicate matters involving the fair sex," as the *Private Letters*, edited by Wilfred Partington, tell. True, a great many of his so-called heroines are little more than pretty and charming dolls, but two at least stand out above the rest and are equal to any female characters in literature. These are Jeanie Deans and Diana Vernon.

Jeanie Deans is one of the great characters in literature of all time. She is hero as well as heroine of *The Heart of Midlothian*, for the book contains no male actor of sufficient importance to compete with Jeanie. Her character is strong and true, with just sufficient of femininity about it to save it from being harsh and forbidding. Lady Louisa Stuart writes to Scott about the matter shortly after the publication of the novel: "One may congratulate you upon having effected what many have tried to do, and nobody yet succeeded, in making the perfectly good character the most interesting. Of late days, especially since it has been the fashion to write moral and even religious novels, one might almost say of some of the wise good heroines, what a lively girl once said of her well-meaning aunt—'Upon my word, she is enough to make anybody wicked.' . . . Had this story been conducted by a common hand, Effie would have attracted all our concern and sympathy, Jeanie only cold approbation. Whereas Jeanie without youth, beauty, genius, warm passions, or any other novel-perfection is here our object from beginning to end."

The Heart of Midlothian has certain defects of technique. It loses interest after the conclusion of the London visit, but the scene in the royal park in which Jeanie meets the Queen and wins the pardon is unsurpassed in the novels. If I were asked to pick out from Scott the most notable examples of simple eloquence in the Scots vernacular I would choose Meg

Merrilies addressing Ellangowan, Mause Headrigg taunting Claverhouse, and Jeanie pleading thus for her sister's life:

'Alas! it is na when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—as seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—long and late may it be yours—Oh, my leddy, then it is na what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for ithers, that we think on most pleasantly. And the thought that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow.'

Note the latter half of the last sentence, the 'falling close'—the anticlimax which but heightens the effect of the climax. In this type of writing Scott was a consummate artist. He never overdid the 'sob stuff'. He knew how to increase its effect with the touch of humour. As Buchan says, "The kernel of romance is contrast, beauty and valour flowering in unlikely places, the heavenly rubbing shoulders with the earthly."

Di Vernon is a heroine of another type. In many respects she resembles closely the modern sport-loving girl. She seldom talks in the correct, formal and pedantic style of so many of Scott's heroines. She is not afraid to swear, and her conversation is plentifully besprinkled with the terms and metaphors of the hunting field and the kennel. She is amazingly lovely and provokingly mischievous, with a dark background of mystery in her birth, her religion and her politics. I challenge anyone to read *Rob Roy* without falling a victim to her charms. The only other heroine who at all competes with her in allurements is Catherine Seyton in *The Abbot*.²

²In a short article in *The Sewanee Review* on Mark Twain and Scott Maurice Hewlett selects the same two female characters. Of Di Vernon he says, "she might be a heroine of Shakespeare's; of Jeanie Deans, "she is beyond Shakespeare."

From the heroines one passes naturally to the sibyls—the weird women, half prophetess, half maniac. One such is to be found in most of the novels. The most famous of all is Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering*, who may indeed be regarded as the chief female figure of the novel, with so striking a rôle as to give her name to the dramatized version of the story. Others are almost equally well known: Norna of the Fitful Head in *The Pirate*, Helen MacGregor in *Rob Roy*, Blind Alice in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and Magdalene Graeme in *The Abbot*. To account for the prevalence of such figures in mediaeval and even later times one has to remember not only the superstition attaching to mental peculiarity but the inadequacy of the methods for dealing with insanity. No institutions existed, except the scandalous bedlams, where such cases could be dealt with. The maltreatment of the poet Fergusson, Burns's contemporary, was one of the causes which led to a more humane policy and the establishment of insane asylums. Little wonder that these beings peopled the slums of cities and were found in most parishes even up to Scott's own day. Some of them were sufficiently clever fakirs who fed upon the gullibility of the populace, others were definitely insane. A portrait of the latter type we have in Madge Wildfire of *The Heart of Midlothian*. She is a remarkable study of one type of mind diseased. A feeble-minded creature completely thrown off her mental balance by her pregnancy and the loss of her infant, she displays many of the characters of the cases one meets daily in modern asylums. Her sudden and unreasonable outbursts of song, her inability to continue long any one train of thought, her ridiculous love of finery are all features admirably portrayed by Scott. Into her mouth he puts many a scrap of verse, one of which—*Proud Maisie is in the Wood*—is described by Gwynn as "one of the imperishable jewels of Scottish lyric."

A discussion of Scott's historic characters would form a theme by itself. Many of them are admirably portrayed, others

much less so. This was a department of fiction in which Scott excelled. Gooch in his *Studies in Modern History* characterizes Scott as the greatest of historical novelists. "With unerring instinct he laid down the lines which the best historical novelists have followed ever since." "No one has ever surpassed him in bringing the illustrious dead to life." "It is his proud achievement not only to have dowered the world with a crop of imperishable masterpieces, but to have created a *genre* which at its best is capable of rendering equal service to history and to literature." Even if his historic characters are not entirely true to life, they carry conviction with the ordinary reader. One feels that Elizabeth is a reasonably convincing portrait, that James the First would have spoken thus, and that Queen Mary of Scots, incarcerated in the Castle of Lochleven, would have silenced her jailer, the Lady Margaret Douglas, with just such biting sarcastic sentences as appear on the pages of *The Abbot*. It is difficult to make a selection of the best portraits, but I would choose Cromwell in *Woodstock* and Claverhouse in *Old Mortality*. Both are baffling characters of diametrically opposite types, the one, the hard stern Puritan, forced by his fanatical followers to perform deeds of which his conscience disapproved but stopping far short of the fanatic himself. Haunted by the memory of these deeds, he is at times driven by his real nature to acts of clemency such as the connivance at the escape of the fugitive prince. Scott gives him a character not unlike that of Hamlet.

Claverhouse is one of those characters in history about whom there will always be two opinions, according to the sympathies of the individual. There is good evidence that Scott was greatly fascinated by him—his beautiful face, his intense loyalty to the Stuart cause and his tragic death in the moment of victory. As portrayed in *Old Mortality*, his cruel, relentless treatment of the Covenanters is made almost understandable. His light valuation of human life is rendered con-

vincing by his readiness at any time to sacrifice his own life. His grading of the value of men's lives is a dangerous doctrine but one by no means dead. "There is a difference," he says, "I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle which stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues and silly boors:—some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine and dashing down a can full of base muddy ale."

James Graham, first Marquis of Montrose, is disappointingly dealt with in *The Legend of Montrose*... One would have thought that this gallant figure—patriot, poet, military genius and martyr—would have fired Scott's imagination and caused him to put forth his best effort. But Montrose in the *Legend* is but a shadowy figure. It may be that this is partly due to the fact that Scott wrote the novel while racked by illness. Certainly it was not from want of admiration of Montrose himself. The outstanding character in the story is the swash-buckling soldier of fortune—Dugald Dalgetty, who is drawn from life—his prototype being an old warrior, Ensign Dalgetty, with whom Scott made friends while spending some weeks at Prestonpans as a small boy.

There still remains to answer the question propounded at the beginning of this paper. Wherein lies the fascination of these novels? I started the process of re-reading without bias or prejudice of any kind. I expected to be bored and I found myself lured on from novel to novel. Judicious skipping was advised, but I seldom resorted to it. For me as a Scot there is the attraction of scenery described which I know well; yet the more intimate one's knowledge of the district the more one realizes the liberties which Scott took with his native country. He takes a garden in the vicinity of Edinburgh, joins it to a castle in Stirlingshire, and places the whole somewhere else. He claims never to have seen Wolf's

Crag and one can well believe it, as the old ruin in the story bears impossible geographical relations to the other places mentioned. Perhaps it is just as well not to know too much of the *mise en scène*. Then there is the lure of the lowland Scottish tongue for one who knows its lilt. This is to me a powerful attraction, which must, however, have the opposite effect upon all readers who are not Scotsmen born. I suppose that, after all, it comes to this — that Scott was a consummate artist at telling a tale and we have, most of us, the child's love for a story; the more vivid the picture it brings to our minds the more we enjoy it. Scott possessed the faculties of vivid imagination and of lucid and fluent recital. Individually these faculties are by no means uncommon, but in conjunction they are rare indeed. One other possession he had which was of inestimable value to him in his writings,—a knowledge of the world and that not only of one stratum of society but of high and low, rich and poor. Moreover, his acquaintance with other lands, tongues and literatures still further broadened this outlook. Lastly, and by no means least, he loved mankind. Seldom has there been found among the brotherhood of writers one with a bigger heart and a more tolerant mind.

THE WORLD IN CONFERENCE

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

A EUROPEAN diplomat, who would probably resent the charge of cynicism, lately in private conversation expressed the hope that Mr. Hoover would be re-elected to the White House for the single reason that by the United States Constitution no man may run for a third term of office. His argument was that Mr. Hoover in his second term could be as statesmanlike as he chose with impunity, whereas Mr. Roosevelt in his first term would have one eye on the next election. The really ironic thing about that remark is the simple spirit in which it was made. The author was innocent of conscious humour. Indeed his remark symbolizes the widely prevalent distrust of democracy. In 1932 few serious students of political philosophy retain much faith in the democratic system which decides political leadership by the arithmetic result of everybody's vote. The most experienced people no doubt regard democracy as the best system; but they hardly think it a good system. Indeed perhaps there can be only a choice between bad systems and worse.

In present circumstances, however, such a line of thought produces a paradoxical consolation. It happens that the impending financial and economic conference, at which all the chief countries of the world are to be represented, will necessarily depend for its success upon the degree of unanimity and common sense displayed by four of those countries: the United States, France, Great Britain and Italy. If those countries are agreed, no combination of dissentient parties will be able to affect the issue. Nor is it even likely that any such combination could in those circumstances arise. By the time the conference meets, the United States elections will

have relegated the United States democracy to impotence for a period of four years. The British elections of October, 1931, for the first time since the war have produced a government of unassailable power, certain to run, if it so choose, for still another four years. In Italy democracy has been totally suppressed, and it is certain that Signor Mussolini's repeated protestations in favour of "the clean slate" and of all the good financial causes represent the firm and effective policy of the Italian Government. Only in France is democracy still in the position where it could and might rob statesmanship of its opportunity: but in France, as was shown at the recent Lausanne Conference, the established economic facts have already proved themselves too strong for democratic waywardness.

The inevitability of this agreeable climax fully reveals itself if one recalls the course of events that have forced the countries of the world to meet in conference, and to formulate in advance the detailed objects they have in view. The crude facts of the situation make it unlikely that the delegates will be able to go home without having registered some common plan of common salvation from the common catastrophe.

The real crisis of the world depression was reached in the summer of 1931, when British governmental credit spectacularly wobbled. Shrewd people recognized that moment as a "crisis" in the literal sense. In human pathology a crisis implies that the patient must thereafter either improve or die. It is the nature of human beings to die; and the outcome of the pathological crisis is therefore doubtful. But it is not the nature of the world to die. Level-headed people, therefore, a year ago regarded the British economic and financial "crisis" as the signal that the world was about to start an upward movement, difficult and slow as it might be. Twelve months have passed. Is there any evidence that such an

upward movement did in fact begin? The evidence is ample. British credit itself has recovered as spectacularly as it fell. The British Government has ensured the conversion of £2,000,000,000 of national debt to a new level symbolic of an impregnable credit, is engaged in further projects of the like kind, and by the same process is leading the world back to sound finance. As a sporting member of the British Government put it: We laid a bet of £2,000,000,000 to the world that British credit was good; laid the bet within twelve months of a general world manifestation of distrust in British credit; and we won.

A second evidence of the world's upward movement is the fact that the Lausanne Conference has wiped the European slate clean of its bad political debt. The technicalities of the "final payment" by Germany do not affect the cleanliness of the slate; for even if the bonds are ever issued by the Bank for International Settlements, they will be a commercialized transaction, not a "political debt." Reparation as such is ended. But for the severity of the world depression and the resultant belief that Germany neither would nor could resume her reparation payment after the Hoover year, no French Government would ever have accepted what M. Herriot accepted at Lausanne on July 9th. It is not a long time since Mr. Hoover made his "moratorium" proposal. The events of June 20th to July 6th, 1931, prove how different is the spirit of the world to-day. A year ago neither of the two great creditor Powers, the United States and France, would even hear of a clean slate. Mr. Hoover was as emphatic on that point as M. Tardieu.

The more one considers the change that has taken place, the more important it becomes. The reduction of the British Government's rate of interest on its borrowing and the acceptance by the French Government of the fact that reparation by Germany can never again be paid, are important in them-

selves as achievements; they are even more important as symptoms of what is still to follow. The third big achievement now clearly foreshadowed is the cancellation by the United States of the European debts, or rather the formal and willing acceptance by the United States of what is surely an established fact that the service of those debts cannot, or at least will not, be resumed.

The agenda of the world financial and economic conference contains a list of all the commonplace problems, tariffs, the distribution of monetary gold, prices and the like; but makes no reference to the immediately most important problem of all (if it can still be called a problem), namely that of completing the cancellation of all political war debts. As everybody knows, the only reason for that omission was the democratic circumstance that the politicians of the United States who were running as candidates for the White House did not dare agree that such a subject should be discussed without seriously jeopardizing their chance of election. Yet that unwritten item in the agenda will be the key to all the others.

The subject of the political debts is important, because political war debts cannot be other than bad debts in the sense that they cannot be discharged, and mischievous debts in the sense that the attempt to exact payment must disorganize international trade. The story of the existing political debts, their origin and consequences is simple and easy to understand. It need not be retold here. But from the simple, even commonplace, facts there emerges a clear question of ethics, or of common sense, in the matter of the debts owed to the United States. It was the fiscal policy of the United States that in effect stipulated payment in gold—an unpractical stipulation—and it was her financial policy of first lending and then withdrawing the European credits that increased her debtors' effective liability. So long as "the fountain" was working, all

was well; so long, that is, as the money flowed from New York and harmlessly back again. It is one of the cheerful conditions of life that if we want our debtors to pay, we must, by one means or another, see that they can pay; and in practice that generally means that directly or indirectly the creditor must give to the debtor the very money he receives from the debtor.

What after all is a capitalist? Does not every capitalist begin his venture by handing over his money to somebody else with no other object but to make that somebody his debtor? And is it not the first concern of the capitalist, that is of the creditor, to "nurse" his debtor? The world's chief political creditors of the post-war years, the United States and France, both worked on the principle that the best thing to do with a debtor was to bankrupt him. Having bankrupted him, can they fairly complain that he does not pay? The French delegation at Lausanne did indeed at first complain: but they discovered that complaint is a hopeless financial principle. No debts are ever paid except by willing, healthy debtors, and no force known to human technique can make a one-sided bargain sound. It is the very basis of capitalist enterprise that the debtor's interest must coincide with the creditor's; that the debtor must also benefit by the debt he owes to his creditor. Otherwise the capitalist loses his money. When debts are artificially created by the politicians of one country who demand large payments from the politicians of another country to pay for such nonsensical perversities as war, of course the thing ends in smoke. Business, not politics, is the only motive that can create the necessary relationship between debtor and creditor.

The surrounding ruins of post-war political finance do not surprise or depress any businesslike person. At Lausanne one of the political war creditors, France, had to accept an obvious truth. At the impending world conference the other political war creditor, the United States, will perforce accept

the like truth. It happens that the British Government actually lent more money than any other government to finance the war. Having a happy gift of realism, the British people never expected to be repaid. And now, when the British Government leads the world back to sensible ways by lopping off $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the standard rate of gilt-edged yield, in other words when the safest remaining investment in the world reduces its dividend from 5 per cent. to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the stock markets, which are concerned with profitable capitalism, start a boom. As we have seen, that is not a paradox; for the foolish, artificial, unpractical, unproductive, unprofitable debt created by the war-politicians had to be cut out before profitable business could restart its work.

It was at the end of May that the first news was made known of a projected world conference about economic problems. It had been preceded by some typically nonsensical formalities about the Hoover year that was nearing its end. In the last week of May an unofficial statement was published, out of its context, that the British Government had signed an agreement to refund to the United States the arrears of payment on the British debt to the United States which had been suspended by the Hoover moratorium. Such a statement caused some surprise and some misgiving to those people who did not understand what it meant. It meant little. As Sir John Simon was constrained to explain in the House of Commons on May 25th, the step taken had been merely formal. "I am glad," he said, "to have this opportunity to clear up the facts which seem to have given rise to considerable misunderstanding. Under President Hoover's proposal all inter-Governmental payments in respect of reparation and war debts were suspended for the period July 1st, 1931, to June 30th, 1932. It was agreed at the London Conference, held in August, 1931, that the amounts so suspended should be paid

by means of ten equal annuities as from July 1st, 1933, with interest. Protocols were signed at the London Conference providing for the payment on the above lines of the amounts suspended in respect of German reparation payments and war debts to this country. The United States Government recently requested His Majesty's Government and other Governments concerned, to sign agreements regarding the amounts suspended in respect of their war debts to the United States Government, and instructions have been sent to His Majesty's Ambassador at Washington to complete and sign the agreement relating to the British war debt. The House will realize, therefore, that this is a formal step necessary in order to give legal effect to President Hoover's proposal and implies no decision on any question of principle." The really interesting aspect of the matter was the gaunt mentality which bade Washington at such a moment request the formal completion of a juridical commitment which had lost all practical value.

The more practical news was issued officially in Washington on May 31st, thus: "The United States Government has responded favourably to the inquiry of Great Britain as to whether the United States will participate in an international economic conference to consider methods for the stabilization of world commodity prices. The State Department has issued a statement saying that the American Government had replied through Mr. Mellon that it feels that the early convocation of such a conference might be of real value, adding that it understands that the British Government is also approaching France, Italy and other Powers on the same subject."

Sir John Simon on the following day made a fuller disclosure of what had taken place. The consideration that gave rise to the British proposal was that by its terms of reference the Lausanne Conference would be divided into two parts, the business of the first being to discuss reparation, and of the second to discuss measures for solving the economic and finan-

cial problems which had caused, and might prolong, the world crisis. As it was probable that the United States would not send representatives to the second part of the Lausanne Conference, and as it was manifestly absurd to expect the Lausanne Conference, in the absence of the United States representatives, to solve any such problem, the British Government took the excellent initiative of suggesting that a really representative world conference should meet in the autumn.

The initial exchanges between London and Washington on that matter were informal and verbal. They were also a little muddled. On June 2nd, for example, it was put about by the official spokesman in Washington that the United States Government was wholly willing to take part in a "second phase" or an "adjourned meeting" of the Lausanne Conference on two conditions: one, that the meeting be held elsewhere than in Lausanne; two, that the subject of war debts and reparation be excluded from the agenda. What did that mean? Did it mean that the United States wanted two conferences in the autumn; and did it mean that the United States Government really contemplated a discussion on the elementary causes of world distress, while stipulating that the most obvious elementary cause be ignored? The ways of diplomacy often seem designed to ensure that no problem shall be solved. The twin doubt created by the latest Washington announcement was clearly as baffling to Mr. Neville Chamberlain as to everybody else. He made a speech at Harrogate on June 2nd, which was both useful in suggesting the desirability that Washington's purpose be clarified and in expressing the already clear purpose of the British Government. "If," he said, "it turns out that the United States are willing to send a representative to attend either an adjourned meeting of the Lausanne Conference, or a separate conference to take the part of the Lausanne Conference, I should welcome it most heartily. But I am sure that such a conference should have

the widest possible terms of reference, because it is exceedingly difficult to separate the factors from one another and say that any of them can be dealt with successfully while the others are ignored. Monetary policy is only one of the factors. To obtain relief a monetary policy must be accompanied by a renewal of confidence, and a renewal of confidence is bound up with the solution of such difficulties as reparations, war debts, excessive tariffs, quotas, and other restrictions on trade. The Lausanne Conference will, I hope, ease the way to a final settlement of reparations and inter-Allied war debts. But that cannot suffice. It is the first step, but it must immediately be followed by examination of the wider problems I have mentioned."

Of political gaffe there is no end. The projected financial and economic world conference is the outcome of an already established state of affairs. It will register the breakdown of the post-war attempt to keep the war going by political means, through a sort of perversion of Clausewitz' famous dictum that war is politics by other means. Its chief business will therefore be, not to abolish war debts and reparation, but to accent the fact that they are abolished, and, second, to attempt some arrangement about tariffs such as will help, not hinder, international trade. Yet the subjects of reparation, war debt and tariffs are specifically excluded from the agenda of the conference. Senator Borah, who has said many good things in the past few months, has observed that such an exclusion suggests Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark: a true remark because in fact such an exclusion will be impossible. Why then do the politicians of the United States vainly demand such exclusion? The answer surely is that they are politicians, dependent on democracy, about to receive their fate at the hands of democracy, and therefore, knowing democracy to be most easily won by unstatesmanlike inducement, willing to sell their convictions for votes.

The difficulties that obstruct diplomatic work do not become less crude as experience is piled upon experience. What could be simpler than the work that had to be done at the Lausanne Conference last June? The payment of reparation by Germany had ceased the year before. The politicians knew that those payments would never be resumed. Yet the British politicians had to fight night and day to induce the French and German politicians to agree upon a course of action to which there was no alternative. And when finally the French politicians did agree, the German politicians kept the conference going for several more days by insisting upon the removal of the "war guilt" stigma from their predecessors in office. Who cares about "war guilt"? Nor was the perversity thereby exhausted. No sooner was the conference over than a deputation from Congress to the White House intimidated Mr. Hoover into issuing a semi-official statement to the effect that the United States would not cancel the debts owed to her. No serious person paid the slightest attention to that semi-official torpedo from Washington. I venture to prophesy that when the world financial and economic conference meets, the United States will cancel the debts owing to her, as France cancelled German reparation. The analogy is complete, for before the Lausanne Conference met the semi-official French spokesmen stoutly affirmed their resolution not to do what they proceeded to do when the conference did meet.

For nearly three years the world has been lectured by its prominent men—financiers, economists, politicians—on the need of a common remedy against a common disaster. One part of the remedy, the cancellation of political debt, was ready made, waiting only an agreement between the world's politicians to take it. They did not take it. The simplicity of the remedy, the terrible nature of the punishment inflicted upon the world because the remedy was not taken, the prolonged distress and exasperation: these are the commonplace

facts of general experience since 1929. The substance of every successive warning has been known in advance and by heart. Yet Mr. MacDonald on June 16th, when he opened the Lausanne Conference repeated it, albeit he contrived to say something that stirred his newspaper readers of the morrow, even if it did not impress some of the more obstinate politicians who were in the room when he said it.

He recalled the Geneva statistics which had established the fact that in 1932 the world's trade was only half, "perhaps less than half," of what it was in the first quarter of 1929; that between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 people in the world could not be given work, a figure more than twice as big as the corresponding figure of 1929; and that the position was daily getting worse. For the *n*th time he pleaded that in face of so great a disaster as that which threatened the whole world and the whole "system" of the world, there could be no separate existence for France, Italy, Germany or the United States. "None of us," he said, "can stay out of the work of reconstruction and restoration, because none of us can stay out of the miseries which are gathering about us. If it is proved here or elsewhere subsequently that we have been pursuing policies in violation of the simplest of the economic laws which govern the prosperity of States, of the necessary flow of international exchange, of the maintenance of economic price, and of the ability of consumers to consume, then surely every prompting of wisdom and common sense compels us to return to better ways without delay and pay the temporary price which such a return will exact from us. I believe it can be done if we would have the clearness of vision and steadiness of nerve to do it."

Why it should need either clearness of vision or steadiness of nerve to do a simple, obvious thing which clamoured to be done, and which would benefit everybody concerned, would be a difficult question in any sphere of life except politics. In

politics a slight show of common sense marks a man a hero.

After quoting the experts' recommendations (this also for the *n*th time) Mr. MacDonald boldly offered a formula whereby the contractual engagements could be abrogated without offence to the dignity of contract. "Engagements," he said, "solemnly entered into cannot be set aside by unilateral repudiation. But it carries with it a corollary, and that corollary is absolutely essential to the recognition of the principle—namely, if default is to be avoided engagements which have been proved incapable of fulfilment should be revised by agreement. Both sides to all agreements must ever be ready to face facts. And among the facts which we have to consider are not only that the plans hitherto formulated impose impossible burdens, but whether and how they have contributed by their economic, financial, and commercial unsoundness to the economic state in which the world now finds itself."

Before he sat down he rounded off the agenda by repeating the axiom that a European adjustment of debts was impossible without an American counterpart. "If we are to do this, Europe cannot act alone. At no time has that simple commonplace, used too much for peroration purposes, the unity of mankind, carried with it a more severely practical meaning than to-day, and we must all be gratified that after the present phase is over the United States has encouraged us to believe that it will co-operate in the examination of at any rate some of the wider problems, and join with us in devising a policy for the encouragement of trade and the enrichment of the nations."

It was Annexe V of the Lausanne Convention that specified the formal agenda of the work reserved for the world financial and economic conference. A list is there given of what the Lausanne Powers regarded as the main "measures necessary to solve the other economic and financial difficulties which are responsible for or may prolong the present world

crisis." They are thus set out: "(a) Financial questions: Monetary and credit policy; exchange difficulties; the level of prices; the movement of capital. (b) The economic question: Improved conditions of production and interchange, with particular attention to tariff policy; prohibition and restriction of importation and exportation, quotas, and other barriers of trade; producers' agreements. The conference emphasizes in particular the necessity of restoring the currencies on a healthy basis and of thereby making it possible to abolish measures of exchange control and to remove transfer difficulties. Further, the conference is impressed with the vital need of facilitating the revival of international trade."

The most important, and the most urgent, of the questions reserved for treatment at the world conference, namely the European political liability to the United States, was omitted from the list for no more substantial a motive than tact. More tact is expended on the subject of the European political debts to the United States than on any other subject of contemporary diplomacy.

The Lausanne Conference, moreover, fashioned the machinery for bringing the world into conference. It decided to invite the League of Nations to convoke "a conference on monetary and economic questions" at a date and at a place unspecified; and decided further to "entrust the preliminary examination of these complex questions" to a committee to be constituted by two experts each from Belgium, France, Germany, Italy and the United Kingdom. One of the two experts is to be "qualified to deal with economic questions," the other "to deal with financial questions." In addition it was decided that the United States should be invited to send two representatives, the one economic, the other financial; that the League of Nations should be invited to send three representatives "qualified by their economic competence"; and the Bank for International Settlements two representatives, both for the financial side of the work.

The famous "gentleman's agreement" which was reached at Lausanne, and the text of which was not published till July 14th, was in effect the method adopted for suspending action during the American election campaign. The fact that the Lausanne Treaty was subject to ratification was not the real point, for that is the common condition of negotiated treaties. The real point was that the creditor Powers had reached an understanding among themselves that the Lausanne Treaty be not ratified until a satisfactory debt settlement had been reached with the United States. They had held "conversations," and those conversations had been recorded, to establish a common policy in that sense. What exactly those Powers agreed therein was that, as Mr. Chamberlain put in in the House of Commons, "ratification would not be possible until they had seen that they could fit their Treaty into a world settlement." He went on frankly to explain what that virtual reservation meant. As it was not possible, he said, to make an arrangement with America at that moment, the European creditor countries "had to postpone ratification until they knew what it was possible to do with that country." Legally, he admitted, if no satisfactory agreement could be reached with the United States about the European debts, the Lausanne Treaty would not be ratified at all, and the Young Plan would resume its sway. He added that he wished to make it perfectly clear that although it was absolutely necessary that they should contemplate the possibility of that situation, they were not — and he thought he might say that none of the Powers were — expecting that that was going to be the outcome, and that, as they had "followed the advice that was given to them by the United States, having shown that they could harmonize their differences and could come to an arrangement which, so far as they were concerned, was one of general agreement, America was never going to refuse to play her part in a world settlement which must benefit her, and that they could

count on her ready and willing co-operation when the proper moment arrived."

Ever since the United States Congress thirteen years ago deserted Mr. Wilson and bolted from Versailles, there has been a working hypothesis among the European politicians that the United States must be approached timidly, must be humoured, coaxed and flattered, but not openly criticized or invited to do anything good. That policy has hardly connoted a genuine respect for the United States. The thirteen years of practical results have suggested that it was also futile as a technique. But that era also is past. The debts owed to the United States will not ever again be paid. Therein is revealed one of the automatic therapeutic qualities of nature's working: for the political debt-funding treaties had all to be thrown into the waste-paper basket before the world could resume honest and businesslike work. The truth is now so universally appreciated that, when the November election has safely passed over the United States, there will no longer be any need for tact in applying it to diplomatic practice.

It seems to be a feature of political history that progress in human affairs is seldom the result of action initiated by the politicians, but nearly always of action imposed upon the politicians by established fact. In August, 1922, by the channel of the Balfour Note, the British Government proposed the general cancellation of political war debts and was laughed at for its pains. Ten years later established fact and established necessity have brought that proposal within the bounds of achievement.

The international situation that now meets the eye in some way recalls the situation of April and May, 1922. At Genoa ten years ago there assembled a great international conference. It met in the slump conditions that had started in 1920. Its object was to consider ways and means of removing the then prominent political, economic and financial obstacles to world prosperity. So far as finance and economics were

concerned, a series of resolutions was passed which embodied an excellent doctrine, but thereafter were all steadily and totally ignored by the governments whose delegates had framed them. The main political question was whether the countries which regarded themselves as respectable should enter into relations with Russia. The respectable countries could not agree among themselves; but Germany made a separate treaty with Russia (the Rapallo Treaty, signed on April 16th) whereby those two countries agreed that they should do on their own account what the other countries could not agree to do on any account. They cancelled each other's political debts and restarted diplomatic relations. The interesting reflection is that in spite of the discord, political, economic and financial, which was the only practical result achieved by the thirty-odd governments after six weeks of conference at Genoa, the world blandly began a boom period in finance and economics which was destined to last six years. The politicians, who had quarrelled with each other instead of helping each other, certainly did not produce the boom; but they could not prevent it. The United States was not represented at Genoa; but the United States was not prominently concerned in the 1920-2 slump or its problems.

In 1932 the forces of world diplomacy, including those of the United States, are massing for another great conference of which the object will be to agree about doing what obviously needs to be done if the world is to be saved from its troubles:—the all-round cancellation of political war debt; the institution of a system of co-operation between the chief central banks of the world whereby gold shall be given a chance of performing its appointed function as a standard of exchange; the abandonment of a tariff war in which the countries try to kill each other's trade and succeed in doing so.

All the arguments bid the Governments do the sensible and obvious thing. All the precedents suggest that whether they do it or not, none the less the boom will come.

A ZANY SONG

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

I have no pence,
But nothing owe;
No diligence
I have, but no
Account to pay
Of labours due,
So I'm with you
For holiday.

I'll match your penny
At any inn,
And I'll begin
A Bacchanal catch
For a pinch of gold,
Or none at all;
I'll kiss your doxy
By proxy bold.

I'm Thor and Odin
And musical Apollo,
Long draughts I'll swallow—
I'm ready for
All demons mean
That I may meet,
And the queen of Sheba
Shall be my sweet.

Parsons and viceroys,
Hear me well—
I know the toys
They ply in hell,

I am a king
In a kingdom where
Lord Chancellors sing
And Psalmists swear.

Tenpence an hour
Is little enough
To encourage the power
Of love,
But I've a will
That bids them go
To the devil until
The wage they owe
Is paid;

 and thus
I speak as I see,
Wise of the years
From Galilee
To the marvellous
New age of wit
That here in tears
Of the mob is writ.

I was the Zany
That beat the gong
To summon Columbus
To evensong;
I rode on a 'bus
In a dressing-gown
When days were rainy,
And took the town.

I am a star
And a farthing dip,

I travel far
On a silly ship,
But when they measure
The reel of wits,
For truth and pleasure
I'll cry you quits.

'Mad man, bereft
Of all he had,
Once bright and deft,
Now mad, now mad,
Leave him, leave—'
All's well, all's well,
Go on—deceive—
I will not tell.

'Zany, Zany——': all I need
Is not a comma
Of all your creed;
You are Gomorrah,
But David's stem
Shall be
For me
Jerusalem.

THE 'HEADLESS BEAR' IN SHAKESPEARE AND BURTON

BY PERCY SIMPSON

PUCK, following the Athenian yokels through bogs and bushes, transformed himself into as many shapes as Proteus.

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. i. 98-101.

Critics have wondered how a bear without a head could roar, as if that would not heighten the terror. Delius conjectured 'heedless', which must have been symptomatic of his own state of mind, and a minor emendator proposed 'curbless', not stopping to think what a printer who twisted 'curbless' into 'headless' would be likely to do with the play as a whole.

During Shakespeare's lifetime the headless bear appeared in a more realistic setting than any that his art could furnish. The record is in a pamphlet published by John Trundle in 1613 and entitled *The Miracle of Miracles. As fearefull as ever was seene or heard of in the memorie of Man. Which lately happened at Diche in Sommersetshire, and sent by divers credible witnesses to be published in London*. Trundle included two other pamphlets in the volume: one the story of a German girl 'at Rostorse, a mile distant from Melwing', who came to life again for five days after her death on October 1, 1613, and prophesied in a very edifying manner; and an account of floods in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Kent, 'in which five Villages were lamentably drowned'. The author, 'T. I.', in a prefatory note points out that these miracles and

disasters are 'sent as warnings for our wickedness'. 'Many are the wonders which have lately happened, as of sodaine and strange death upon perjured persons, strange sights in the Ayre, strange births on the Earth, Earthquakes, Commets and fierie Impressions, with the execution of God himselfe from his holy fire in heaven, on the wretched man and his wife, at Holnhurst in Hampshire; written by that worthy Minister maister Hilliard; and all to put us in minde of God, whose workes are wonderful.'¹

The pamphlet is headed *Strange news out of Sommersetshire*, and relates how an honest yeoman, Stephen Cooper of Dichet, being ill, sent his wife on September 9, 1613, into Gloucestershire, to 'Rockhampton, alias Rockington', to look after a farm he had there. She returned, much dissatisfied at the state of things on the farm, and found her husband rather better. She began to talk idly, as if bewitched, and slept badly. Her husband counselled her to say the Lord's Prayer with him, which she began to do, but the devil stopped her. Her husband and her sister had to hold her down in bed: she foamed at the mouth and shook the room with her struggles. They prayed for her, and 'within one halfe houre after her shaking was left, she began to tell them that she had been in the Towne to beate away the Beare which followed her into the yard, when she came out of the Countrey, which to her thinking had no head'. After temporary relief and more saying of the Lord's Prayer, which she succeeded in completing, she had another fit: she saw 'a strange thing like unto a Snaile, carrying fire in most wonderful sort', and finally, 'Well

¹ Earlier in 1613 John Hilliard's book—*Fire from Heaven. Burning the body of one John Hittchell of Holne-hurst, within the parish of Christ-church, in the County of South-hampton, the 26. of June last 1613, who by the same was consumed to ashes, and no fire seene, lying therein smoaking and smothering three dayes and three nights, not to be quenched by water, nor the help of man's hand*—was also published by John Trundle, whose instinct for advertisement obtained this notice of the book in the preface to his new publication. It is just possible that 'your friend T. I.' who signs the preface, is Trundle himself, with his initials reversed; if so, he has adroitly caught a suggestion of the clerical manner.

(quoth she) if you see nothing now, you shal see something by and by: and forthwith they heard a noise in the streete, as it had beene the coming of two or three Carts, and presently they in the Chamber cryed out saying, Lord helpe us, what manner of thing is this that cometh heere? Then her husband looking up in his bed, espied a thing come to the bedde much like unto a Beare, but it had no head nor tayle, halfe a yard in length, and halfe a yard in height: her husband seeing it come to the bed rose up, and tooke a ioyned stoole and stroke at the said thing, the stroke sounded as though hee had stroken upon a Fetherbed: then it came to the woman and stroke her three times upon the feete, and tooke her out of the bed and so rouled her too and fro in the Chamber, and under the bed.' Seven people watched this performance and called upon God for help. 'At last this Monster, which wee suppose to be the Divelle, did thrust the womans head betwixt her legges, and so rouled her in a round compasse like an hoope through three other chambers down an high paire of staires in the Hall where hee kept her for the space of a quarter of an houre.' The husband and the witnesses 'durst not come down to her, but remained in prayer weeping at the staires head.' Flames burst out, and there was such a stench 'that they were glad to stop their noses with cloathes and napkins.' At last she called out 'Now hee is gone,' and they put her to bed, continuing in prayer. 'The candle in the Chamber could not burne cleere, but was very dimme, and suddenly the woman was got out of the bed, and the window at the beds head opened, . . . and the womans legges after a marvellous manner [were] thrust out of the window, so that they were clasped about the poste in the middle of the window.' They heard a knocking at her feet and saw another fire, but they 'imboldened themselves in the Lord', and charged the devil in the name of the Trinity to depart. Thus they got her back into the room. She then thought she

saw a little child. 'So at the last they all looked out at the window: and loe they espied a thing like unto a little Child, with a very bright shining countenance, casting a great light in the Chamber, and then the Candle burned very brightly.' They thanked God, the child vanished, and the victim recovered.

The tract has a footnote: 'These be the Names of the Witnesses, that it is most true, viz. Stephen and John Cooper, Alice Easton, John Tomson, John Anderton, Miles Foster, with divers others.'

There is a woodcut on the title-page representing the woman in bed with her hands raised in horror; five witnesses, not seven, as in the text; the bear in comparison with the human figures about ten feet long, not half a yard; and the child angel, with a nimbus, and carrying a pennant with the design of a cross; there is a cross also at the top of his staff. The artist has got everything into the picture without any nice concern for the sequence of the text.

The bear had a new lease of life in 1641 when John Thomas revived the pamphlet in a garbled form and published it with a new title-page: *Most Fearefull and Strange Newes from the Bishoppricke of Durham, Being a true Relation of one Margret Hooper of Edenbyres, neere the River Darwent in the said Bishoppricke. Who was most fearefully possessed and tormented with the Devill, as also in what ugley shape he first appeared unto her, how lamentably she was handled with this evill spirit, and at last how wonderfully the Lord delivered her. Affirmed by these Cridible witnesses there present. November the fifteenth. 1641.*

Stephen Hooper.

Alexander Egleston.

John Hooper.

Anthony Westgarth.

John Sley.

Alice Egleston.

And divers others.

London, Printed for John Thomas, 1641.

Apart from the retouchings designed to conceal the traces of its origin, the new work is grossly careless where it aims at reproducing. The new sub-title is *Newes out of the Bishoppricke of Durham, or strange miracles, and fearefull as ever was seene or heard in the memory of man, And affirmed by divers credible witnesses*. Dichet becomes 'Edenbyres', or Edmondbyres, on the slope of a hill washed by the Birdenhope beck, which falls into the Derwent; Stephen Cooper becomes Stephen Hooper; Rockhampton becomes 'Hastonweth' or Hunstanworth. The noise of the bear's approach was compared originally to the rattling of two or three carts; the adapter makes them four or five. In the list of witnesses repeated at the end of the pamphlet 'John Sley' becomes 'John Iley'.

This garbled version was reprinted at Newcastle in 1843, with a prefatory note by 'M. A. R.', a person familiar with the locality; he states that actual names of inhabitants of Edmondbyres and Hunstanworth are used in the pamphlet. Five out of the six witnesses can be traced in the parish registers and other local records of the period. Thus Alexander Egleston was proprietor of the estate of Hunstanworth, and when he died in 1642, one year after the appearance of the pamphlet, he bequeathed ten pounds for repairs and improvements in the church. The laconic imprint gives no publisher's address and no printer's name, but one of these worthies must have known the county of Durham.

A special interest attaches to the Bodleian copy of the original issue by John Trundle: it belonged to Robert Burton and has his initials and his mark, apparently three double-stemmed *r*'s, on the title-page. To the third edition of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, published in 1628, Burton prefixed a copy of verses entitled *The Authors Abstract of Melancholy*, and he enumerates the fantastic figures which take shape in a melancholic brain:

Me thinkes I heare, me thinkes I see
Ghostes, goblins, feindes, my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headlesse beares, black men and apes

That is a suggestive parallel to Shakespeare, and Burton may have derived it from his own copy of T. I.'s pamphlet.

Even in modern times the monster is not extinct; he made, as far as I know, his last literary appearance in *Sylvie and Bruno* in 1889.

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
'Poor thing', he said, 'poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed.'

Did Lewis Carroll draw on some forgotten folk-lore or take a hint from Shakespeare or from Burton, who was, like himself, a Christ Church man? Or was this an unconscious recoinage of his own? In any case the practical suggestion that the gaping orifice required feeding was both original and characteristic; it sprang from a mind as logical as it was imaginative.

BENTHAM AND BENTHAMISM

BY FRANK H. UNDERHILL

ONE hundred years ago on June 7, 1832, the royal assent was given to the great Reform Bill. Jeremy Bentham died one day earlier, on June 6. We look back to-day to the Reform Bill as having marked the victory of the middle class and having ushered in the middle-class century which is now at last coming to an end as a new era painfully emerges out of the confusion and suffering of our own revolutionary period. Of that bourgeois revolution of a century ago Bentham is ordinarily taken to be the philosopher. His name has come to signify for us the ideas of individualism and *laissez-faire* which dominated the thinking and action of our great-grandfathers. The Utilitarian school is credited with having supplied to its generation a set of working principles which afforded guidance to English social and economic activities until Benthamism was gradually supplanted by the collectivism of our own generation.

Because of their dominant position in English social thought the Philosophic Radicals have been subjected to merciless criticism by their grandchildren. To-day every undergraduate can demonstrate the fallacies of the hedonistic calculus, point out the unbridged gap between the self-regarding egoism with which Bentham started and the greatest happiness of the greatest number with which he concluded, and make merry over poor John Stuart Mill and his attempts to broaden out the basis of his doctrine. And even in America with its rampant individualism we are chiefly conscious at present of the ugly features in the theory and practice which we inherited from the early nineteenth century. It is perhaps worth while, therefore, to draw attention to certain other

aspects of Benthamism for which the founder of the Utilitarian school has hardly received enough credit.

Philosophic Radicalism by 1832 had become a definite body of doctrine in which Bentham's own teaching on judicial and legislative reform had been amalgamated with the teaching of the economists who drew their inspiration from Adam Smith. The principle of utility was not an invention of Bentham's but was merely picked up by him out of the general stream of eighteenth century thought. That the test of social institutions is their contribution to happiness was the common starting point of Bentham, Smith and most of their contemporaries. M. Hálévy, however, in his acute study of "The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism" has shown how the Utilitarians came to combine in their thinking two interpretations of the principle which were mutually incompatible. Bentham's psychology was based upon the belief that the individual is actuated only by self-regarding motives. The function of the legislator, therefore, is to produce institutions which will induce individuals in pursuing their own particular interests to contribute to the general good of the whole community—*i.e.* social unity, the harmony of interests between the individual and the whole, is a result artificially produced. At the same time Bentham, as a child of the eighteenth century, shared the optimism of his age and accepted from Adam Smith a belief in the natural harmony of interests which is achieved in economic activities by the division of labour, unrestricted competition and freedom of contract. To the economists, and to the middle-class industrial and commercial leaders who accepted their view, the energy and freedom of individuals seemed so obviously the source from which must spring the cure of the maladies which afflicted English society at the end of the eighteenth century, that it was hard for them to imagine the possibility of a conflict between the true interest of the community and the complete liberty of the individual to seek his happiness

in his own way. It was this optimism about the natural harmony of interests which lay behind the whole *laissez-faire* gospel. L

Philosophical Radicalism kept in solution both of these doctrines, the doctrine of the natural harmony of interests which is spontaneously produced by the free working of the economic processes of division of labour, demand and supply, and the doctrine of the artificial harmony of interests which can only be produced by the skill and contrivances of the legislator. The two doctrines were not ultimately consistent with one another; but the Utilitarians as economists appealed to the one, and as constitutional and legal reformers appealed to the other, without ever being quite conscious that their philosophical system was not so coherent as it seemed. Bentham himself devoted most of his life to the patient working out of detailed schemes by which the wisdom of the legislator and magistrate might harmonize the activities of egoistic individuals. But he was in his own person completely devoted to public ends and he was surrounded by friends who were like himself men of abnormal public spirit, so that he never quite realized the difficulty of the problem of inducing purely egoistic individuals to seek those social ends which would result in general happiness. He overflowed with a genuine love of his fellow-men and of all sentient beings. His biographers tell how he kept a series of pet cats, and cherished the memory of a beautiful pig at Hendon and of a donkey at Ford Abbey. He encouraged mice to play in his study; and, as Leslie Stephen remarks, the presence of a cat and mice in the same room must have occasionally raised some delicate problems as to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But for all his acute observation of the way in which special interests distort men's judgments on social questions Bentham never quite plumbed the depths of human selfishness. So he accepted the optimistic faith of the economists that general happiness

will be furthered if only men are left free to pursue their own interests; and the Benthamites thus failed to ask for the intervention of the legislator on many occasions when it seems to us that such intervention was badly needed.

The economic doctrine of the natural harmony of interests which is spontaneously and automatically achieved by the mechanism of free exchange provided a perfect rationalization of the activities of all those energetic bourgeois entrepreneurs who, in the course of pursuing their own profit, were transforming the face of England at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Hence the predominance of *laissez-faire* ideas. Nor were Bentham and his Utilitarian disciples less enthusiastic than the majority of their generation in their admiration for the middle class. "There can be no doubt," said James Mill, "that the middle rank, which gives to science, to art and to legislation itself, their most distinguished ornaments, the chief source of all that has exalted and refined human nature, is that portion of the community of which, if the basis of representation were ever so far extended, the opinion would ultimately decide."

Yet at the same time the application in practice of the greatest happiness principle led Bentham and his followers far beyond the limitations of bourgeois ideology and drove them into frequent attacks upon *laissez-faire* doctrines. Bentham himself was all his life a "projector" and he was always devising inventions of political machinery for the improvement of the social process by which the greatest happiness of the greatest number might be achieved. He spent one long period in his life trying to persuade the government to take up his favourite scheme of prison administration and reform, the Panopticon. Gradually it dawned upon him that the aristocratic government of the day was prevented from listening sympathetically to his schemes because of its interest in maintaining its own special privileges. And so from being a

reformer he became a complete democrat. His aim was to produce a government in which there would not be this cleavage between the selfish personal interests of the governors and the general interest of the governed. Identity of interests would be possible only if sovereignty were transferred from the few to the many and a government set up directly responsible to the majority of the citizens. So by the 1820's the Philosophical Radicals were advocating a complete democracy—universal suffrage (Bentham was willing to consider votes for women), annual parliaments, secret voting, equal electoral districts—and Bentham was proposing to abolish Monarchy, House of Lords, and Established Church. The Reform Bill which was actually passed fell far short of this programme. It gave the middle class what it wanted and there stopped. When we refer to Benthamism as the philosophy of the middle class we should remember that in political organization it stood for an absolute equalitarian democracy.

It is easy, of course, to point out now that our later experience has weakened our faith in the efficacy with which this simple democratic mechanism produces the greatest happiness. And it is also easy to point out that the Benthamites did not extend their equalitarian principles from the political to the economic field, as they were logically bound to do. For in the economic field they continued to find their instrument for the greatest happiness not in representative democracy but in the freely working machinery of commercial exchange.

Bentham advocated this complete political democracy to ensure that the interests of all would be represented in the legislature, and he also further demanded far-reaching reforms in the administrative machinery of government. He proposed, in fact, to reconstruct the whole machinery upon rational principles. The civil service was to be chosen by examination. The functions of the Cabinet ministers were to be redistributed and there were to be new ministries of Health, Education,

Poor Relief, Communications and Transport. In addition local government was to be completely reformed and local institutions brought into close relationship with the central expert bureaucracy. The municipal reform which was carried out by the new Parliament in 1836 was part of this scheme and was prepared by a Commission on which three of the five members were Benthamites. And a general reconstruction of government machinery was gradually carried out through the nineteenth century, though not so as to produce the neat tidy uniformity which Bentham desired. But it is interesting to note that the ideal which Bentham elaborated of a mathematically complete political democracy at the bottom with a bureaucracy of administrative experts at the top is exactly the ideal of such socialists as Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in our own day.

A Benthamite democracy must be composed of individuals capable of making those rational calculations upon which the achievement of the general good depends. Hence the state must undertake the task of public education. The whole art of education, indeed, consists in bringing about in the mind of the individual that identification between private and public interest through which the greatest happiness may be reached. As is well known, John Stuart Mill was chosen to be the first experimental verification of these Benthamite educational ideas. But Bentham and his followers were also actively engaged in a great variety of educational activities. In 1810 was founded the Royal Lancastrian Association, in which Francis Place was the moving spirit, for the purpose of organizing primary and secondary education first in London and eventually through the whole country. Benthamites were prominent in the starting of the Mechanics' Institutes and of the University of London. We have to-day become as sceptical of the efficiency of popular education as of mechanical democracy in contributing to the diffusion of the social spirit

which leads individuals to seek the general good. The Benthamites had still the faith of pioneers. But it is most important to observe that their educational propaganda implied the abandonment in this vital sphere of the *laissez-faire* ideas of their generation and the extension of the activity of the public authority.

Their activity in another widely different field pointed in the same direction. Bentham had preached the gospel of colonial emancipation to the French Assembly in 1793, and it was largely under Benthamite auspices that the British colonies were given self-government in the 1840's and 1850's. Gibbon Wakefield and Charles Buller were among the group of younger Utilitarians in the 1830's. We look back to Responsible Government as a conspicuous example of the application of *laissez-faire* ideas in the first half of the nineteenth century. But it is to be remembered that Wakefield would have combined with colonial self-government an elaborate system of emigration and colonization; the meticulous detail with which he drafted his schemes would have done credit to Bentham himself. The colonies were to provide a vast field for social experiments in the realization of the general happiness. "I am reconciled to the loss of the Panopticon," wrote Bentham about New South Wales, "when I think of the mass of happiness that is being created there."

But the most notable example of the tendency of Benthamism to run counter to the prevalent *laissez-faire* ideas is to be found in the career of Edwin Chadwick. Chadwick belonged to the inner circle of younger Benthamites, being Bentham's private secretary from 1830. He shared his master's hatred of disorder and incompetence; with his almost fanatical belief in scientific administration he was a natural bureaucrat. Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith, another Benthamite, were members of the Commission which inspired

the Factory Act of 1833, the first effective Factory Act, memorable for instituting the system of factory inspectors. This was the first nail in the coffin of *laissez-faire* and began the process that was to lead to the collectivist state. Chadwick was also a member of the Commission whose recommendations formed the basis of the Poor Law of 1834. We remember the New Poor Law for its cruel individualism, its refusal of outdoor relief to the able-bodied unemployed. But it is equally to be remembered for the new machinery of state supervision which it set up by instituting the Poor Law Board, of which Chadwick himself was the first Secretary. Chadwick's greatest achievement was yet to come. In 1848 was passed the first Public Health Act providing for a General Board of Health with power to appoint local boards to control water-supply, drainage and sanitation. The two chief members of the new Board were Chadwick and Lord Ashley, one the disciple of Bentham, the individualist, and the other the disciple of Southey, the paternalistic Tory. And curiously enough they got on very well with one another, though very badly with most other people. They set themselves to attack the evils of filth, bad housing, bad sanitation, which they found in the new industrial England, and quickly ran foul of landlords and the sacred rights of private property and individual enterprise. No doubt Chadwick had very great defects of temper and made enemies unnecessarily. When he was deposed in 1854 there was exultation among the champions of *laissez-faire*. "Aesculapius and Chiron in the form of Mr. Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith," said the *Times*, "have been deposed, and we prefer to take our chance of cholera and the rest than to be bullied into health. . . . It was a perpetual Saturday night, and Master John Bull was scrubbed and rubbed and small-tooth combed till the tears ran into his eyes, and his teeth chattered and his fists clenched themselves with worry and pain."

In 1830 Macaulay had made a devastating attack upon the Tory paternalism of Southey. "He conceives that the business of the magistrate is, not merely to see that the persons and property of the people are secure from attack, but that he ought to be jack-of-all-trades, architect, engineer, school-master, merchant, theologian, a Lady Bountiful in every parish, a Paul Pry in every house, spying, eavesdropping, relieving, admonishing, spending our money for us, and choosing our opinions for us." Though he did not know it, Macaulay was also giving a definition of the new Benthamite state as represented by such phenomena as factory inspectors, Poor Law Commissioners, Public Health Acts and "Schools for All."

The activity of Bentham and his followers as political inventors devising means for artificially forwarding the greatest happiness of the greatest number is therefore worth more attention than it usually receives. Benthamism provided a doctrine on which collectivism as well as individualism might be based in practice; and the Benthamites did as much as anyone else to forge the instrument through which the collectivist state might be achieved—the organization of administrative experts carrying out their functions in a political democracy.

The transition from individualism to collectivism in English life was obvious to every observer by the 1880's. But it is worth noting that the new socialism retained a persistent core of individualism. Extension of the state's functions was necessary because experience had shown that in no other way could individuals be given that opportunity for happiness which it is the function of the legislator to guarantee. English socialism has always emphasized that it is only another method of seeking the same ends which the individualistic generation that preceded it had in view. Its end is the emancipation of individuality, the free development of personality. This note

runs all through the Fabian Essays of 1889 which may be taken as the most influential exposition of the new socialism. It is brought out very clearly in the essay by Sydney Olivier on the Moral Basis of Socialism.

“Socialism appears as the offspring of Individualism, as the outcome of individualistic struggle, and as the necessary condition for the approach to the Individualist ideal. The opposition commonly assumed in contrasting the two is an accident of the now habitual confusion between personality and personalty, between a man's life and the abundance of things that he has. Socialism is merely Individualism rationalized, organized, clothed, and in its right mind.”

In 1925 when Mr. Harold Laski, a younger Fabian socialist, published his *Grammar of Politics*, he explained in his introductory chapter that his argument was “a special adaptation of the Benthamite theory to the special needs of our time. It follows Bentham in its insistence that social good is the product of co-ordinated intelligence; that we must plan our way to the end in view. . . . It applies reason, that is, to the task of discovering ways in which wants can be satisfied; and it evaluates the quality of wants according to the degree in which, when satisfied, they minister to the permanent happiness of the whole community.” Nor is it altogether accidental that the most illuminating comments on Bentham by any modern Englishman are to be found scattered through the writings of another eminent Fabian, Professor Graham Wallas.

While Benthamism was, then, not necessarily opposed to the development of the collectivist community, it does stand opposed to that worship of the state into which certain types of socialism are apt to drift. Perhaps the permanent contribution of Bentham is the hard realistic temper, coldly analytical, completely unmystical, which he applied to the solution of political problems. Political democracy was to him merely an arrangement for securing that everyone's interests should be

looked after as well as possible, not a system for enabling everyone to achieve the mystic satisfaction of "obeying himself". His legislature was not a majestic incarnation of the sovereignty of the people but merely a collection of agents. The idea of a state in which I realize my real will even when compelled to act contrary to my actual will is the kind of thing which Bentham would have called "nonsense upon stilts".

To-day the political democracy for which Bentham helped to prepare is out of favour. We are being asked to give our adherence to alternative systems of society. In Italy the corporative state presents itself for our worship, and we are told that "for Fascism society is the end, individuals the means, and its whole life consists in using individuals as instruments for its social ends." In Russia the dictatorship of the proletariat liquidates those unsympathetic elements in the community who stupidly cannot see that their failure to approve of the decrees of some Commissars in Moscow is anti-social and therefore criminal. No doubt the atomistic individualism of Benthamite thinking has been proved insufficient for our needs. But the generation which is asked to bow down before the abstract idea of the state or the equally abstract idea of the proletariat may yet find some use for the hard unromantic individualism of its Benthamite grandfathers. The chief need of 1932 is a new Benthamism, adapted to the changed environment of the twentieth century, which will combine with the wider social vision, which we have presumably acquired in the last hundred years, that passion for maximizing the happiness of individuals which Jeremy Bentham contributed to his generation.

VIA BRUSSELS

BY MARION NELSON

MISS Dobie stood uncertain and perplexed on the Ostend platform. The train was very long and the third-class section at the furthest end. She had her eye on an empty carriage, but dared not yet enter it.

A porter swung along the platform, burdened with suitcases. Behind him trickled a family of three—obviously first-class. Miss Dobie, who had struggled independently with her bag, hat-box and rug, looked wistfully at the tall young porter. He smiled at her.

“Is this the portion for Cologne?” she called in French.

“Yes,” he answered easily in English, “these are the through carriages.”

“You are sure it will not stop in Brussels?”

“Yes, ma’am, the Brussels portion is on ahead.”

He had not slackened his pace. Now he looked back over his pack-laden shoulder, bestowing on Miss Dobie a radiant smile of farewell. She thought gratefully that he bore a resemblance to Maurice Chevalier.

Thus encouraged, and relieved that so far she had expended in tips no more than a shilling—largesse to the deaf porter who had registered her trunk at Victoria—Miss Dobie climbed into her carriage. She had known—for some years ago she had studied French at the London County Council evening school at Crouch End—that the compartment would not be quite so comfortable as an English third-class carriage, but she was a little unprepared for the unrelenting hardness of the bench, the questionable freshness of the brown window-curtains and the malodorous closeness of the atmosphere. Still,

she thought, it will be tolerable as long as I am undisturbed. I had best pretend to sleep.

Having spread her rug over the seat, she lay down with her sweater rolled to form a pillow. She had drawn all the curtains and closed the door, and soon the heat grew so unpleasant that she could barely suffer her coat as a blanket. But obstinately she lay still. Passengers had looked in from time to time, but no one had remained. The train was not yet crowded, so why should a tired-looking little grey-haired lady be disturbed? Miss Dobie gave an occasional very small laugh, appreciative of her own guile.

To assert that Miss Dobie was excited would be an understatement. Her nerves were taut. Her heart was pounding under her breast. She was fevered and consumed by the fiery adventure of her undertaking.

For a single moment, when the Dover cliffs finally slid from sight, she had been afraid. The icy realization of her severance from all that was familiar to her was overwhelming. She thought, with starting tears, of comfortable holidays at Bournemouth and Ilfracombe, of the rustling bed—she had been convinced that it contained nothing but dried grass—in which she had slept during a more ambitious holiday on a farm near Penzance. And there had been a Bank Holiday picnic on the shore of a reservoir at Hendon—but the irrecoverable sweet security of this recollection gave her a choking sensation.

Miss Dobie's resolution to change her manner of life had been made over a year ago. It began with a full-page article, which had followed a number of letters to the editor, in the *Evening Globe*. The beautiful authoress of the most recent best-seller, an Oxford graduate of six months' standing, who had further distinguished herself by an alliance with the son of a Los Angeles millionaire, offered a solution for the surplus women who, having worked in offices all their lives, found as time marred their physical comeliness that they were being

overtaken and deprived of economic independence by slim young upstarts of sixteen. "Such women," declared the celebrated authoress, "should turn to house-keeping, in which there is a vast field of promise and usefulness."

Miss Dobie had spent a long life in the counting-house of one of the smaller publishing firms. For the past ten years she had earned four pounds a week. All around her were bright young girls whose wages started at two pounds and gradually increased. But Miss Dobie's four pounds did not increase. She had reached her maximum. She did her routine work as thoroughly as ever—her devotion in the past had frequently been commended by her superiors—but without receiving a word of praise. She was permitted to go her own way, precisely, it occurred to her, like the old charlady with her terrible rheumatism whom everyone wished away but no one had the courage to discharge. New work, although it was within her sphere, was not given to Miss Dobie. A day came when she found the lip-sticked telephone girl entrusted with one of her ledgers.

She allowed herself a year of preparation. She learned to cook, to launder, to wait at table, to understand wines. And she was already an experienced book-keeper. It had seemed easy to get work when she was ready for it—and she had enjoyed giving just a week's notice at the office. Her envious colleagues thought she must have had a windfall when they learned that she was going to Berlin. Of course she did not mention the nice English professor and his pretty, delicate wife who had engaged her to look after their house in Charlottenburg.

Suddenly Miss Dobie, about to ease her position on the bench, realized that the train was in motion. She looked out. There was the sea, there were the lights of Ostend. She could not decide whether or not the scene was strange. In the dark-

ness of the December morning the Belgian town seemed disappointingly like England.

She worried. Had her trunk been put on the train? Would she know what to do at Cologne? Had she left anything in her room at Crouch End? Dear and horrible room! It had been hers for so long and she had made it homelike with lace curtains and two blue velour cushions from the bargain basement at Selfridge's, but there had been times when she wanted to raise her arms and burst its walls. This abandon, it must be admitted, usually followed a visit to the pictures or the conclusion of an uncommonly satisfactory novel from the lending library. In the practical Miss Dobie lay an undeveloped vein of pure romance.

Miss Dobie fell asleep.

Her immediate feeling when she awoke to find that the train had come to rest in Brussels station was one of dismay at having missed so much. The train stood in the ill-lighted end of the big station, but Miss Dobie's eyes—suddenly lively—did not fail to attract the sleepy newspaper-seller. She bought her first foreign paper, childishly elated because she could read it. Then an old mother and her flashily-dressed son came in, and Miss Dobie prepared to watch them.

With much movement and unpacking of boxes the mother and son made themselves reasonably comfortable on the bench facing Miss Dobie. They talked; they shared an orange. At last the mother lay back and closed her eyes resolutely.

The train was on the point of departure when a man sprang on and pushed open the door of Miss Dobie's carriage. With a gracious "Pardon, madame," he indicated that he wished to share Miss Dobie's bench. Selfishly annoyed, since this meant that she could no longer recline at full length, Miss Dobie opened her newspaper and ignored the disturber of her comfort.

But she tired of reading. For a time she watched the new-comer from the cover of the outspread sheets. Quite foreign-looking, she thought, with his plump body and his somewhat too heavy face. It was a dark face, but his skin was pasty—even to the thick small hands. His dark brown eyes were almost beautiful, she concluded, but no doubt treacherous. She disliked the gold filling in his rather prominent front teeth.

She had no sooner laid down the newspaper than the man spoke, politely requesting that he might be permitted to read the news. She replied haltingly.

“Oh, madame,” he exclaimed in English, “you come from England. How interesting! And do you live in London? I have lived there myself many years ago.”

A waiter, Miss Dobie told herself tartly; but remembered her own change of position.

Waiter though he may have been, Miss Dobie had to confess to herself that he could talk. And he was friendly. He knew Crouch End, the street where her old office was, off the Strand. He was familiar with her ’bus routes. Like herself, he had seen *Romeo and Juliet* at the Old Vic. He had gone regularly to the Lyceum and to the Hippodrome. He begged her quaintly to inform him of the improvements to the city since his days there.

As she spoke, he turned the newspaper carelessly in his hands. “I see you’ve been enjoying the latest Brussels murder,” he said teasingly at last. “How you ladies do love murders!”

“Not the lady who *was* murdered,” retorted Miss Dobie brightly. “Fancy a man making love to a woman and killing her for her little bit of money. The paper says she owned a grocery shop—it was just a cellar, so she couldn’t have been well off. She was old, too. I wonder at a woman carrying on at that age.”

"Yes, truly," said her companion.

"The police have not yet caught the man. I suppose they're not up to much over here."

"It was only this morning," said he.

"Oh,"—Miss Dobie, contrite at once, floundered into apology—"I didn't mean to say anything against the Belgian police. I just meant . . ."

She was growing sleepy again.

"I think I'll try and get a nap," she said, "but it's so hot in here."

"It is," agreed the man. "Very hot."

"Why not take off your muffler, then?" suggested Miss Dobie. "You'll be more comfortable."

"Oh, no, it is that I have a sore throat."

Aren't men mollycoddles! thought Miss Dobie as she dropped into a light doze.

It was at Liège that the tramp came in. He was indescribably dirty, in a tattered overcoat and a filth-grimed cap, under the peak of which his eyes surveyed the four travellers with quick fierceness. Furtive, thought Miss Dobie

He curled himself up on the bench occupied by the mother and son who were now sound asleep.

Miss Dobie watched the tramp somewhat inimically. In England surely the guard would keep such an object out of a carriage of respectable folk. The man was huddled against the window, his right cheek hidden, but through the dirt and short dark beard-growth under his left cheek Miss Dobie could clearly distinguish an ugly scar. *Cicatrice*, she thought, the murderer has a *cicatrice*! She felt for the newspaper, examined the face of the suspected man.

The photograph, on the cheap paper, might have been anyone. Miss Dobie recognized this and her eye ran down

the more reliable verbal description. "A *cicatrice* on his neck. Dark hair and eyes. Unhealthy complexion. Heavy build. Slightly protruding teeth. Last seen wearing a black suit and a black soft hat. Probably now disguised."

She returned to the tramp. Certainly he was heavy, and dark, and unhealthy-looking. He also had protruding teeth. But, then, so had her neighbour. Perhaps this was a Belgian peculiarity.

She bent toward the Belgian.

"*Cicatrice* means scar, doesn't it?" she whispered.

"Yes," said the man, with some surprise.

Look at him!" She indicated the tramp discreetly with her head. "Do you see it?"

"Yes. Why?"

"The murderer!" confided Miss Dobie in a dramatic undertone.

The Belgian attempted to dissuade her from thus rushing into conviction. But the more he talked the surer did she grow.

"What more likely?" she whispered. "He resembles the description. His movements are furtive. He has a scar. And he is intent on crossing the border. Obviously, he is in disguise."

She had raised her voice more than she knew. At that moment the tramp looked up, saw two pairs of eyes upon him and, with an embarrassed movement, drew his coat collar up to cover the scar. Guilty! decided Miss Dobie.

The hours passed slowly. Miss Dobie, of course, tried not to shut her eyes. She prayed that the tramp would be caught before she might have to give formal voice to her suspicions.

It was shortly before the train reached Aachen, when Miss Dobie decided to wash, that she discovered her loss. Two five-pound notes had vanished from her handbag. They were all the English money that she carried with her, except for

some small change. She knew beyond doubt that they had been in the bag, together with her passport and some German notes, when she bought the newspaper in Brussels.

Her first emotion, naturally one of despair, gave way to a few seconds of consecutive thinking. Could the murderer have touched her bag? No! Could the genial Belgian? Yes!

She ran from the lavatory and collided with a passport official.

"I have been robbed," she cried.

"Passeport, s'il vous plait."

"My money's gone!" She choked, and saw that it was of no use.

She gave him her passport. And then—

"Quelqu'un qui parle anglais," she demanded, as he was about to move on. "Voleur! Voleur!" She pointed to her bag.

The man muttered something unintelligible and fetched a colleague.

"I have been robbed," she said to the second official, and then began to cry, the big tears running down her small, wrinkled cheeks. "He has taken ten pounds, the murderer. No, not the murderer—the other man. He has a scarf round his throat. He wouldn't take it off. Why . . ."

Suddenly, Miss Dobie stopped crying and looked straight into the official's eye with a wildness which gave that puzzled man a momentary and acutely uncomfortable feeling that he was in the presence of madness. Something was struggling to life in her face. She drew a hand across her forehead, disarranging still more a few unruly wisps of hair. Her fingers caught in a pin, and the remaining portion of her already straying locks fell about her shoulders.

The official gazed at her with round, pale eyes.

Then Miss Dobie gripped his arm.

"The scarf!" she hissed, her eyes desperately seeking comprehension in the man's face. "Oh, don't you see? He's *hiding* a scar!"

"But, madame, I do not understand—"

"Hurry," she said, and pushed him along the corridor.

"But you speak of a thief and you speak of a murderer. Who has been murdered?"

"It is the Brussels murderer," said Miss Dobie.

"What!" exclaimed the man. "You have him here?"

Miss Dobie strove for coherence.

"Unless I'm very much mistaken," she replied, "I have him here. And he has my ten pounds."

It would perhaps be kinder to Miss Dobie to end her story here. She has indeed several qualities that would embellish the character of the heroine of fiction. But she was disturbed in mind, surrounded by unfamiliar scenes and by grotesque beings. She could neither sleep nor remain awake. But of one thing she was convinced; as an Englishwoman she was superior to her present environment. She had an acuteness, a penetration, a clarity of perception, regrettably lacking in the representatives of Belgium and Germany with whom she came into contact.

A handsome police escort conveyed her to the Hotel Friedrich der Grosse in Aachen, while the Belgian and the tramp were detained for examination. A little sorry at the breaking of her journey and anxious about the dispatch of a telegram to the professor in Berlin, Miss Dobie went to bed.

It was not until morning that she discovered the two five-pound notes in her sweater pocket, where she must have placed them for safety when on the point of lying down after the entry of the mother and son at Brussels.

The police are still on the track of a suspected murderer who is believed to have escaped to South America.

A FRENCHMAN'S TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE

BY W. G. JORDAN

THIS book¹ consists of a series of lectures given during the winter of 1930 in connection with the *centenaires romantiques*... "The moment seemed well chosen to turn back, at the end of a century, to the judgments of a hasty and badly instructed polemic. After the former battles one could sketch a Shakespeare of the peace, a Shakespeare of 1930." It is not meant to be a learned treatise, and so the author has preferred to keep it free from references and notes. It would have been useful to have at least the references for his many translations. In the preface, however, he acknowledges his indebtedness to many scholars, English and French,—Jules Jusserand, André Chevrillon, Professors Bradley and Schücking, Mr. John Middleton Murry and others. The book is dedicated to Monsieur Gabriel Hanotaux of the *Académie Française*. From the following statement I learned that the author, like myself, became acquainted with Shakespeare while young: "I had taken with me to the war with my *Imitation* only a small volume of Shakespeare, bought at twelve years, on the quays, and which was lost one day in the tumult. My copy had remained incomplete; you have given me yours in its place, a fine Shakespeare of the time of Byron dressed in a pretty romantic binding. I venture to offer you in exchange this essay. Take it, it belongs to you." I cannot, however, agree with him when he says: "I have never in my life been tempted to see *Macbeth* played. No actor can equal the impression that the personages themselves made on me, for myself alone, when I was ten years old, as one does not want to see portraits of those people whom we knew when they were alive."

¹*Shakespeare*. By Louis Gillet. Paris: B. Grasset. 1931. Pp. 350.

As we shall see, however, he has caught the spirit and feeling, the power, of that great tragedy.

A book of this extent and variety, into which a distinguished man of letters has poured so much of his own life and thought, cannot be summarized in a short article, but a few quotations may give a taste of his style and quality as well as his attitude toward the great English dramatist.

One subject that he regards as important must be clearly recognized,—the relation of France to Shakespeare. In my essay on Voltaire, the early stages of this subject called for a brief discussion, as these questions that he raised in his *English Letters* have had a real influence on later criticism.

Gillet maintains rightly that it is impossible to understand Shakespeare as an isolated figure. "He is the Renaissance made man."

It is in such company that I love to picture Shakespeare and where he would no doubt have found his true atmosphere: he naturally forms part of the society of great minds. Romanticism has confused all that. Germany is the cause. She has annexed Shakespeare as she has seized Rembrandt. She has made of him the symbol of the Germanic races, the type of the anti-Latin. This mysticism has poisoned criticism for a hundred years; it disfigures Shakespeare for us. In the case of great men there is nothing negative; they do not set themselves in opposition; they are sympathetic; they are not against anyone. Adversaries, barbarians, not at all, but allies, children of grace; their genius is a friendship. England is an island, but there are times when like Delos it travels and bathes itself in the Mediterranean.

He refers to the number of waves of Latinism that, at various periods, passed over England, and at the close of his discussion takes up the subject again, quoting the closing words of *Cymbeline*:

Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together. So through Lud's town march;
 And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts,—
 Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

He adds: "I see them departing together to make the tour of the world: thanks to the poet, in all the field of the English universe it is still Rome that travels and continues its mission."

We can render this testimony, we and our brethren of Italy, that we have been good pioneers and if they have used Shakespeare against us nowhere has he found more loving and disinterested sympathy. Of all the works inspired by Shakespeare are there any which are worth Musset's comedies. No one has praised Shakespeare better than Stendhal and Victor Hugo; no one has spoken better of him than Taine or Mézières, than Émile Montégut or Paul de Saint-Victor. No illustration of *Hamlet* is worth that of Delacroix. They play Shakespeare more in Germany but no more will any one play like Monnet-Sully. As to scholars who have written on Shakespeare, it is another matter, but what commentaries equal the music of Rossini or that of Berlioz, that of Gounod or of Verdi?

There is no greater Englishman. But he was part of an England in a certain sense continental, which had not yet taken in the face of Europe, or rather outside of it, its negative attitude of John Bull. It is the England of the Renaissance and not that of Cromwell.

Naturally, approaching the subject from this standpoint, Gillet does not manifest much sympathy with Puritanism. It committed a great crime in closing the theatres and, as he reminds us, they remain closed to this day *on Sundays*. To those to whom the stern struggle for religious liberty meant so much the following reference may seem rather flippant.

The authentic Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham) at the time of Henry V had some small dispute with the

Church, on account of his opinions on the Mass, and of him they had made a fine *auto-da-fé*. In the century of Calvin this pioneer had become *tabou* and he had his clear position among *The Martyrs of the Reformation*. There we read that before he mounted the pyre, he refused the sacraments and made public confession with a loud voice. 'O my eternal God,' he said, 'I render my soul into Thy hands and confess that at the time of my weak youth I have grievously offended, O Lord, through pride, rashness, gluttony, covetousness and luxury' After this he was devoutly burned in honour of our mother the Church and died in the odour of sanctity not without having predicted the ruin of his executioners.

Shakespeare took the name Oldcastle from the old play and he has told us that "this is not the man". The French critic thinks that he retains the avowal of the sins of his youth, joining to it the gusto of remorse and the unctuous words which form such a pleasant contrast and render the good-natured Falstaff so comic. Many pages are here devoted to Falstaff, "the most admirable clown of the western world", who has to be likened to the creations of Rabelais and Cervantes. Dame Quickly, he thinks, has said the last word and said it well.

He declares that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakespeare did not do justice either to Falstaff or to himself.

Falstaff is known specially by *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and it is a pity, for there is in it only the shadow of himself. This old simpleton who allows himself to be tossed on a blanket by tradesmen; this old fool that they pack into the basket of dirty linen that is thrown, like a washing, into the middle of the stream; who is beaten, plagued, duped, tormented, this goose of the farce has nothing but the name in common with the real Falstaff. It is no longer the same personage, and *The Merry Wives* was done hastily and is far from being one of the best of Shakespeare's comedies.

That may be, but it still continues to increase the gaiety of nations. Our critic, however, would not set up Falstaff as a model for the imitation of youth or age, but it gives him pleasure to remember that "He is the joy of ten acts. That he puts into them more of the unexpected, of grace, of naturalness, than the whole clique of good children. It is there that we must seek the inimitable clown and the immortal *gracioso*."

There is one region into which the present reviewer cannot enter fully as he has not more than a superficial acquaintance with the sonnets. The section begins with the statement that if Shakespeare had died about 1600, at the age of Raphael and Mozart, no doubt he would have been an immortal poet. But he would not have written *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear* nor *Antony and Cleopatra*... We would not have suspected a tragic kingdom which is without doubt the most profound that there has been in Europe since the Greeks and which is properly Shakespeare's world. These are the great shades that his name calls forth at once, as that of Dante makes us think of hell. And Gillet concludes this section with the words: It does not belong to anyone to absolve or to condemn. Then follow several pages of subtle suggestion as to this crisis, supposed to last three years. One wonders how the poet came out of it to do his greatest work.

There are, we are told, two schools. Wordsworth saw in the sonnets the key by which Shakespeare opened his heart to us, to which Browning replied, "If so, the less Shakespeare he!" Sir Sidney Lee takes two hundred pages in an admirable biography to prove that the sonnets have no meaning and places them in the category of poetic commonplaces which compose the Petrarchan tradition. Why do this, he asks, unless there is a glimpse of something? But if we are to juggle with dramas we may as well give up the attempt to comprehend Shakespeare. Among others, special reference is made to numbers xx, xxx and cxiv.

He finds some light in Proust, but we leave "The Dark Lady" and the dark suggestions to experts in poetry and psychology. It is refreshing to turn to something that we can, to some extent, comprehend.

Julius Caesar is bathed in a tragic atmosphere of a mystery of presentiment and fatality. The scene is invaded by the supernatural. Often one is mistaken as to Shakespeare's intention; we think that he wishes to lower his hero, and find in that the proof of his new bitterness. No, Caesar, in Shakespeare's piece, is very great: and he will not cease to grow even after his death. His shadow, after his funeral, dominates the last two acts. It is always the great Caesar, the prince of men.

"O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!" cries Brutus, on the battlefield of Philippi. And here is all the tragic element. Brutus also is a man of fine character. He loved and admired Caesar. The day when he believed that Caesar threatened liberty he sacrificed him in his heart and took part with the assassins. He then saw that he had acted in vain; the murder of Caesar did not save the State. Brutus despaired of virtue and the Republic. He had deceived himself. Cassius had made him a criminal and the hands of Cassius were not clean. . . . Brutus has slaughtered a hero to hand over the Empire to a trickster; then he kills himself, and we see coming forward Antony and the rough Octavius. Then we understand that it has all been in vain, that nothing will supply the place of either Caesar or Brutus. Two great souls have clashed in a fatal conflict by which the world remains forever poorer; that is the disaster.

This is finely expressed, whether or not we accept the view of the three years of crisis, when the poet is supposed to have explored the dark depths of human nature and passed from the faith that "There's a soul of goodness in things evil" to the recognition of the terrible truth "that evil comes out of good and kills it." Out of these gloomy visions he creates *Hamlet*.

The twenty-three pages dedicated to *Hamlet* are intensely interesting, with keen analysis, criticisms of various interpretations and fine appreciation.

Hamlet is perhaps the most celebrated of literary works. The piece has constantly held its place in the theatre. That is because it is well made and the history of the unfortunate young man, the ghost of his murdered father, his madness, his torments, the spectacle of his sorrowful love, make a strong appeal to the emotions. We are interested in it as in the misfortune of Orestes, as in the old legends of the sombre palace of Argos, and indeed it is the same fable with which Greece was enchanted and which was born again on the borders of the Northern world.

Something great and comparatively simple is here, but it has been confused by the variety of interpreters and the flood of commentators. Germany recognized herself in the figure of the young prince in mourning for his illusions and wearing the bonnet of the *bursch* of Wittenberg; it recognizes in him the image of its weakness, the image that it loves to give itself, that of a great powerful body paying for its excess of dreams by incurable stupidity in the domain of realities. It is not necessary now to dwell too much on that, since Bismarck and the last Kaiser infused so much "blood and iron" into the life of united Germany.

We must bring to a close this imperfect survey of an exceedingly interesting book which covers the story of Shakespeare's life so far as it can be known; his early days at Stratford, the time of his apprenticeship in London, the comedies and historical dramas, "storms and tragedies", and the great tragedies of the later years. As we might expect, he does not consider the Baconian theory worthy of serious attention. "Certain schools of critics do not wish to admit that Shakespeare was Shakespeare." I leave to one side suppositions because they explain nothing, and because I detest original

opinions. Is it worth one's time to consider the denial of Shakespeare when we have just witnessed the resurrection of Homer? The views of Ruskin and Mrs. Jameson on Shakespeare's heroines come in for careful and delicate criticism.

To students of Shakespeare what Gillet has to say about *Macbeth* may not be new, but it is powerfully expressed; it is impressive because it has caught so completely this spirit of the great play.

Macbeth is the most popular of Shakespeare's pieces, the most simple, the most abrupt and the most exciting. It is also the shortest of all his tragedies: its dimensions are those of a French tragedy. The poet sacrifices all to the effect of speed. He tightens all his screws, suppresses side pieces and preparations. Nowhere has Shakespeare obtained so fully dramatic tension . . . all his characters are multiplied to produce a furious acceleration, the sensation of a terrific storm.

Macbeth is far from being the finest of the four, but in certain aspects it is one of the most poetic. One of the elements of this poetry is its tonality. Othello passes in the full light; a tragedy calcined under a torrid sun. *Macbeth* is a masterpiece of *clair-obscur*. It is the most Rembrandtesque of Shakespeare's works. From one end to the other we imagine it only in the shadows of twilight or in the horrors of the night. It is a tragedy of darkness. All the principal scenes hide themselves from the clear light of heaven, and move by the glare of torches. It is a piece where the atmosphere is heavy and where there prowls through the air something sinister.

One is tempted to translate the elegant prose in which Gillet gives the rapid movement of this terrible tragedy rushing towards the inevitable end when the measure of blood-guiltiness is filled. But the following passage must suffice:

Does not one feel that these two things, the inability to sleep and to pray are two signs of the same order, two effects of the same disaster? *Macbeth* is cut off from

human communion; he has lost at the same time prayer and sleep, two of the means that we have (along with love and music) to communicate with the infinite. . . He has placed himself outside of law, outside of life, outside of prayer, outside of love. He no longer knows grace, restraint, refuge nor the power of rebirth that we find in the kindly arms of the night.

It would require too much space to consider his statement that Shakespeare is the least Biblical of English writers and to discuss the deeper subject of Shakespeare's religion. In his exposition, I think that he corrects some of his own statements. The view of a man nourished in early life on the Bible and Shakespeare and trained in an atmosphere of Protestant Puritanism must necessarily be different from that of a Frenchman, but we can all agree with the eloquent conclusion of this remarkable book:

To understand Shakespeare is to embrace a hundred various elements which we regard as incompatible and which in him are blended into a vast harmony: old Rome, young Italy, the Celtic legends, the *Roman de la Rose*, England and France, Holinshed and Plutarch, all this which at a given moment entered into the noble humanities which are menaced to-day. It is to receive an idea of the nature which laughs at affectations, false rules, prejudices, pretensions and vanities. It is to force oneself sometimes by a rapid flight to get away from the rude earth by a glimpse of fairyland. It is to believe that alongside of reason there remains a place for the inexplicable and marvellous. It is to represent in real things the share of the gods and of mystery. Finally, it is to add to this humanism so broad, this Jacob's ladder which goes from earth to heaven, compassion for the sufferings, the faults and errors of our mortal brethren, the feeling of our own weaknesses, the secret melancholy inherited from ancient Christianity, the religion of pity and of death, this inexpressible element which the poet calls "the milk of human kindness."

PRESENCES

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

The shadow of the poplar
Beside my cabin door
Has trembled on the floor.
Tho' no wind walks the forest tops
Across my window sill
It trembled and was still.

The broad noon sunlight basking
On every flower and tree
Was still as light can be.
What made those withered leaves whirl up
And drift a space, and fall—
As they had heard a call?

Why are those hare-bells nodding
As if an unseen wing
Had set them all aswing,
Tho' up and down the forest glade
No other blade or bough
Stirs from its slumber now?

The stillness and the brightness
Companion me. I hear
A footfall drawing near
Tho' no sound breaks the noonday hush.
A sweet breath stirs my hair,—
But there is nothing there!

What gracious presences
Are these I cannot see
Tho' they come close to me?

I think I shall have pleasant dreams
In silence charmed and deep
When I lie down to sleep.

SCHOOL READERS AS AN EDUCATIONAL FORCE

(A Study of a Century of Upper Canada)

BY WILLIAM SHERWOOD FOX

THIS paper is the outcome of a casual chat, during which the question was asked, "What are the chief genuinely formative instruments of our formal education?" The reply was just as simple: "Consider the power of McGuffey's Readers in the United States." This led me to re-read that part of Mark Sullivan's volumes, *Our Times*, in which the author surveys the United States schools and school-books of the first seventy-five years of the nineteenth century. These fascinating pages are indeed a revelation, accounting as they do for the existence of many traits of the American people. The present study, however, is focused mostly upon Ontario, although its lines of vision sometimes stray over the provincial borders, and it deals almost exclusively with Readers rather than with text-books in general. Nevertheless, it will give at least a partial explanation of the character of the people of Ontario and those of the Western Provinces who have been influenced by Ontario. In other words, it will tell us a good deal about why we are what we are.

In undertaking research in the field of education one must have a clear idea of the real relation between a people and its educational system. The nature of the system is in varying degree a reflection of the nation itself, but when once established it exercises upon the nation certain influences that modify that nation in diverse ways. As of the whole, so it is of the part. In this study we must expect to find that the character of the English-speaking people of Upper Canada determined the type of Readers introduced into the schools, and that after their introduction the Readers in their turn

engendered and fostered certain outstanding qualities in the people. The institution of the free school system of North America has brought with it a naïve popular belief that educational machinery is a sort of divine thing which, once installed, will automatically accomplish in fact all that is ideally claimed for it. This belief is the greatest bane of democratic education in all its branches.

A glance at the origins of the succession of Readers used in Upper Canada and, later, in Ontario, is in itself informing. We do not need to go farther back than the beginning of the nineteenth century. For about twenty years a great many of the schools of the United States and of English-speaking Canada used the same series of Readers,—those compiled by the famous grammatical authority of England, Lindley Murray. In 1799 the Murray texts were introduced into the United States and remained in general though not exclusive use until about 1820, when McGuffey began to issue his remarkable Readers. Doubtless these only slowly established their supremacy, for as late as 1835 a Lindley Murray Reader was printed in Toronto from stereotyped plates made in New York. Nevertheless, it serves our purpose to fix 1820 as the beginning of the McGuffey influence. As one would expect, Murray had a longer vogue in Canada than in the United States. Before me are four copies of his best known book, *The English Reader*: one of the eighteenth edition, printed in York, England, 1824; one edited in Utica, New York, and printed in Toronto in 1833; one printed in Toronto in 1835; one issued in Brockville in 1846. The interesting inscriptions on the fly-leaves of these Readers show that all four copies were used by Canadian pupils in Canadian schools. The dates of their printing are significant when compared with the dates of the series of text-books that succeeded them.

Recital of the full title of the Lindley Murray Reader and an analysis of its contents enable one to comprehend the

nature of the training given in common to the school-children of Canada and the Eastern United States for a quarter of a century. In a paper on "United States Influences in Canadian Education", Sir Robert Falconer points out that in the period under present review the similarities of educational development in the two countries were proportionate to the similarities of stock and social outlook in each section. I am strongly inclined to believe that the contemporaneous use of the Murray Readers in both countries was by far the most potent factor in determining the similarities of social outlook. The fact that the original Readers were produced in England by an Englishman and set forth the accepted English opinions, tastes and practices of the time, is of very great significance. It means that the great-grandfathers of this generation of Canadian and United States citizens solidly laid the foundations of their intellectual and moral life on the same English standards. The differences between the two national groups were almost wholly differences in politics that had been magnified by the bitterness and hatred of armed strife. The real divergence in manner of thought and attitude toward life began about 1820 with the introduction of the distinctively United States Readers, the McGuffey Series. Several decades later, as we shall see, Canada herself turned away from the path of strictly English education and blazed a new trail for herself by adapting and creating certain new types of text-books for her schools.

The title page of the Lindley Murray text of 1824 shows the purpose and range of the book:

The English Reader; or Pieces in Prose and Verse, from the Best Writers; designed to assist young persons to read with propriety and effect; improve their language and sentiments; and to inculcate the most important principles of PIETY AND VIRTUE with a few preliminary observations on the principles of GOOD READING.

The book is divided into two parts, the first consisting of prose pieces, the second, of poetry. The headings of the second section are substantially those of the first.

Chapter I offers fifteen closely printed pages of "select sentences", each sentence being a proverb, or an aphorism, or a preachment: *e.g.*,

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth.

Whatever useful or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre.

The headings of Chapters II to IX are: Narrative Pieces, Didactic Pieces, Argumentative Pieces, Descriptive Pieces, Pathetic Pieces, Dialogues, Public Speeches (including translations from the classical languages), and Promiscuous Pieces.

This, then, is that part of the programme of school studies which determined the fundamental social likeness between the two North American peoples. But it was unthinkable that a young nation pulsing with the consciousness of its recent separation from the parent country would long be content to follow the educational example of that distant parent. A new people facing the new problems of a new land needed and demanded its own type of school training for its children. Those who know "the worship of the Union," as Goldwin Smith calls the spirit of the period of Madison, Clay, Webster and Monroe, are not surprised that the introduction of McGuffey's Readers coincides with the admission of Maine into the Union and the establishment of the truce between the slavery and non-slavery States. This worship needed a liturgy to give it uniformity and continuity, and this it was that McGuffey supplied. That his texts retained very much of the content and tone of their English originals was inevitable, but there was enough in them

definitely American to make them a distinctly new creation—selections from American authors, descriptions of American scenes, fulsome praise of the Union, glorification of American arms and the achievements of the pioneer, presentation of the old codes of behaviour in American settings. Sullivan thus estimates their influence:

McGuffey's was the source of America's taste in reading—for many average Americans, the only reading of poetry or classic prose they ever had. Along with that, McGuffey's was the source of that stock of points of view and tastes held in common, which constituted much of America's culture, its codes of morals and conduct, its standards of propriety.

. . . But McGuffey's also taught and accounted for mental attitudes and ethical concepts which differentiated American from other peoples, or were more emphasized in America than elsewhere. In this respect, McGuffey was a kind of American Confucius, the latter, like the former, taking his sayings from the accumulated lore of the race.

. . . At all times and in every respect, McGuffey's Readers had a strong flavour of religion; much of its contents was Puritan and evangelical, none was inconsistent with the religion of Calvin and Knox.

While in the United States the departure from the English model was distinctly nationalistic, in Canada it was quite otherwise. Apparently the reason for the conservatism or caution of the Canadians is that in the judgment of educational leaders the country was not yet ready to take a step in the direction of independence. It is now plain to us that it was far from ready. While the loyalty of the people of Canada could not be questioned, yet their consciousness of attachment to the new land was dim and divided. Like the character in Aristophanes who was enjoined to attempt the ludicrous feat of looking in opposite directions at the same time, too many English-speaking Canadians were keeping one

eye on the British Isles and the other upon the land of their domicile. A sentiment of independence, though beginning, was not pronounced; Canadian nationhood was not yet felt. When in 1844 Egerton Ryerson was appointed Superintendent of Education, he turned naturally to one of the old lands to find models for his new school-books. After devoting a year of study to educational methods elsewhere before actually entering upon the active duties of his office, he established a common school system in Ontario that combined features derived from Massachusetts, Prussia and Ireland. Ireland's great contribution was her Readers and the method she had most successfully worked out for harmonizing the educational claims of Catholic and Protestant. Apparently some of the Irish Readers had been used in Montreal a few years before Ryerson's régime and their usefulness in Canada had been given a good test. At all events, Ryerson secured the formal permission of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland to reprint their series of Readers in Canada and to authorize their use in Canadian schools.

Before me are copies of these books printed in Canada and ranging in date from 1846 to 1863. *A Sequel to the Second Book of Lessons*, issued in 1859, is one of the most remarkable common school text-books I have ever seen. As everybody knows, it is very difficult to present real ideas in readable form to boys and girls of the Second and Third Reader stage; yet the author of this little work has been eminently successful in attaining his aim. Balance, sanity, clarity and simplicity are the outstanding marks of his book. Like his predecessors and contemporaries, he has retained current moral religious teachings, but he has added to their effectiveness by delicately reducing the bald and offensive obviousness with which such teachings are usually presented. This sense of restraint is, in the main, characteristic of all the Irish Readers and is in glaring contrast to the method of the McGuffey

Series. Possibly we can see in them the origin of a certain moderation which has become one of our Canadian traits. In other respects, also, this little book is notable. The facts that it presents are important, not trivial. Its first eleven pages are devoted to a sound discussion of the principles of education and the national value of schools, all cast in the language of children. The making of this book was a really notable achievement.

The note struck by this Sequel is struck again by the Third and Fourth Readers and apparently with less force. But what a range of instruction they provide! In those days when household libraries of even a dozen books were uncommon, school Readers had to be at once encyclopedias, handbooks of science, literary anthologies, and treatises on ethics, religion, economics, government, and a host of other things. Those who steeped themselves in the contents of these Readers were perhaps better educated than are the masses of our day with its varied but discursive educational ways.

An analysis of the Fourth Reader is illuminating; the text used is that of identical Irish and Canadian editions printed in Canada in 1846 and 1863. Section 1 is devoted to natural history, all the more important departments of which receive some attention. Literary style is provided by selections from Goldsmith, Addison and Milton, while religious lessons are drawn from nature by selections from Paley, Watts and Cowper.

In the eighty pages of Section 2 the geography of almost the whole world is presented—of course, in a most sketchy way. The compiler's purpose seems to be to arouse a spirit of interest in geography and allow the pupil to get the facts for himself afterwards—a sound educational method. Apart from three pages given to Niagara Falls, which is only partly Canadian, Canada is given only sixteen lines. The religious and moral lessons organized under Section 3 comprise the

whole range of Biblical history and of the doctrines of Christianity. But they are given only fifty pages as against the eighty given to geography.

Section 4, entitled Political Economy and Useful Arts, is what we would call Civics to-day. Through passages from Adam Smith it gave the schoolboy of eighty years ago sound ideas of wages, capital, labour and taxes, and inspired in him a penetrating manner of civic thought for the years of his adult citizenship.

Section 5 is a miscellany of poetry and general information.

An estimate of the book is now possible. Strictly speaking, it is not Canadian at all, but rather cosmopolitan, with strong reminiscences of the British Isles. Its tone is seriously religious and moralistic, but not maudlin. It emphasizes the importance of a wide range of information. Compared with the McGuffey Readers, it exhibits balance, restraint and completeness, and is the very opposite of nationalistic, which seems to account in large part for the fact that Canadians in general have to-day a better 'foreign sense' than the people of the United States. The book is notably deficient in humour and artistic form.

For our purposes it is not necessary to dissect the Fifth Reader of the National School Series. Since relatively few young persons went farther than the Fourth Reader, the Fifth cannot have exerted a widespread influence as a moulder of popular thought and character. At any rate, it was only a more ponderous expansion of its predecessor, marked by even less humour, less literary quality, an equal lack of relationship to Canada, and by a still greater emphasis upon the value of an accumulation of facts. Surely it is not straining the imagination to see in these Readers the source of a number of our present Canadian virtues and deficiencies.

Before we proceed to examine the official series of Ontario Readers that grew out of the Irish Series we shall turn aside to glance at a few other Readers used during the forties elsewhere than in Ontario. With one exception these texts were unauthorized, yet they all cast some light upon the educational views and methods of their time and throw into relief the general superiority of the authorized texts.

The inveterate habit of turning every subject into an instrument of religious instruction is shown in its most reprehensible form in two or three books in particular. In *An English Spelling Book with Reading Lessons*, published in St. John in 1841, the very first lesson following that upon the letters and syllables reads thus:

All sin. I sin. You sin. We sin. Sin is bad. Do not sin at all. Sin is not hid. God can see it. Go not in the way of sin. The way of sin is a bad way.

This uninspiring kind of instruction in monosyllabic piety continues without variation for many lessons without omitting a single theological doctrine of importance. Yet one cannot fail to admire an author who by a mere *tour de force* could compress so much into comparatively few lessons consisting solely of words of one syllable. Less successful, but in similar style, is a *Second Book of Lessons* issued in Montreal in 1849. In this the very first lesson of the first section is a sermonette in monosyllables on the Creation, and the first lesson of the second section is another sermonette on the same subject cast in words of greater length and difficulty. The book ends in a terrible warning against falsehood—a warning reinforced by the threat of eternal punishment.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake,
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

A Third Reading Book, dated in 1843 at Montreal, is of the same type as the two foregoing. Quotation from it would add nothing to our interest and information, for the worst has already been said. It is enough to say that such books could not possibly produce, except by accident, anything but prigs and prudes. They must have turned many normal boys and girls against formal religion and the rules of morality by conveying an entirely wrong impression of their meaning and of their place in life. It is now plain why the discerning Ryerson saw the need for new Readers; he had to abate the unwholesome, unnatural influences of these existing texts. Moreover, there was need for him to act quickly, since there was not time for him to prepare a new and thoroughly Canadian Series. With great wisdom he borrowed the Irish texts and patiently used them until Canadian texts could be compiled to replace them.

In 1843 Sherbrooke produced yet another type of Reader. Though as its title page indicates it was "designed for the use of schools in the British Provinces", its composition displays unmistakeable McGuffeyan influences. And no wonder, for Sherbrooke lies only a few miles from the New England border. The book's lack of plan in indiscriminately mixing poetry and prose and stories with moral tags has the flavour of McGuffey. The solemnity with which certain subjects are discussed is in manner both Irish and English. The simple and unquestioning belief in the mechanical effectiveness of education, as revealed in a lesson on that subject, is undoubtedly an importation from New England. The tone of the book is not that of England or of Ireland or of Canada. Indeed, its only claim to be called Canadian is that it bears the imprint of a Canadian press. One notable link it has with

McGuffey is its inclusion of that sombre reminder of human mortality:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The Sherbrooke Reader is the only Canadian text in which I have found this piece, which, through Abraham Lincoln's partiality, has become the best known piece in the whole McGuffey Series.

The obsession of the early nineteenth century for using violent methods of rubbing moral instruction into children manifested itself in various forms. In 1844 there appeared in Kingston a small volume known as *A Class Book—Youth's Guard against Crime*. The preface, with its naïve reasoning and assumptions, defies synopsis. As it is not very long it may be quoted in full:

The author believes that all men were created by their Maker to be useful, in their day and generation, to their fellow-creatures; it is also stated that where there are no Laws there are no transgressions; and it may be enforced safely by every reflecting mind, that the limited knowledge of the existence and bearing of all the Criminal Laws of this Province, amongst the common classes, amounts almost to there being no Laws at all, so far as they have any knowledge of the fact. In proof of my remarks, I have seen Judges and Magistrates compelled to punish offenders whom they believed entirely ignorant of the Law they had violated. It is customary in all the institutions of learning, from the highest to the lowest, to state that it is the object of all concerned to teach useful knowledge,—and what is more useful than to give the community a full understanding of the Criminal Laws of the land, and the consequences of their being violated? I have seen a notice put up on a bridge, stating that a penalty of five shillings would be enforced for crossing the bridge

faster than a walk with teams.—Men saw the Law, and therefore did not violate it. If crime is prevented in this case by having a knowledge of the Law, why not in many other cases? Persons knowing the Laws of the Country ought never to violate them, because they also know that they will be punished accordingly.

The most amazing thing about this amazing book is that in its comprehensive recital of the important phases of the Criminal Code it actually gives the juvenile reader a knowledge of crimes that most citizens of adult years have never heard of and are never likely to hear of, even if they live to threescore years and ten. The modern tabloid newspaper cannot begin to offer such a course in crime as is offered by this little book designed to eliminate crime. It was not officially authorized for use in schools, but, as I have come across several copies of it which, according to the inscriptions on their fly-leaves, were used in widely separated places, it must have had no inconsiderable circulation. Assuredly the production of a fanatic, it yet discloses the terrifically serious moral temper of those times. One may see in it one of the faults to the correction and reduction of which Ryerson had to give attention.

Ryerson handled his problem in two ways—first, by means of his *Readers* of 1867-8; secondly, through an authorized textbook, *First Lessons in Christian Morals*, published in Toronto in 1871. This book was a treatise on the fundamentals of Christian theology, the practice of Christian living, and formal ethics. For obvious reasons the Consolidated School Act provided that its use be made optional. The objection of parents or guardians exempted their children from studying it. The fact that the time devoted to it came after the close of the regular school day manifestly deprived it of any appeal it might otherwise have had. There is every indication that the book was a failure. For reasons that I cannot detail, but can only feel, I believe that Ryerson prepared the book in order to

make a concession to the habitual popular demand of the times that the common school must give explicit training in spiritual matters. I should not be surprised to learn that he really expected this direct method of instruction to fail, and that, with a sound psychology, he pinned his faith upon an indirect method that would touch everybody.

We are now ready to review the Ryerson Readers of the sixties. These are the first authorized Readers which even remotely deserve the name of Canadian, because they were the first designed to instil definitely national ideas into Canadian youth. The genuine need of such organs may be clearly seen in our survey of the earlier text-books, as well as in the words of leaders of Canadian thought during the period just prior to Confederation. In one of his addresses Thomas D'Arcy McGee said with deep feeling: "When I can hear our young men say as proudly 'our federation' or 'our country' or 'our kingdom' as the young men of other countries do, speaking of their own, then I shall have less apprehension for the result of whatever trials may be in store for us." These words show that at the time they were uttered the idea of Canadian nationality did not exist except in the most germinal form. Ryerson perceived that the common school was the most powerful and promising single agency for fostering the idea.

Of these Readers the Third seems to be the most significant. It opens with a section of "Moral Tales and Anecdotes" which is spun out to the extent of seventy-eight pages. The influence of McGuffey upon it is manifest, for the selection of many of the stories was undoubtedly prompted by their inclusion in the McGuffey Readers. This is an excellent instance of the inevitable effect of propinquity. In these stories some of us will recognize the literary friends of our boyhood—*Brave John Maynard* (the Lake Michigan pilot), *George Washington and the Cherry Tree*; *The Poor Match Girl*; *Counting*

Chickens Before They Are Hatched. These tales were taken over with their rather maudlin moralizing unaltered, the result being that the first section of the Reader is a strange mixture of United States, Irish and English methods of presenting moral principles to young people. Humour is utterly lacking. The last section, consisting of incidents of history and adventure, gives a great deal of information concerning Canada. An occasional piece glorifying a British or a Canadian victory plays the part that corresponds in kind though not in degree to the accounts of Bunker Hill and Lexington in the United States school-books.

The Fourth Reader continues the good work of fanning the flame of patriotism, but without adding to it the fiery heat of jingoism that emanates from the pages of McGuffey. One of its great merits is that it trained the generation in Ontario that preceded ours to take it for granted that a sincere love of one's country is not necessarily inconsistent with a high regard for the real worth of other countries. Of the 375 pages in the book 312 are devoted to information concerning the geography, the history and the natural history of the six continents; logically, America is given by far the longest section, and most of this deals with Canada. As the Readers advance in the Series the influence of the United States becomes less conspicuous and that of Canada greater.

One notable feature of the Fourth Reader is the preponderance of the secular as compared with the moral and religious. The comparative brevity of this treatment of matters spiritual, however, is more than offset by its sombreness and weight. The pupil has to read a condensed account of Biblical history, expositions of leading theological doctrines (including Christ's Second Coming and the doctrine of the Holy Spirit) and depressing verses on the graver phases of life. Midway in the section are Mrs. Hemans's lugubrious poem, *The Hour of Death*, and its by no means successful

antidote, Beattie's *Hope Beyond the Grave*. Any efforts made by the compiler of this section to inspire in the young people *la joie de vivre* are entirely nullified by the gloominess of its closing piece, the saddest poem that Bobbie Burns ever wrote, *Man was Made to Mourn*. Not a few of the older generation have told me that it is by this piece they remember the Fourth Reader and their last day in an Ontario school.

The Fifth Reader of the Series is a stout volume of 528 pages, a veritable library in itself. According to the preface, it was compiled in part to supply "such specimens of the best English authors as are examples of correct style and pure taste, and are suitable for use as Exercises in Reading or Elocution." In no other Reader used up to this time is literary quality considered as it is in this Reader. Moreover, among the pieces it contains one cannot but notice a number written by Canadian authors. Their appearance is an indication that at last an English-Canadian literature has begun and that a conscious and unashamed recognition is being given to it. That D'Arcy McGee was giving expression to a pretty general desire is verified by the presence in this Reader of two patriotic orations, *Canada, the Land of Our Adoption*, by President M'Caul of the University of Toronto; *Canada, the Land of Our Birth*, by Egerton Ryerson himself. But despite the more advanced literary appreciation of this book and its strong nationalistic note, its chief characteristics are in kind those of the Readers that preceded it, namely, emphasis upon the value of information concerning everything under the sun, insistence upon the awful solemnity of life and upon the prime importance of religious and moral living. Its manner of instruction in these matters, however, is in general more palatable than that of its forerunners, in spite of the fact that the author ends his compilation as with two great sighs, the first a very sorrowful one—Mrs. Clive's *The Grave*; the second Pope's laboured effort to be cheerful—*The Dying Christian to his Soul*.

I shall refrain from analyzing the Readers that succeeded this notable Ryerson Series. Those of the eighties adopted the improved features of their immediate predecessors and added a number of new ones, thus becoming the first genuinely Upper Canadian Series of Readers. These were the texts that were used for many years in Manitoba and the North West Territories. They began to develop in Canada the type of national spirit and thought that corresponded broadly to the national feeling inspired in the United States by the McGuffey Readers when in 1820 they broke away from their English models. This means that Canadian national consciousness is at least sixty years younger than the national consciousness of the United States, a fact that will explain many of the differences between the peoples of the two countries. In part it accounts for certain marked differences in the rate of material development, but above all it reveals the causes of present differences in temperament, social thought and habit, outlook upon life, attitude toward the State, ways of approaching the problems of commerce, industry and land settlement. On the other hand, the common use of the Murray Readers in Canada and the United States for a quarter of a century prior to 1820 explains the origin of many points of similarity in the two peoples that cannot be accounted for by propinquity alone.

But the chief result of this study points forward rather than backward. It has brought to me a keen conviction of the paramount power of the common school Reader as a potential shaper of national thought and character. A series of Readers prepared in accordance with a definite plan in a well-organized school system can largely remake the people of a country within a generation or two. The character of the nation will be the character of its Readers, and the character of the Readers will depend upon the character of the men who prepare them. Who the makers of our Readers are becomes, therefore, a matter of great national importance.

OF DISILLUSIONMENT IN FRESHMEN

BY G. G. SEDGEWICK

LAST year at the University of British Columbia I had a Freshman class that, like Wordsworth's flower, gave me thoughts that often lay too deep for tears. Unfortunately, such thoughts are quite unutterable except when they happen to stir in the mind of genius; and that is not commonly found in Freshman sections either on the benches or on the instructor's platform. I wish some Higher Intelligence could have been in charge of my class during last autumn term when it was the lot of thirty unfortunate youngsters to read with me a rather advanced and difficult book of contemporary verse. For He—the genius that did not turn up—would have been able to reveal, from his experiences with the thirty, some interesting and perhaps important things not only about contemporary poetry and art but also about this rather bewildered contemporary world of ours. These boys, without being in the least conscious of the fact, were ordinary specimens—very ordinary most of them—of contemporary fashions in humanity. Like the youth of all times and places, they were exceedingly ignorant and very cheerful about it; solemn neighbours of mine said that they were altogether too much like the rest of this our wicked and perverse generation, far too irreverent of the past and of their elders and superiors in wisdom. No doubt in comparison with young fellows of their age who have lived their lives in New York or London (not to speak of Toronto), they were extraordinarily boyish and unsophisticated. They fairly reeked of wood-smoke, of the Gulf of Georgia, and even of the canneries and farmyard: all which smells, though wholesome, do not necessarily suggest the perfume of the arts. But with all their cheerful

ignorance and all the appearance of being thoroughly untouched by any kind of thought, they carried with them an air vastly different from the air of my freshman class of over thirty years ago. As Matthew Arnold might say, if his shade should condescend to speak of freshmen, murmurs and scents had come up to them of the infinite sea of a new world: a sea that we have hardly yet embarked on, let alone charted. And some of their simple responses I here record: for, as I have said, these seem to me significant of some rather important things about contemporary art and life, all the more significant indeed because they were quite unconsidered and even unconscious.

That class-book of poetry, of which I spoke, is heavily dosed with the work of Wilfred Owen and Walter de la Mare and T. S. Eliot and Siegfried Sassoon and Ezra Pound. Now the last crime of which these gentlemen can be accused is the crime of cheerfulness. Their world is the drab world in which the "intellectuals" have moved since 1914. To use the slang of the moment, it is to them a world of "disillusionment": they think it a waste land, a cactus land full of broken images; and the men in it, they say, are hollow men, stuffed men, empty of faith and enthusiasm, cut off from the beliefs of the past and facing the future with blind eyes. It is a world that has not enough force to end with a bang: it is going out with a whimper. Let me hasten to assure readers of my generation who were brought up on Longfellow and Mrs. Hemans and "The Lady of the Lake" that there is plenty of poetry of other kinds in the Freshman Anthology. But any book which pretends to summarize contemporary verse and does not present the poetry of disillusionment is a book that lies.

What about my Freshmen and their murmurings about all this? My contemporaries may be relieved to know that, in general, they did not like it. In fact 'murmuring' is hardly

the word to describe their reaction. Youth, I grieve to say, does not murmur as much nowadays as it did in the days of Mr. Robert Browning's father-in-law: it speaks right out in meeting. One bright and typical boy concluded a long range of excellent notes with a regrettable lapse into his native idiom: "I sure do get sick of disillusioned poetry". And for my part I sure do agree with him—as I get sick of overdoses of all things, especially of disillusioned poetry.

Like most other young male animals, the Freshmen did not as a class like any sort of poetry very much: they leaned to a conviction that it is divinely appointed for women only. But the really striking thing about their reaction was that the disillusioned poetry, of which they sure got sick, was the very poetry in which they showed the most interest. They revolted from it, but it was the only verse which they were willing, yes eager, to talk about, and the verse which they discussed most pointedly and satisfactorily in their notes. What was even more disturbing, a constantly recurrent remark about disillusionment—it cropped up in all but half a dozen of thirty note-books—ran somewhat as follows: "I don't like this poem, but there is no doubt it is true." It may be just too bad to believe, but there is no reason at all for thinking that these cheerful youths did not mean what they said; and their opinion was all the more significant because of its utter cheerfulness. An artist friend of mine—who is also very young and very happy—puts their attitude to disillusioned poetry into practical effect in painting. Just now, he is getting his natural inspiration for pencil and brush not out of flowers and pretty ladies but out of the stumps of a burnt forest. And he paints his grim spectacle with the utmost vigour and buoyancy. After all, he is merely doing consciously what the Freshmen, innocent of all art, were groping after in their note-books: he is trying to strip the outer world of all excrescence and all illusion in order to see

its essential and naked form. Perhaps the thing which should have disturbed me most is this: that of the two ablest students of the thirty, men who were at the top of the whole class in every subject, one expressed a modified approval of the poetry he had to read, the other an enthusiastic acceptance. Mrs. Partington I think it was who found it difficult to sweep back the sea. Out here in British Columbia we may be a gratefully long distance from the ocean of prevailing thought, but we cannot shut its far-off murmur out of the ears even of freshmen. Nor can we prevent them shouting a harmonious reply.

Why should anyone wish to? In one or two of its aspects, disillusionment is surely a not undesirable thing. And to this the Freshmen bore witness, again unconsciously.

For one thing, they were, I think, a good deal more impatient of platitude and sentimentality and pretentious authority than my generation was. This impatience is surely one form, and a desirable form, of disillusionment. I suppose there is nothing very significant in the fact that a chance mention of Horatio Alger called out a unanimous snort of disgust that was rather subversive of discipline: for it is not easy to see how that good man's work ever rested comfortably in any boy's stomach, although it seems to have done so in a generation past. This, I say, need not be significant. But it *was* significant to be told roundly, without provocation, by a cool Freshman, that a certain poem by a certain famous idol of modern Oxford "is thin old stuff". There is no denying it: it *is*; it would have served very handsomely a generation ago, for it is a pretty banality of the sort which we Victorians loved. But it will never do again: it is "thin old stuff". That a Freshman should be able to burn it up with his ridicule is surely a sign of health. Black stumps are better than a growth of vapid parasites; and a vast tangle of these latter contemporary art has been busy cleaning away.

There is another disillusionment which is even healthier and possibly more important. These thirty young fellows may be provincial enough, but they showed no signs, most of them, of leaning towards some common and utterly benighted forms of nationalism. In this they were at one with all contemporary artists who have the slightest importance. Twentieth century politics and business may be heavily afflicted with the nationalistic disease, but twentieth century art is not. Contemporary artists are doing their best to bring to pass Arnold's dream that the whole western world should one day become one great spiritual confederacy; and they have been quickened in their purpose by those very disasters of the war and of its aftermath which may have appeared to shatter the dream as if it were a painted bubble. Of course it is useless for a mere teacher of literature to say so, but contemporary poets are and have been wiser in state-craft than the professional politicians. For they see that "the western world must be as one or perish"; and they saw that long before the great personage whose words I adapt. "Nationalism", says a noted economist in the current press, "is bad economics as well as bad humanity." But the poets have been saying the latter and more important part of that utterance very, very often during these latter years. This Anthology of ours is full of its spirit, and it was cheering to see the Freshmen respond with something like ardour. Over and over again, the book presents the horror of war and the stupidity of national narrowness, and my thirty students almost to a man invariably applauded the presentation even when they found its expression difficult. "I am sick," wrote one of them in his notes, "of all flag-waving." You may observe, as a significant comment on the instructor, that these youths apparently got sick often and thoroughly. But aside from purely local misfortune, they shared their sickness—though they were quite unaware they were doing so—with all contemporary art.

Being both humble and prejudiced, I of course suspect that this hearty nausea was really a sign of health.

No doubt a less frivolous person would do something better with modern poetry than pour it through the narrow funnel of the freshman mind. But after all it is a very sincere sort of utterance that comes, in however thin a stream, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. I seem to have been told that disillusionment, which of course is only one outgrowth of modern verse, is indeed a bitter herb; but that it helps to cleanse the human mind of cant and sickly feeling and dangerous belief. And in so far as those evil things are concerned, I for one shall not be too sorry if last year's Freshmen remain in tune, despite the devil and the reactionaries, with the contemporary spirit which animates them almost unrecognized.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT

BY MALONE K. MALONE

IT was no ordinary boat, no ocean liner cutting through the gray waters of a well-worn Atlantic route; nor was it any slow tramp steamer lazing its way down the coast of Africa. It wasn't a speed boat careening down Lake St. Clair, nor yet a yacht floating in the haze of a midday sun. It wasn't even a passenger boat of any description, and still there were three passengers on board, leaning over the rail on the forward deck, three men drinking in the scene spread out before them, three men watching Canada make history.

Night had fallen. The end of a humid day, hot with stir and excitement, had brought a little breeze to cool the fevered country. Officially everything was over. The reporters had gone home. From coast to coast their vivid descriptions of all the pomp and ceremony of the day brightened the front pages of the evening newspapers. The flags had been dismantled, workmen had crated up the amplifiers and stowed away the "movie" equipment; barricades had been knocked down, and the sacred enclosures were now become plain strips of gravel road. His Excellency the Governor-General had departed with his glittering scarlet body-guard—all in a cloud of dust and heat.

Prime Ministers—Prime Ministers to burn—wonderful ladies in Oriental attire,—Dutch-Englishmen, French-Englishmen, Irish-Englishmen, Hindu-Englishmen, English-Englishmen,—all had said their say, and melted away. The great British Empire—one felt a thrill go down one's spinal column—the great British Empire had spoken, and for all the nations of the world the Welland Ship Canal was officially open to traffic.

Once more Lock Six was just plain Lock Six and the weary lockmaster stifled a yawn behind his hand and turned into bed. Officially it was all over—but those who knew—the great army of men who had spent a lifetime building the canal—all their women folk and children—all the shipping men for miles around—those who had spent their lives on the lakes earning their daily bread—they knew that the really great event was still to come—they knew when and where to go to witness the ceremony that would really make history.

Down at Lock One, where the Canal joins up at Port Weller with the blue waters of Lake Ontario, there they gathered in their thousands in the cool of the evening as the darkness deepened.

The stars came out bright and clear. Floodlights on each bank of the Canal picked out these hosts of plain folk. Lake Ontario faded out into a black uncertainty, and everyone waited happy, patient and expectant.

Below the last lock, at the entrance to the Canal, was tied up a regular flotilla of freighters waiting to work up through the waterway—the traffic congestion caused by the ceremonials of the afternoon.

And still they waited. Why did they not all resume business again? Why this further delay?

Suddenly, blotting out the stars, one became conscious of a great ship slipping slowly into Lock One—an imposing ship, twice as long as any ship that hitherto had graced the waters of Lake Ontario. The bow of the *S.S. Lemoyne* towers above the heads of the crowd. She seems to fill the whole length of that vast lock. Now she is at rest; the cables are fast and she commences to sink. Down, slowly down she goes. For the first time in history the Queen of the Upper Lake freighters reaches the level of Lake Ontario with half a million bushels of golden wheat from the West under her hatches—the

real culmination of one of the world's greatest engineering achievements.

The crowd holds its breath; the three men on the boat stand motionless and silent. One owns the wheat, one owns the boat, and the third is the anxious operator of the line.

The steel gates quickly swing open and through the opening the dark night is cut by flashing searchlights. A dozen beams of light pick out the scarlet funnel of the *Lemoyne*, pick out her proud burgee in front, pick out her well-known houseflag behind. Her nose starts to move, almost imperceptibly at first, and then a shout from up on the dock, "She's off." The next moment the night is shattered into a thousand fragments. Steam whistles from the waiting fleet in front, steam whistles from ships behind in the canal, ten thousand automobile horns, all shriek their welcome, and the great ship answers back with her lusty horn—three longs, two shorts—her Company's salute.

The steel decks vibrate with the roar as she slips past ship after ship. It lasts fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, till the last ship has faded out behind her.

Then just as suddenly the din stops. The three men standing silently under the shadow of the wheel-house look at each other with a queer smile on their faces. They start when the black silence of the night is broken by the quiet voice of the skipper on the deck above saying—"Another point to starboard, Tommy."

Under the stars a long black trail of smoke falls behind. The little waves ripple away back along the ship's hull. A wicker chair creaks, and a voice says, "Well, that's that."

Through the middle of the night a certain old lady long past her threescore years and ten drove down to the Canal from a little village up in the north and bribed a government

official to let her stand on one of the overhead bridges, from which she dropped a bouquet of roses on the deck of her boy's boat as he floated past. The spirit of the great lakes.

Did those High Dignitaries—statesmen from distant lands, leaders of industry and politics, hosts of celebrities that stood wilting in the sun under the flags of all nations—did *they* witness the opening of the Welland Ship Canal? They did not.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE

Most prudent people hesitate to do business with their relatives. When the necessity arises, the results are seldom a stimulant of family affection. Each kinsman expects the other by reason of his kin to make kindly concessions and is outraged at finding the others expect the same of him. That is common knowledge, and what is true of families is equally true of kindred nations. For the same reasons and in the same degree their business relations are apt to breed dissatisfaction. Hence the not unnatural fear that the Ottawa Conference might strain what orators describe as the silken bonds of empire. The conflict is ended, and the fearful may feel reassured. The mutual affection of the negotiators may have suffered, but those bonds have held. The British Empire has not been disrupted. The memories, traditions and sentiments that make for common feeling between the Dominions and the United Kingdom are no stronger and no weaker than before, and that is one point to the good.

A second gain may be found in the lessons learned: that Empire Free Trade is a dream for heavy sleepers, since the Dominions are now so fully industrialized that they have begun themselves to seek "colonial" markets for their own products; that an Empire Currency is equally a dream, since Great Britain and the Dominions still trade more with foreign nations than each other; and that "full equality of status" is a firm reality, revealed by the equal independence of each Dominion in negotiation and the naïve surprise of English politicians who found an unexpected measure of truth in their own perorations. All those are lessons of value.

The economic consequences cannot be assessed as yet. So far only partisans have tried, and their calculations vary

strictly with their party colour. The agreements are hard reading; the calculation of their effects is controversial and complex; time alone can find the answer. But on the whole it seems likely that Canada's external trade will be extended at very little cost to our manufacturers and that certain industries in the United Kingdom may profit also at the expense of a small increase in the price of food. If that modest hope prove true, the Conference may claim to have enlarged the total volume of world trade by reducing some of the existing impediments.

Certainly it is by the volume of world trade that the success of the Conference will be judged. In the long run nothing else can benefit any of us. On the whole the agreements signed do make for a reduction of tariffs. But foreign nations have yet to retaliate and the balance may prove adverse in the end. That is certainly a danger, and the danger looks darker in the light of the undertaking to prolong the commercial treaties for a period of years. That inevitably hampers to some extent all attempts to negotiate for the reduction of foreign tariffs and creates vested interests which will not oil the wheels of international bargaining.

Another feature that brings hope is the undertaking that protection will not be given to industries which can show no reasonable chance of making good. Implemented by a strong tariff board, that undertaking will comfort many consumers' anxieties; and there seems a general expectation that the tariff board will be impartial and effective. But its task is indubitably difficult. If the tariff is to compensate "scientifically" for the differences in the cost of production, its protection is bound to vary exactly with the incompetence of the industry or its unsuitability to Canadian conditions. But there is hope that the board may find a sounder criterion and protect consumers as well as manufacturers.

Do fears and hopes seem balanced equally? Well, this at least may be claimed for the conference. It is a hard enough task to frame one tariff for one industry in one country. Here we have tariff agreements for a dozen fiscal units covering the whole range of marketable products. That is an achievement of some magnitude. Moreover, a group of independent nations, hampered by the normal irritation of kinship, has survived the heat of an Ottawa summer and of competitive negotiation, and taken a first step towards co-operation in commerce. That also is a considerable achievement and one that may seem to augur hope for the international economic conference soon to assemble. On that far more than on imperial agreements our future welfare must depend. If the Ottawa conference has set a good example of the reconciliation of conflicting interests and paved the way for international co-operation, its success will loom large in history. If it proves an impediment, it will be written down a failure.

WALTER FENTON.

FOG AT GENEVA.

The chronic uncertainty of the international situation continues without abatement. The committees of the Disarmament Conference have resumed their sittings upon the seeming futility of a preliminary resolution, received with general disappointment by the peoples of the world; the European governments are preparing an agenda for the World Financial and Economic Conference from which the United States have debarred discussion of war-debts and tariffs; while the Council of the League faces the problem of reconciling the findings of the Lytton Commission with a *de facto* Japanese protectorate over Manchuria.

The Resolution which closed the first stage of the Disarmament Conference amounted to little more than a statement of principle contemplating an undefined limitation of certain classes of armaments but without any agreement for the reduction either of armaments or effectives. The Conference may thus be said to have dissociated itself from the principle to which Mr. Stimson recently drew the attention of the world and which is explicit in the Briand-Kellogg Pact: for if aggressive wars have no validity in international law, there is something ironical in the casuistry which maintains an annual armaments budget of five billion dollars to avoid them. With the abolition of war so remote as a practical consideration, the bureaux of the Conference have settled down to a continuation of earlier attempts to arrive at definitions of the function and relative destructiveness of various classes of armaments. It would be erroneous to assume, however, that under the circumstances of the European situation, the Conference had any alternative to discarding the principle of the Briand-Kellogg Pact, for the animosities aroused and perpetuated by the Treaty of Versailles have created such tension among the nations of Europe that, unless the problem of revision be considered calmly and in a liberal spirit, there can be little hope of any general measure of disarmament to relieve the expectancy of future war. Prevailing conditions make the German claim to security no less valid than the French, but small measure of security can be attained until equality of political status has been conceded to Germany as the necessary preliminary to relieving the bitterness which, allied with economic distress, vitiates the relationships of the powers. But whatever the political complications involved in the problem of disarmament, the urgent fact remains that limitation without reduction would in no way prevent the swift mobilization of war-strength and precipitant onslaught, if war offices and general staffs became the desperate interpreters of interna-

tional law. Whether the ingenuity of the new French plan for security with disarmament will be sufficient to achieve the one without jeopardizing the other and at the same time be acceptable to the powers remains to be seen. Meanwhile a distracted world looks on at the melancholy spectacle of its governments in conference preoccupied with metaphysical distinctions between relative degrees of destructiveness and impossible ratios of barbarity.

Difficulties of the same kind that made progress so slow at Geneva will attend the forthcoming effort at economic disarmament. The full meeting of the World Financial and Economic Conference will probably not be called before the beginning of next year. In the interval, while the American public is electing a president, its experts will be at work with the organizing committee at Geneva preparing the business for discussion. With Europe waiting pathetically upon America for a sign, the United States has a magnificent opportunity of assuming the leadership in world co-operation and in the promotion of economic recovery. Cancellation of debt or a measure of reduction, if astutely bargained, would be the weighty inducement to persuade Europe to disarm: its justification to a depressed electorate would be the consequent revival of trade. On the face of it, however, Washington's categorical denial of the possibility of any discussion of war-debts or tariffs seems to narrow the issues at the Conference mainly to an examination of the connection between monetary policy and price levels. Possibly a discussion of general principles relating to tariffs and other economic armaments may be admitted by the United States; or again she may be inclined (with Ottawa as a stimulus) to investigate the possibility of reciprocity treaties with individual countries; but there are as yet few indications that she will inspire the rest of the world by lowering tariffs on any considerable scale. While the prospects for the Conference are as impenetrable

as for the other major issues now distracting the world, there remains a hope that it may result at least in the formulation of certain broad principles of international co-operation in the financial and economic fields, and provide means, however tentative, for a progressive reduction in tariffs, quotas, embargoes and other trade restrictions which constitute the heavy armaments of present-day economic nationalism.

In the meantime the League faces the necessity of action upon the Lytton Report. The task of the League as suggested by and provided for in the Report is to frame such recommendations as will enable the dispute in the Far East to be settled consistently with the honour, dignity and national interest of both the contending parties. The Commissioners handled a difficult and complicated problem with admirable ingenuity and judiciously contrived a face-saving procedure both for the League and for Japan. Conversely, however, it is safe to say that, whatever course is taken, China will remain the most dissatisfied party.

The findings of the Commission definitely condemn the policy of Japan both as regards the military operations in Manchuria and the setting up of the present régime in that country. The Report sets forth the conclusion that Japan had not exhausted peaceful means of settling her grievances before resorting on 18th September, 1931, to what "cannot be regarded as measures of legitimate self-defence." It further charges Japan with responsibility for the existing government in Manchuria in contravention of the Covenant, the Briand-Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty. The League, if it is to abide by its Commission's conclusions, must therefore apply the principles of such international obligations and confront Japan with the necessity of reconsidering her attitude towards the new state which she has recognized as being entirely independent of Chinese sovereignty. There is no question of a return to the *status quo ante*. The Report

accepts the *de facto* autonomy of Manchuria, but with the proviso that the three eastern provinces be demilitarized and remain under the sovereignty of China.

The conditions touch Tokyo at the sensitive points of national honour and economic security. The Commission proposes that the one be salved by the expedient of using gendarmerie to maintain law and order in Manchuria, and the other by the concession of direct negotiation as the method by which the contestants may best reach a settlement. The Commissioners suggest further that the basis of agreement should be a system of mutual guarantees of the compatible interests of either party in Manchuria within the bounds of international treaties and with consideration for the susceptibilities of the Soviet Union. The suggestions put forward are wide enough to admit of a Sino-Japanese settlement of the Manchurian question in conformity with international law, provided that the elements of nationalism and militarism are not too strong to overrule moderate opinion in Japan and force a rupture with the League.

Geneva, on the other hand, has been greatly strengthened by Mr. Stimson's pronouncement of last August on the implications of the Briand-Kellogg Pact and his interpretation of American policy as being inspired during the past three years by the principle "of arousing a united and living spirit of public opinion as a sanction of the pact." The conclusion to be drawn is that co-operation between the United States and the League may now be regarded as certain in all questions affecting the principle of the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy.

To what extent the words of Mr. Stimson are likely to affect the action of Tokyo is a moot point, although possibly they may be taken into consideration with the cost of maintaining armed forces indefinitely in Manchuria as one of the determining factors in bringing about Lord Lytton's Sino-

Japanese Conference. It is reasonably certain, however, that they have been pondered over with some satisfaction in Paris as well as in Geneva. Mr. Stimson's claim to have answered the European demand for supplementation of the Briand-Kellogg Pact by a consultative agreement may be only a short step towards an American guarantee of French security, but it is at least a more reassuring gesture than the Senate's repudiation of Wilson. Moreover, it brings the United States nearer to the League at a time when the League's best friends are contemplating its position with the misgiving of disillusion. The Far Eastern *impasse* has so seriously affected what little faith there may have been in the League as an effective organization for the prevention of war that new and radical principles for the settlement of international problems will have to be accepted before adequate co-operation for the prevention of war can be secured. The Briand-Kellogg Pact, as recently interpreted, is the most notable contribution to the cause of world peace since the Covenant: the sanction of both is the public opinion of the world. So long as such a sanction remains something less than a reality and without sufficient strength to counteract the conflicting forces of nationalism, and so long as national sovereignty is incompatible with acceptance of the self-denying ordinances of international co-operation, so long will the present tension continue and civilization remain under the imminence of catastrophe. The solution lies in the long-term endeavour to educate public opinion to the facts of an interdependent world and to the condemnation and prevention of war between civilized states. The way may be long and tedious, but it is the only one which offers any hope of avoiding disaster.

W. E. C. HARRISON.

BOOK REVIEWS

THEOLOGY

Christianity. By Edwyn Bevan (Home University Library), Thornton Butterworth (15 Bedford Street, London, W.C. 2). 2/6.

The Epistle to the Romans. By C. H. Dodd. (Moffatt New Testament Commentary), Hodder & Stoughton (St. Paul's House, London, E.C. 4). 8/6.

For Sinners Only. By A. J. Russell. Hodder & Stoughton. 5/-.

The Church and Gnosis. By F. C. Burkitt. Cambridge University Press. 6/-. Macmillan. \$2.00.

The Catholic Faith. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press. \$4.00.

Pride of place must be given to the smallest of these books. Dr. Bevan's essay on *Christianity* is like a miniature of exquisite workmanship and finish; it is both an objective delineation and therein a profound interpretation. Dr. Bevan is not merely a Hellenistic scholar of front rank but a practising Christian; he is, further, believed to be an entirely loyal and devoted Anglican; but he has the rare gifts of imagination and sympathy to see that Christianity is something greater than any of its particular manifestations, and that the only fair answer to the question, What is Christianity? must be a presentation that includes both Catholicism and Protestantism. The book may be valued not least because it should serve to interpret Catholics and Protestants to one another and both of them to the interested pagan. It is but rarely that one finds such charm and lucidity, such knowledge and judgment, such

truthfulness and charity combined as they are in this most significant and delightful essay.

Commentaries are for the most part but dreary in style and somewhat unilluminating in substance; they may be commended to the specialist as necessary, but scarcely to the general reader as inspiring. But Professor Dodd's new commentary on *Romans* is not merely a fine achievement of British scholarship, an important contribution to New Testament studies, but also a work of true religion and a scientific interpretation of the Apostle Paul in terms current in the twentieth century. This is no mere commentary; it lives as a fine book on Christianity. "We have been told quite often enough in recent years that Paul is no theologian, that he is not even a clear and orderly thinker, but at best a wild genius who threw out suggestive ideas here and there, without ever trying to think them together. That can be understood as a reaction against the older dogmatic use of the epistles, but it is not true. Doubtless he had in him more of the prophet than of the doctor of divinity. But no one can go honestly through the labour of following the strong and coherent, though complicated, thread of argument, from Rom. I, 17 to VIII, 39, without knowing that he is in the presence of a first-rate thinker, as well as a man of the deepest religious insight. We have here, not a jumble of *obiter dicta*, but a co-ordinated presentation of Christianity in a rich variety of aspects."

For Sinners Only is in many ways a repulsive book; it is written in shameless journalese; it exaggerates; it screams; it is a prolonged brawl in Church. But it holds the reader from beginning to end, and every one should read it. It is concerned with religion pure and simple and describes the most significant religious revival of our time. It is dubbed by the publishers "the book of the Oxford Group", and it sets forth, or indicates, the remarkable religious movement which owes its impulse to Mr. Frank Buchman, and has now spread across

the world, bringing liberation and life to ever increasing numbers within and without the universities. Since its theme is much the same as that of the Acts of the Apostles, it is a pity the author did not copy more closely his predecessor's style, but, execrable as the book may be as a work of art, few will be able to read it without new hope, increased faith and a quickening of their personal religion.

It might seem a far cry from "the Oxford Group Movement" to the somewhat fantastic thinkers of the second century whom we call the Gnostics; yet there is at least one passage in Dr. Burkitt's Morse Lectures, delivered at Union Theological Seminary in 1931, which suggests that the great Gnostics, however dangerous their doctrines, were not wholly ignorant of the "change" which it is the purpose of the Groups to induce in every life. Valentinus, Basilides and their fellows were branded as heretics, but Dr. Burkitt would give them their due: "As I understand it, what is commonly known as 'Gnosticism' was a gallant effort to reformulate Christianity in terms of the current astronomy and philosophy of the day, with the Last Judgment and the Messianic Kingdom on earth left out." The book contains also a most salutary chapter on the "Mandeans", a sect of baptizers who still linger in Mesopotamia, and whose sacred writings have in recent years most paradoxically been supposed to throw light upon the origins of our Fourth Gospel. The subject-matter of this book, then, is somewhat technical, but it is written in so lucid and interesting a style that it may well be enjoyed by many who, little concerned with old-world mythologies and speculations, would yet understand the story of the Christian Church and its tasks in the present day.

The Catholic Faith will add to Dr. More's already great reputation as a thinker and a man of letters; it contains five essays, upon Buddhism and Christianity, upon the Creeds, upon the Eucharistic Sacrament, upon the Church, and upon

Christian Mysticism. In these papers, written without any parade of learning and with an elegance of style which commends them to the general reader, Dr. More comes before us as the protagonist of Plato against Aristotle. Thus he conceives sacramentalism to be "the characteristic note of western faith as distinguished from the religion of the East (*i.e.* of India), where no ultimate purpose of creation but only illusion is seen in the phenomenal world. . . . I make bold to say that, so taken, these same cardinal points of Platonism are the basis of Christianity, without which there can be no Church." When he turns to Mysticism, which he regards as "a disease of religion, and not its perfection," Dr. More is not less interesting and not less the Platonist. At all points he is the skilful and unswerving enemy of "the demon of the Absolute"; thus in treating of the Church he will have neither the Absolute of scepticism nor the Absolute of fundamentalism, whether catholic or protestant. "He who to-day would maintain his faith as a Christian and his integrity of mind can do so only by denying the right of logic to set up any such dilemma, and by arguing for the probability of a revelation which is authoritative without being absolute, and reasonable without being rationalistic."

N. M.

* * * * *

PSYCHOLOGY

Handbook of Child Psychology. Edited by Carl Murchison.
Worcester, Mass.: Clark University Press. \$5.00.

Animal Drive and the Learning Process. By E. B. Holt.
New York: Henry Holt and Co. \$2.50.

Purposive Behaviour in Animals and Men. By E. C. Tolman.
New York: The Century Company. \$5.00.

Human Learning. By E. L. Thorndike. New York: The
Century Company. \$2.25.

Mind and Matter. By G. F. Stout. Cambridge University Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. \$3.75.

Those who are interested in child psychology—that now includes most educated parents—should not miss Murchison's Handbook. A good many will be astonished at the range of the work being done in this subject. The rather formidable-looking volume includes papers by twenty-two authors on as many subjects, written from very diverse points of view. Here for example is the paper of Kurt Lewin, of Berlin, on Environmental Forces in Child Behaviour and Development. Lewin is turning the psychological world topsy-turvy by using the conception of the "psychological field" to describe human action. Most of us smiled rather patronizingly when the apparently grotesque terminology began to appear in the German periodicals a few years ago. Not so many are smiling to-day. It looks as though Lewin is beginning to describe, where the older methods pretended to describe; and adequate description of the facts is of course the first step to knowledge. For final judgment on this new movement we shall have to wait a few years. No one could say that Lewin's paper (pp. 94 to 126) is easy reading, but it is eminently worth reading.

Then there is Susan Isaacs, of London, who describes "The Experimental Construction of an Environmental Optimal for Mental Growth" at the famous Malting House at Cambridge. Those who are inclined to commiserate with the children who lend the *corpus vile* for psychological experimentation will be interested in the reports that various head masters gave the children when Malting House was closed down in 1929. "... from them all we had such comments as that our children were 'remarkable for their intelligence and adaptability' ... 'so very eager to learn'." Of course these

were all children of very superior initial capacity and opportunity; but one feels that Malting House did make an excellent job of excellent material. That is what it set out to do.

The Handbook as a whole it is nearly impossible to review. Among the papers which I, personally, found of special interest is that of Gesell, of Yale, on "The Developmental Psychology of Twins". It was of course Sir Francis Galton who first studied twins as part of his attack on the Nature-versus-Nurture problem. Gesell gives a fairly complete account of the present status of the enquiry, with a bibliography of a hundred and seven titles. He is an artist in photography, as may be seen from his charming study of two babies on page 173. It is only fair, therefore, to conclude that he felt he *had* to include the horror facing page 161, showing a group of school children "posed" in the worst mid-Victorian tradition. Physical and mental development are treated by Beth Wellman; children's dreams by the genial Dr. Kimmins; the gifted child by the dean of the testing movement in America, Lewis Terman, and so on. The book is not a manual of how to bring up a child. Of such we have too many already. It should not—even if it could—be read through at a sitting. It is rather a reference book which will give invaluable information on specific points to the serious layman and the expert alike.

Psychologists are not as sure of themselves as they were a generation ago. They realize that there exists at the present time no adequate technique for dealing directly with learning in its most complex form, that of the human being. Thus the books of Holt and Tolman use the genetic method, employing the simpler processes of animals in an attempt to throw light on the amazing complexities of the human mind. Here the psychologists have of course taken a leaf from the book of the physiologist, who regularly uses the bodily processes of ani-

mals as an introduction to human physiology. It is arguable that the learning of the animal can throw no light on that of the human being. The point is an interesting one. If it were established, it would be of the highest importance for psychology as well as for the social sciences. It can only be established or refuted by careful examination of the learning both of animals and of men. Those who wish to know where the problem stands to-day should read these important works. The third book on learning illustrates the question at issue. Dr. Thorndike, the well-known Columbia investigator, is unable to reconcile certain of his findings with those of the animal psychologists. Read his book if you wish to know whether practice really and invariably makes perfect!

Lastly, those who are fascinated by the perennial problem of mind and matter should not miss the volume of the veteran Professor of Logic at St. Andrews. *Mind and Matter* is the first of two volumes based on the Gifford Lectures of 1919 and 1921. "We are bound to posit one universal and eternal Mind developing and expressing itself in the world of finite and changeable beings which we call Nature." . . . "Mind . . . must be fundamental in the Universe of Being and not derivative from anything that is not mind." (P. 314). A good antidote to the pure behaviourist—if he still exists. I never met but one. As a matter of fact, not one of the five books under review adopts anything like the behaviourist standpoint, thus indicating, shall we say, a "psychological reaction." As to Professor Stout's book, anything that he writes is psychological news. Not all will agree with his animistic conclusions; not all, I suspect, will understand them fully. But all with an educated interest in this most intricate of all problems will profit by a careful reading of his volume.

G. H.

NATURAL SCIENCE

Philosophical Aspects of Modern Science. C. E. M. Joad.
Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd. Pp. 344. \$3.50.

The purpose of this book is to discuss the bearing of modern physics on metaphysical problems. The author, a writer on philosophical subjects, has read the well-known works of Sir Arthur Eddington and Sir James Jeans, and sets himself the task of analysing the defects of their metaphysics which, he says, "cannot but have seemed to the philosophers somewhat elementary." To a lesser extent, Mr. Bertrand Russell's views are subjected to the same treatment. While the greater part of the book is occupied with this process of error-hunting, the author has not neglected to indicate what he believes to be the true metaphysics, concentrating his attention mainly on the philosophical status of "objects" of various kinds and on the theory of value.

The book has certain merits which are unfortunately far too rarely encountered in modern writings. It is free from grammatical errors and misprints; the sentences are usually unequivocal, and the arrangement of the matter is orderly. Moreover, the reader who can enjoy mental gymnastics without troubling to ask whether the terms used have any vital meaning, will derive much satisfaction from the book. There is little, if anything, in the way of inconsistency in the objects of his criticism which escapes Mr. Joad's detection, and the thoroughness with which he has performed his task must be accorded its due meed of praise. As an example of a certain type of criticism the book is admirable.

But there is another type of criticism which has far higher value. It is practised by those whose first object is to place themselves at the view-point of the writer with whom they are dealing, to contemplate the subject under discussion therefrom, and to ascertain and reveal how much the views under

criticism owe to the peculiarities of the view-point and how much to those of the writer's vision. For criticism of this type Mr. Joad has no faculty. He appears to be incapable of realizing that the recent advances of physics make a new philosophical outlook inevitable. Instead of facing the situation, he entrenches himself in his own pre-formed philosophical position, reaches forth his hand, brings the new ideas to the touchstone of traditional standards, and passes judgment mechanically upon them. His darts are directed at the trivial and incidental. Of the philosophical implications of the new conceptions of causality, determinism, criteria of scientific significance, probability, statistical laws, discontinuity, space and time, he has not a word to say. These vital matters which have been overwhelmingly the chief agents in shaping the philosophies of Jeans and Eddington, are absolutely and completely ignored. A strange phenomenon in a book on "philosophical aspects of modern science"! Comparison of the books of Jeans and Eddington with that of Mr. Joad reveals a profound difference of mental awareness. The scientists write as men on whom has burst a great light, to which their eyes are not yet adjusted. Mr. Joad, listening in the darkness, records their stumbling.

The constructive part of the book can be only briefly touched on in a short review; it must be left to such metaphysicians as may think it worth discussing. In so far, however, as it claims to be an embodiment of, or derivative from, modern science, it may be ignored: there is nothing in it that, so far as science is concerned, could not have been written fifty or one hundred years ago, and even then discredited. It deals with various types of "object", as though objects were irreducible units of thought. Science, however, has long since chosen qualities rather than objects for its alphabet. There is more affinity for the scientist between the motion of a billiard ball and that of a planet, than there is between the motion of

a billiard ball and its colour. Science frames laws of motion and laws of optics, but not laws of billiard balls or laws of planets. Much of the argument is mere verbiage, and becomes meaningless when one attempts to bring the terms used into relation with experience. The best that can be said for the book is that the student of science who has already caught a glimpse of the light may with profit read it in order to dot the i's and cross the t's of his philosophy. But if he has not yet learned to distinguish life from dry bones, he may endanger his ability ever to do so.

H. D.

* * * * *

Science and Human Experience. By Herbert Dingle, D.Sc.
London: Williams and Norgate, Ltd. 1931. 6/0.

During the last few years physical theory has again been undergoing an unusually rapid evolution. Of those writings which have attempted to acquaint the general reader with the nature and significance of the present day physics two in particular have been widely read, *The Nature of the Physical World*, by Sir A. S. Eddington, and *The Mysterious Universe*, by Sir James Jeans. Both authors stand high in scientific achievement and both write with enviable lucidity and charm. Their conclusions about the significance of present physical theories are in most respects similar. It is to be feared, however, that many of their readers have accepted all the views they set forth as being the authentic opinion of physicists in general. This is by no means true, and Prof. Dingle's book, which deals with essentially the same questions, is not only a valuable contribution in itself, but also a very timely one, as it is an expression by another eminent physicist of views which are in many respects fundamentally different from those of Eddington and Jeans.

The first half of *Science and Human Experience* is largely an analysis of the general trends of physical thought from the time of Copernicus and Galileo to the present. Interwoven with this is a statement of the nature of science, which it seems would claim assent from most scientists, if, going beyond their usual custom, they should take time to examine the question. Science is taken to mean "the recording, augmentation, and rational correlation of those elements of our experience which are actually or potentially common to all normal people." This suitably excludes æsthetic and religious experiences, which are essentially *individual*, since, under the same circumstances, not all normal people have them; they are the subject matter of art and religion.

One of the book's eleven chapters is entitled "Science and Physical Determinism" and is concerned with the significance of the "Uncertainty Principle" of Heisenberg. Prof. Dingle denies that this principle really introduces indeterminacy into physics, or that, even if it did, it would have any bearing on the philosophical doctrine of determinism. This view is very interesting in being directly opposed to that of Eddington and Jeans. It expresses, however, the conviction, if not the arguments, of numerous physicists.

In the last three chapters the author considers some problems in art, criticism and religion, how these subjects are related or unrelated to science, and how some of the general principles of science may be valuable in other spheres of thought.

Prof. Dingle writes in a very clear and attractive manner. He introduces no mathematics and no details of physics likely to confuse the general reader without enlightening him.

H. M. C.

ECONOMICS

America Weighs Her Gold. By James Harvey Rogers. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931. \$2.50.

The International Gold Problem, Royal Institute of International Affairs. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1931. \$3.75.

Essays in Persuasion. By J. M. Keynes. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1932. \$2.50.

The Gold Standard and Its Future. By T. E. Gregory. London: Methuen & Co. 1932. 3/6.

Behind the Scenes in International Finance. By Paul Einzig. London: Macmillan & Co. 1931. 7/6.

Finance and Politics. By Paul Einzig. London: Macmillan & Co. 1932. 7/6.

Mr. Philip Guedalla once wrote in his smartest manner, "Economists are perpetually trying to lend interest to a dull subject by giving the most exciting names to the singularly unexciting events which compose the calendar of their history. Thus, when eighty-five stout gentlemen with large cigars lose a great deal of money, which they have not yet made, they call it a Crisis. And when two hundred and sixty-three stock brokers make an undue noise in a large building in New York, they call it a Panic." The depression of 1929-32 and the panic of 1931-32 have not needed exciting names to lend interest to the extraordinarily significant events which have occurred in that period. When the economic system functions smoothly men are as unconscious of it as a healthy man is of his health. At the beginning of the fourth year of depression there is scarcely anyone who has not become as interested in the ills of the body economic as is an invalid in his own symptoms.

The depression and its concomitants have produced not only many books, but some good books—books which show a large and increasing measure of agreement among economists. That there are differences no one would deny, but among the more competent economists the differences are overshadowed in importance by the large measure of agreement. Sir Arthur Salter's book, which Walter Lippmann has called "not only a good book but a good deed," has already been reviewed in these pages. Of all the books which have been written on the subject of the economic ills of the present, it is the most balanced and non-technical; perhaps its greatest contribution is its penetrating analysis of the significance of the political factors in the economic world.

Directing his argument toward the policies of the United States, and selecting for himself the limited field of gold and the international balances of payments, Professor James Harvey Rogers of Yale University has contrived to write a book which is non-technical in its analysis and popular in its style without being superficial. *America Weighs Her Gold* deals with the relations between United States policy and the depression prior to the panic which broke out in 1931. Here is an admirably lucid explanation of the way in which payments between nations are settled and of the critical problems which are created when the balances of payments are disturbed. The whole book attacks the stupidly contradictory policy of the United States which has insisted on collecting her debts while basing her tariff policy on a formula which makes it impossible for debts to be paid except in the form of gold. His point of view is perhaps sufficiently indicated by the quotation of a chapter title: "How Uncle Shylock Trades." Professor Rogers is not merely a competent economist, he is a clever writer. There are few bits of writing better calculated to impress on people the curious contradiction by which men, radical in dealing with material things, are blindly

conservative in dealing with social and economic relationships, than his chapter, "The Caterpillars in a Circle." A long quotation from J. H. Fabre describes how the helpless caterpillars on his window follow each other round and round in a circle because the silken thread which was their guide back to food, has been broken. So men in the past decade have travelled round and round a golden spiral unable to follow any but traditional courses of action. There is perhaps no new analysis in this book, but there is much sound analysis and there is much arresting and illuminating writing.

The Chatham House Papers on Gold constitute a book of quite another colour. In the years 1929 to 1931 a study group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, composed of outstanding bankers, business men, and economists, set themselves to study the gold problem. The present volume contains the papers presented and the discussions carried on at the meetings of the group. Merely to mention some of the members of the group is to arouse interest. The financial experts were represented by Sir Charles Addis, Sir Basil Blackett, Hon. R. H. Brand, Sir Otto Niemeyer, Joseph Kitchin, Sir Arthur Salter, and Sir Josiah Stamp. Among the economists were A. W. Flux, T. E. Gregory, R. G. Hawtrey, J. M. Keynes, D. H. Robertson, and O. M. W. Sprague. The results of the collaboration are perhaps less brilliant than the promise. They fall between two stools—they are elementary for the expert and yet too involved for the uninitiated. They form, however, an excellent study of the gold problem from the point of view of the reader who is not wholly unsophisticated but, on the other hand, is not an expert. Much the most interesting part of the book is to be found in the discussions reported at the end of each paper, where opinions and counter-opinions are set forth and where one may gain some idea of how great a gulf is fixed between brother directors of the Bank of England, such as Sir Otto Niemeyer

and Sir Basil Blackett. Incidentally, the book is a most interesting exhibit of what can be accomplished through the study groups of the Institute of International Affairs.

No doubt it will become a custom to advise the young to read Mr. John Maynard Keynes' *Essays in Persuasion* that they may learn "with how little wisdom the world is governed." Mr. Keynes has been numbered among the prophets since his *Economic Consequences of the Peace* appeared, but never before have his prophesies been codified as they have in the present volume. There are reprinted here what Mr. Keynes himself calls "the croakings of a Cassandra who could never influence the course of events in time." The Essays have previously been published in the periodical press at intervals since 1919. They are grouped under five headings and represent the opinions of the author on these topics at successive dates throughout the past twelve years. Under the title "The Treaty of Peace" appear Mr. Keynes' essays on the follies of war debts and reparations. "Inflation and Deflation" embrace a group of essays which make clear the redistribution of wealth and income which are the necessary result of the movements of the general price level. In the third group of essays, "The Return to the Gold Standard," readers will welcome a reprint of the author's classic, "The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill." Perhaps the most interesting essays for the general reader are those under the titles "Politics" and "The Future." They contain the author's view on Russia, his justly famous essay, "The End of Laissez Faire," and a statement of his attitude toward Liberalism. Everyone ought to read the last essay in the book, "Economic Possibilities for our Grandchildren." In these days when the economic problem presses heavily upon the world and we find ourselves struggling for existence not with the forces of niggardly Nature but with those of an economic system of our own creation, it is well to read Mr. Keynes' essay and to consider the possibili-

ties of solving finally this economic problem, so that men may turn their attention to things of profounder import than pounds or dollars.

Professor Gregory writes in quite a different vein. Where Mr. Keynes is merciless in criticism and daring in suggestion, Professor Gregory is moderate and orthodox. Even in his orthodoxy, however, he is pre-eminently intelligent, and nowhere can one find a sounder and clearer exposition of the functions which the gold standard performed, and of the prospects for its future, than in this small volume. If Mr. Keynes has an inventive genius Professor Gregory has an equal genius for lucid exposition, and if he sometimes appears timid in suggestion, most people will consider that he is merely sound of judgment. Since the book does not evade difficult problems, it is a high tribute to Professor Gregory's skill as a writer that it can be recommended with confidence to those who are not professional economists.

Mr. Paul Einzig is the foreign editor of the *Financial News* of London, England. He has, in a series of little books, created a new type of financial literature. He has provided us with well-written, racy narratives of the financial events of the immediate past. Distinctly topical in interest, the works are those of a singularly well-informed observer whose opportunities for observation are excellent and whose work, if not wholly unbiased, is at least intensely interesting. In the two volumes under review Mr. Einzig recounts the financial events of the past half-dozen years and fits them with amazing ingenuity into his thesis that French financial policy has become one of the major arms of the Quai d'Orsay. France, he contends, has worked patiently and brilliantly to reduce her former enemies, and Europe in general, to financial subservience. She weakened London to the point where London could no longer thwart her by giving financial aid to Germany or Central Europe. She even carried through a successful

attack on the dollar, which, if it did not render New York impotent, at least brought an undertaking from Mr. Hoover that the United States would not interfere. Perfect achievement of her objects was only averted by Britain's lapse from the gold standard. Unable to curb the forces which she had set in motion, France found herself powerless to control English financial policy further when England snapped the golden tie which bound Paris and London together. Mr. Einzig's thesis may not be wholly correct. No doubt he has sharpened the edges and given his narrative a clearer pattern than the actual events may warrant; he has produced, however, two little books that have the fascination of a detective story, and have in them important contributions to the financial history of our times.

As one reads the closely packed record of this depression of ours one is struck with the great part to be played by the decisions of our political leaders and of the electorate which selects the leaders. Many of the most hampering conditions of our situation are political in origin and can be removed only by political decision. Even in the economic field it is less difficult to know what to do, than to obtain agreement in doing it. As Sir Arthur Salter wrote: "To face the troubles that beset us this apprehensive and defensive world needs now above all the qualities it seems for the moment to have abandoned—courage and magnanimity."

W. A. M.

* * * * *

HISTORY

Roman Britain. By R. G. Collingwood. Oxford University Press, Toronto. \$1.75.

Now that novels have assumed such formidable bulk that one cannot hold them in one hand for reading, it is a relief to find history neatly compacted in a single pocket volume. Mr.

Collingwood, a Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, has become, since Professor Haverfield's death, the recognized authority on Roman Britain. In this admirably published little book of 150 well printed passages he has revised and brought up to date the volume in the *World's Manual* series which he published in 1923. In the intervening years there have been so many discoveries that this is virtually a new work, which should be read by those who enjoyed the early manual and by all who want to get a clear conspectus of the subject without plunging deep into archaeology themselves.

Most laymen in history and not a few historians, as Mr. Collingwood reminds us, regard the Roman occupation as a temporary dominion under which Britain was held until in the fifth century the Romans withdrew. Mr. Collingwood puts the true view clearly and cogently. The "Romans" in Italy were drawn from all over the Empire, most of all perhaps from peoples akin by blood and culture to the Celts of Britain, and they soon became not Roman but Romano-British, as did also a large proportion of their British "subjects". In the fifth century the control of the imperial government gradually relaxed and, as it became increasingly "English", Britain grew less Roman in culture and organization. But neither the Romans nor their influence could be "withdrawn".

That is why Mr. Collingwood's story concerns not only those who live in the country which Agricola and his successors romanized, but also us distant Canadians of British stock, who inevitably inherit and transmit the influence of those four hundred years. This history of those years, and of the life of the Romano-British people, their towns and villages, country houses, arts, industries and culture, should make a strong appeal to the interest of all those on this side of the Atlantic who draw their origin from "the old country."

W. H. F.

The Journal of Jeffery Amherst, edited with Introduction and Notes by J. Clarence Webster. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$7.00.

This interesting volume is one of the series of Canadian Historical Studies being published under the general editorship of Dr. Lorne Pierce. The publication of the Amherst Journal, discovered only in 1925, is most amply justified. Dr. Webster has contributed a valuable introduction presenting a survey of the career of General Amherst both in Britain and America. Not the least interesting feature of this publication is the reproduction of a large number of contemporary portraits, sketches and maps, many of them drawn from the unique collection acquired by Dr. Webster over a long period of years.

The portion of the Journal now published covers the period from January, 1758, to November, 1763, and contains an intimate account of Amherst's activities during the campaigns of the Seven Years' War and during the Pontiac insurrection. Of the senior officers associated with the American campaigns Amherst saw the longest period of service—from the capture of Louisburg in 1758 to the capitulation of Montreal in 1760, and during this period he occupied positions of chief command. His journal, therefore, becomes a most significant 'source' for the history of these eventful years.

There has been a wealth of materials relating to the capture of Louisburg; the Amherst Journal adds relatively little to our stock of information regarding that campaign. Of chief interest, therefore, is the detailed narrative of the advance of Amherst's army in the summer and autumn of 1759 by way of Lake Champlain as part of the plan for the reduction of Canada. General Wolfe, who was given a separate command, did undoubtedly rely on effective aid from Amherst, either by making a junction with him or by conducting such operations

as would draw a substantial part of the French army away from Quebec and the lower St. Lawrence. In this he was disappointed, and at one time wholly despaired of the success of his undertaking before Quebec. The *Journal* provides a clue to the delays in Amherst's advance. A bolder and more resolute commander would have pushed his way through even at the cost of serious losses. Amherst, seemingly, greatly overestimated the forces opposing him or was unnecessarily cautious. In any event, most valuable time was lost and effort was wasted in the building and strengthening of forts in the Lake Champlain area. Amherst's method of procedure has been criticized severely by the military experts. A reading of his *Journal*, it must be confessed, leads one to agree with Dr. Webster in the conclusion that the criticism was largely justified. Had the plan of campaign succeeded and Canada been reduced, there would have been no necessity for such elaborate fortifications as those constructed on Amherst's orders. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, had Amherst acted with greater energy and determination, he could have entered Canada in the autumn of 1759, thereby reducing the risks of failure at Quebec and, most probably, obliging Montreal to capitulate on the fall of Quebec.

Amherst's entry in his *Journal* on receiving information of the surrender of Quebec and the death of Wolfe is not without significance. "This will of course bring Mons de Vaudreuil & the whole army to Montreal so that I shall decline my intended operations & get back to Crown Point where I hear works go on but slowly." There is evidence to support the view that before this time Amherst had decided that he would be unable to enter Canada that autumn.

The *Journal* contains a most interesting account of the movement against Montreal in the summer of 1760, of the capitulation of that town and of the impressions made by the country and its people on the mind of the British commander.

On the whole, the Journal conveys the impression that Amherst was an extremely cautious commander, a man whose judgment was usually sound, a thoroughly 'safe' military leader. Nowhere was his caution more clearly demonstrated than in his repeated refusals to accept a command in America during the Revolutionary War.

This volume is a most excellent specimen of book-making. Paper, type, *format*, binding leave nothing to be desired.

D. McA.

* * * * *

MISCELLANEOUS

Tayville. By J. K. Robertson. Toronto: Ryerson Press.
1932. \$2.00.

To the "literature of place" that includes Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp* this little volume makes a very welcome addition. When the author left Tayville at the age of eighteen he entered a railway train for the second time in his life. He had spent a long unflustered youth in a little town, and his memories are here distilled into cool and simple prose. He tells of a time that to present day youth may seem before the Deluge; a time that was before the motor car, or the radio, or the electric light, when the horse on the road was unchallenged either for work or pleasure and upon the horse depended a scheme of many lives. The water-carrier, the blacksmith, the livery stables, the harness-maker, all must bargain for their living with the horse. Even "a doctor of the old school", in that grave and poignant little sketch of a man recalling the author of *Rab and his Friends*—even he stands to his work against the background of the horse. "From the living-room window", a delightful memory of a day out of school, shows the boy watching his world as it goes about the street in front

of his house. He recognizes the men and as he tells us of them we also know them. Joe Sanderson, the cooper, Mike Sullivan, Tim Hogan, the blacksmith, the habitués of the Windsor Arms, are recorded with a light and sure touch. The little illustrations to each chapter are admirable, and must have been executed by someone "dreaming true". Indeed there is through all the book an undercurrent of dream, the dream of a poet who sings of his lost youth,

"And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were
I find my lost youth again."

E. C. K.

* * * * *

Fifty Years Retrospect. Anniversary Volume. Ottawa:
The Royal Society of Canada. Pp. xxix, 179. 1932.

Half a century is a long time in the history of a young country. During this period Canadian growth, on both the material and the intellectual sides, has been marked, although its mapping, like the mapping of all progress everywhere, requires the curving line and the 'looped orbit', with a direction generally but not continuously upward. To the tracing of the curve the present volume makes a useful and welcome contribution. The Royal Society of Canada was founded in 1881, only fourteen years after Confederation, by such men as J. W. Dawson (its first President), P. J. O. Chauveau, Daniel Wilson, Goldwin Smith, J. M. LeMoine, Faucher de Saint-Maurice, T. S. Hunt, A. R. C. Selwyn, George Lawson, Charles Carpmael and J. G. Bourinot. They formed the Provisional Council, with the sympathy and encouragement of the Marquis of Lorne (afterward Duke of Argyll), then Governor-General of Canada.

From the first, the Society has done notable work in pure and applied science, in history, philosophy, economics and literature, and it has conferred fellowships upon creative scholars (whether British or French in racial origin) in these fields. Its annual *Proceedings* include papers and reports on a wide variety of subjects, as presented by their authors before the appropriate Sections. *Fifty Years Retrospect* is a timely volume, containing an admirably organized review, *The Intellectual Life of Canada as Reflected in its Royal Society*, by the retiring President, Sir Robert Falconer, together with twenty-three other reviews, by competent authorities, of the progress of the scientific and humanistic studies in Canada during the half-century. The Honorary Secretary, Dr. Lawrence J. Burpee, provides an informative introduction.

* * * * *

The Canada Book of Prose and Verse. Edited by Lorne Pierce and Dora Whitefield. Three volumes. Pp. 413, 423, 475. Toronto: The Ryerson Press; The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1932.

These three volumes, constituting a new edition of what was formerly *The Ryerson Book of Prose and Verse*, provide an even better reader. The format is attractive, there are many illustrations, and nearly all the selections have been made with taste and skill. Useful notes and queries are provided for the benefit of the pupils. These notes are human and lively rather than cold and mechanical, and must serve their purpose in stimulating a love of literature for its own sake.

There are, however, some occasional slips. The note preliminary to Browning's *How They Brought the Good News* remarks that "it is probable that no horse could cover the distance (about 100 miles) in that time." The distance is some-

what over ninety miles, and Browning, a good horseman, knew Roland's possibilities. In his *Revolt in the Desert*, T. E. Lawrence writes of a "splendid animal yet spirited after its hundred miles of a running fight." Masefield (*Tewkesbury Road*) was born in 1878 in Herefordshire, not in 1874 in Shropshire. Should *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* be called "really a very long bird poem"? And even for young readers, may not some of the notes, however rightly enthusiastic, rely too much upon superlatives?

G. H. C.

* * * * *

The Queen's Progress, Nine Palace Plays. By Laurence Housman. Jonathan Cape Ltd., 91 Wellington Street, W., Toronto. \$1.50.

The present generation has much reason to be grateful to its biographers. In older days the great figures of the past were only to be met in full canonicals, and making their acquaintance was a serious business. Under Mr. Housman's guidance we come to intimacy by a process that is easy and wholly pleasant. Easy for us, but not so easy for him, for his is an art that conceals a deal of artfulness.

These nine plays fill out the Victorian scene which Mr. Housman began to sketch in *Angels and Ministers* and in *Palace Plays*. Like Lytton Strachey he has succumbed to the majestic simplicity of Queen Victoria. Fortunately in his surrender he too retains the comic spirit, which enables men to see what is ridiculous in those they love without loving them less. And in the end all ridicule fades from his portrait of "the great, wonderful, little, old Lady", who is the central figure in each of these sketches.

Anyone who has read Mr. Housman's earlier dramatic dialogues will greet this further instalment with enthusiasm.

Nor will he be disappointed. There is less laughter in them, the fun is more restrained, the Personage has mastered him. But his smile is as delicate and keen as ever.

Mr. Housman will deserve even better of his generation if he publishes all the Victorian sketches in one volume—and then adds some more. In that long life there are plenty of other incidents worthy of his illuminating pen.

* * * * *

The Country Gentleman and Other Essays. By Godfrey Locker Lampson. Jonathan Cape: 91 Wellington St., W., Toronto. \$2.50.

The art of the essay is difficult and dangerous. Few people could fail to produce something that satisfies the definition, yet good essayists are the *rari aves* of literature. Mr. Godfrey Locker Lampson is of a less precious species. He cannot lead the mind from a starting point of triviality over a gruelling course of speculation. His paths are pedestrian. But as politician, diplomat, soldier, and minister of the Crown he has met a varied experience with eyes intelligently open, and writes of what he knows with appreciation and good sense. There is good advice here and shrewd criticism for politicians; affectionately coloured sketches of the country squire's life and landscape; and a few excursions, not rashly undertaken, into aesthetics, bibliophily and social ethics. An admirable bedside book for those who like a gentlemanly point of view and ideas rooted in the best Victorian soil.

* * * * *

Politicians and the War, 1914 - 1916, Vol. 2. By Lord Beaverbrook. The Lane Publications, 11 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. 7/6.

In Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows* the Mole is a delightful character. His underground activity lends him

interest and charm. Lord Beaverbrook in his Introduction to this book says with truth "I am not a great artist." Perhaps that accounts for the difference. Only once in these three hundred pages does the Mole come clearly to the surface and show tints of an attractive colour. That is when the downfall of the Asquith government has been achieved in December, 1916, and Lord Beaverbrook himself has been left without the ministerial office he had confidently expected. He describes his disappointment with good effect and good humour and praises delightfully Lord Ashfield who got the appointment. Save for this one excursion to the surface, the Mole is elsewhere underground, a creature there are few to love and very few to praise.

This impression is, of course, Lord Beaverbrook's own fault. As he says, he is not a great artist. The result is that most of his effects are clean contrary to his avowed intent. The downfall of Asquith, which is the theme of this volume, he regards as a beneficent tragedy—and indeed the story is filled with reversals of the agents' intentions—but the tale as told borders on farce. He aims to present the politicians who figure in the drama as patriots one and all (with perhaps a single very eminent exception) and to show their patent eagerness for office as symptomatic only of their desire to serve their country in war time. "If at the end," says Lord Beaverbrook, "the reader believes all these conflicts were due to the personal ambitions of men desiring an office . . . my tale must have been badly told." His diagnosis is right. It must have been. The pigs who jostle each other for the swill *may* solely desire to grow fat for the farmer's profit, but drawn by one who is "not a great artist," the picture might well be misleading. Again, Lord Beaverbrook is of those who tend to rank politicians above soldiers in war time; naturally enough; his runs, it seems, were underneath the political field. He reveals unequivocally his opinion of generals, and yet it may well be

generals more than any other folk who find this book good reading.

Lastly, throughout the book there looms what is meant to be a fearful Spectre;—Peace by Negotiation. But again “the tale has been badly told,” for it is hard indeed not to stretch towards that spectre the frustrate hands of remorse. To make us shudder at it in 1932 would tax the magic of a very great artist.

W. H. F.

SIGN BOOK CARD

AND LEAVE AT
CHARGING DESK
IF BOOK IS TO BE USED
OUT OF THE
LIBRARY BUILDING

138310.

FEB 24

310

Handwritten signature
FEB 21

Handwritten signature
Cann

May 17
18.3.36

Handwritten signature
Lancey

Handwritten signature
Bottaro

